

DAREDEVIL[®]

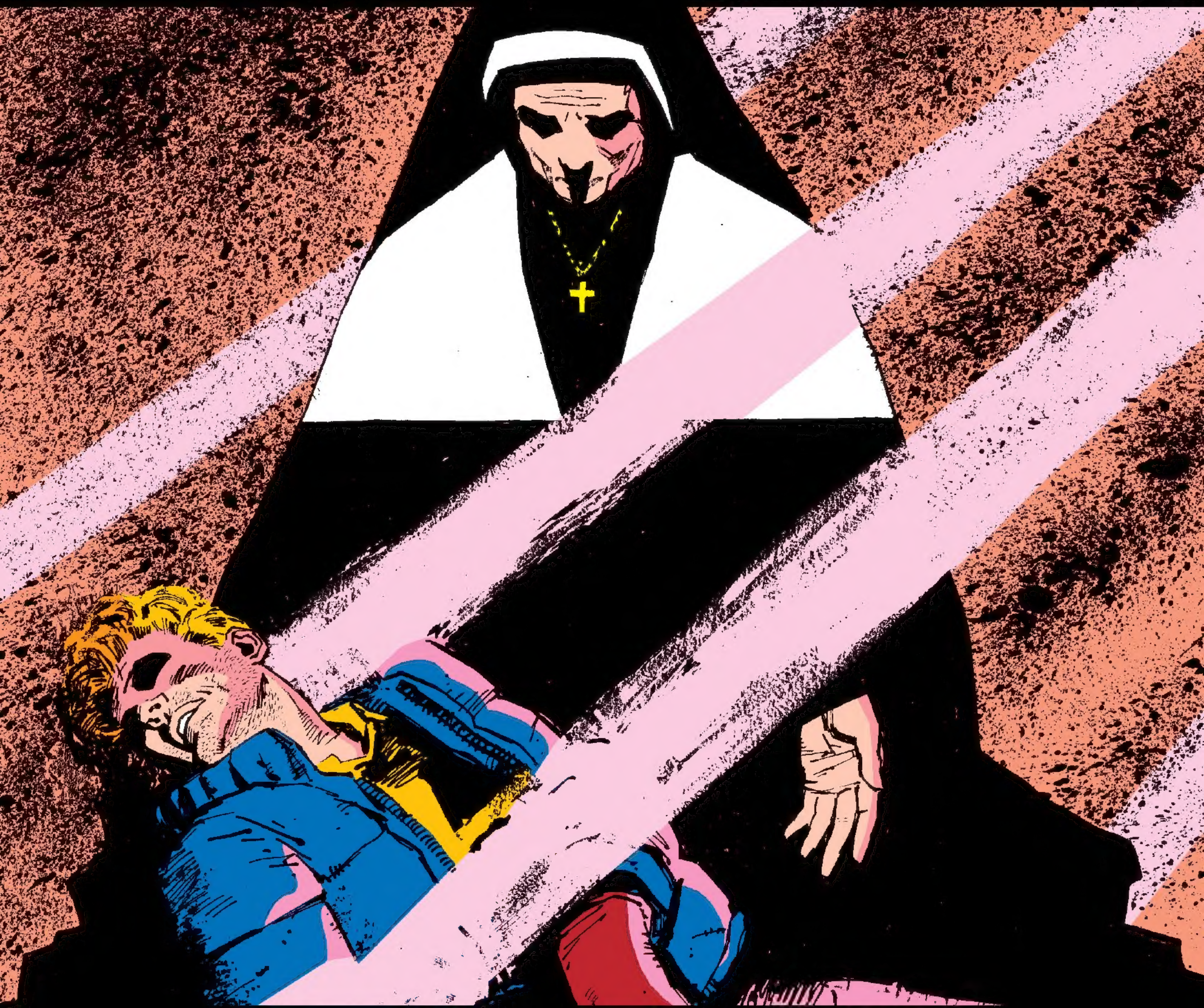


BORN AGAIN

MILLER • MAZZUCHELLI

MARVEL

DAREDEVIL



BORN AGAIN

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MURDOCK AGONISTES

At the center of the web of deceit and corruption squats the spider — bloated on the blood of his victims. His movements may be slow and nearly hypnotic as he spins additional strands, or blindingly fast when a victim is entrapped. And this spider revels in the agony of its prey, in their frantic and futile attempts at escape as he ultimately descends on them to drain their life away.

I believe that arachnidian analogy holds when I think about the Kingpin, the villain of our piece. Consider his brooding, overwhelming presence as you read this powerful little collection. He has no costume, no super powers, yet a more chilling vision of the malign I can't imagine. Here is a creature of such unspeakable evil that his supreme pleasure is in the meticulous destruction of the one good man he has ever known - Matthew Murdock — the hero of our piece.

I say Murdock is our hero — and not Daredevil, his alter-ego — because in this brilliantly told sequence of stories, the Kingpin strips away everything from this good and honorable man: his home; his job; his friends; his identity; his very sanity. But the core of him remains. The fighter. The man who will not surrender or die. The Man Without Fear!

In this larger-than-life theater, the forces of corruption and redemption have at one another with Wagnerian intensity that rivals the very best this medium has ever produced. At stake — one's immortal, indestructible soul.

Presenting this mind-stunning excursion are Messrs. Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli. If ever two people were born to collaborate, these gentlemen are it. As editor of this series, I was privileged to watch the growth of artist Mazzucchelli as he gave visual birth to the innumerable ideas he and Frank has concocted. David's evocative, singular style perfectly complemented the tight, explosive scripting of his co-creator. Of course, it was a pleasure to watch Frank Miller return to the book he'd cut his artistic eyeteeth on several years ago, and surpass even that incredible, initial effort.

And so we're presenting this beautiful "Born Again" series. We're proud if it and the people who created it. Everyone — and I mean everyone — connected with these eight issues worked himself silly to provide you people with the best entertainment we could. Any why not — you're family

One final thing. Next time, remind me to tell you about the time I playfully grabbed Frank Miller's portfolio from him in the middle of Park Avenue and ran off down the block just for laughs. Clipped me with that billy club before I got ten steps.

Enjoy,
Ralph Macchio
July 1987



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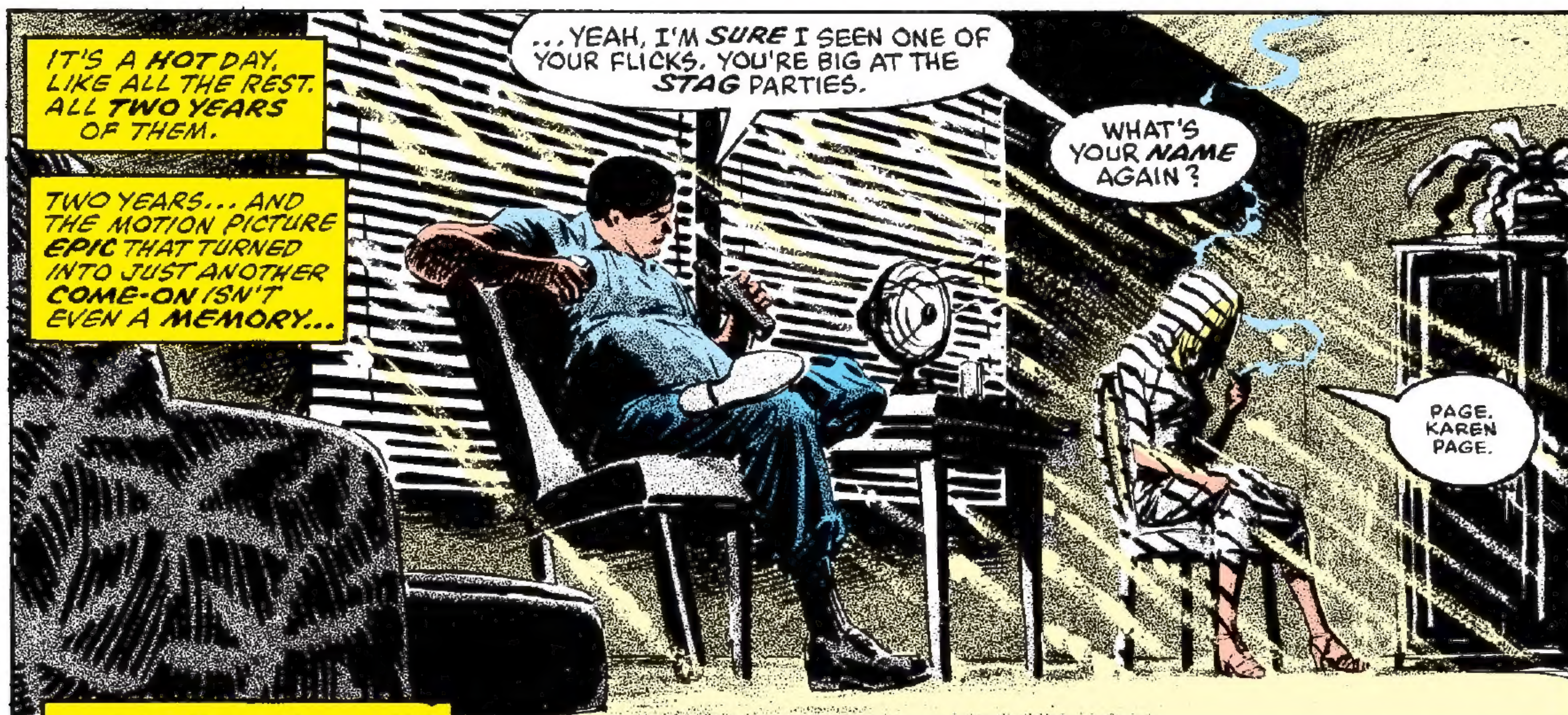
APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

DAREDEVIL®



APOCALYPSE

DM



IT'S A HOT DAY,
LIKE ALL THE REST.
ALL TWO YEARS
OF THEM.

TWO YEARS... AND
THE MOTION PICTURE
EPIC THAT TURNED
INTO JUST ANOTHER
COME-ON (ISN'T
EVEN A MEMORY...

...YEAH, I'M SURE I SEEN ONE OF
YOUR FLICKS. YOU'RE BIG AT THE
STAG PARTIES.

WHAT'S
YOUR NAME
AGAIN?

PAGE.
KAREN
PAGE.

LIKE ALL THE REST, EXCEPT
THIS ONE HAS A SPECIAL
GLOW TO IT. IT'S NOT
EVERY DAY YOU SELL YOUR
SOUL.

THAT'S NO WAY TO THINK.
GROW UP. IT'S THE EIGHTIES.
YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO.

AND YOU HAVE TO DO IT...



LOOK, THIS IS WORTH
SOMETHING.

TAKE IT TO THE
STATES AND YOU'LL
GET A MILLION
FOR IT.



GIRL WILL SAY LOTS WHEN SHE'S
HUNGRY. THINGS I HEAR...

WANT A SHOT? NO, DIDN'T
THINK SO -- NOT A SHOT OF
BOOZE, ANYWAY...



DAREDEVIL.
OKAY? I SAID IT.
I SAID THE
NAME.

AND HE'S GOT
ANOTHER NAME.
AND IT'S WRITTEN
DOWN RIGHT HERE.
YOU WANT IT OR
NOT?





... CALLING HIM THE KINGPIN--THAT COVERS HIM, WELL AS ANY WORD CAN.

SAYING HE'S THE BOSS OF EVERYTHING BAD THAT MAKES MONEY IN WHAT MUST BE MOST OF THE FREE WORLD...



...MY COUSIN DOWN THERE...TONIO ...HE...I WOULDN'T BRING IT UP, BUT YOU SAID TO KEEP THE LINES OUT FOR THIS.

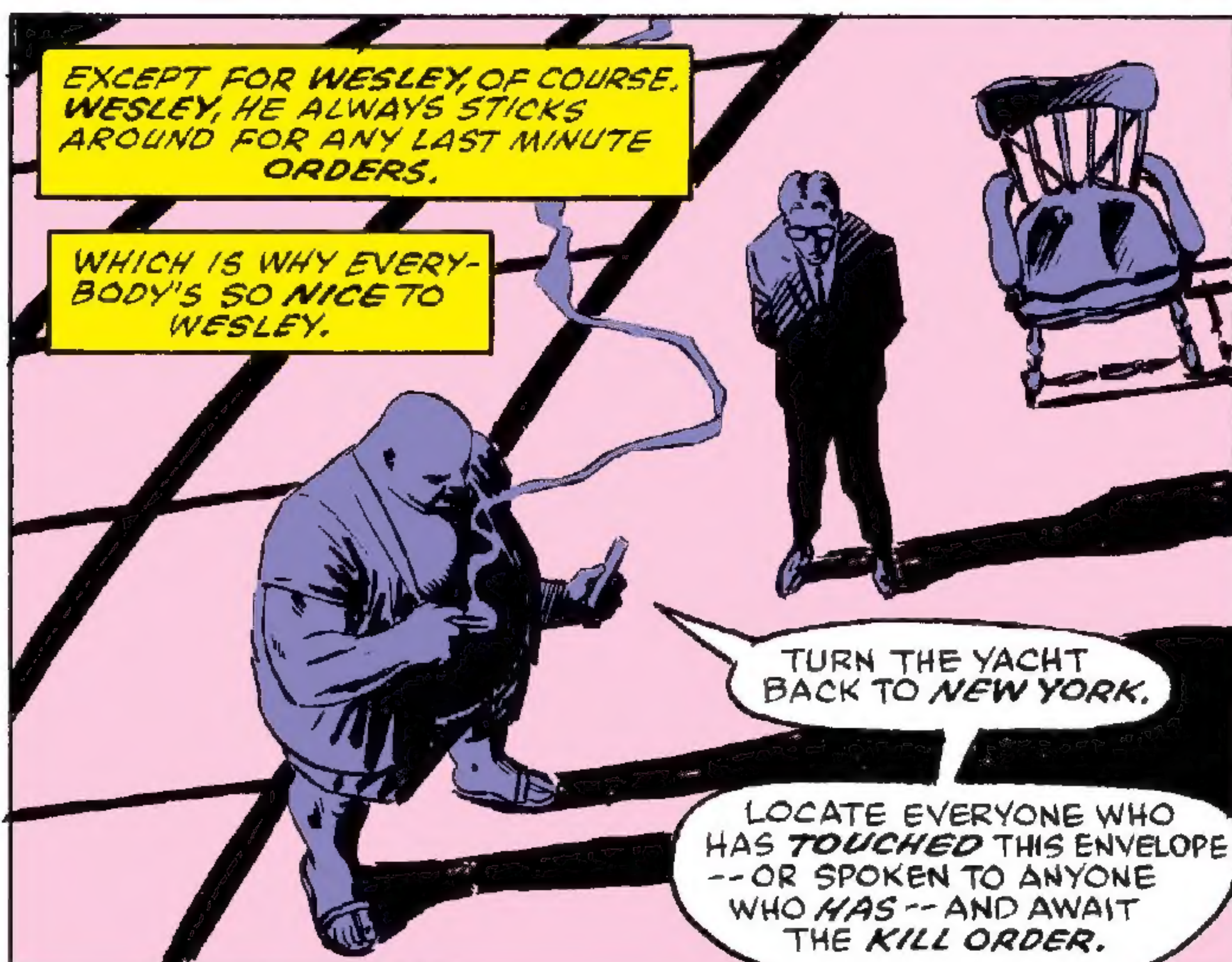
LOCAL *PUSHER* DOWN THERE SAYS HE MET DAREDEVIL'S OLD LADY. HIS OLD OLD LADY, I MEAN. SAYS FOR A ARMFUL SHE SOLD HIS NAME...



... HIS *REAL* NAME, I MEAN...

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. GIVE IT TO ME.

NOBODY NEEDS TO BE TOLD. THEY ALL LEAVE, FAST AS THEY CAN WITHOUT LOOKING LIKE WIMPS.



EXCEPT FOR WESLEY, OF COURSE. WESLEY, HE ALWAYS STICKS AROUND FOR ANY LAST MINUTE ORDERS.

WHICH IS WHY EVERYBODY'S SO NICE TO WESLEY.

TURN THE YACHT BACK TO NEW YORK.

LOCATE EVERYONE WHO HAS *TOUCHED* THIS ENVELOPE --OR SPOKEN TO ANYONE WHO HAS-- AND AWAIT THE *KILL* ORDER.



IN THE MEANTIME...

...I SHALL TEST THE INFORMATION.

SIX MONTHS PASS.

WINTER HITS MANHATTAN
LIKE AN UNWANTED RELATIVE.
DROPS IN WITH NO WARNING
AND SEEMS TO STAY FOREVER.

IT SPREADS A THICK WHITE BLANKET
THAT MAKES THE CITY LOOK CLEAN
FOR A FEW HOURS--
UNTIL THE SNOW GETS STEPPED ON AND
DRIVEN OVER AND MADE GRITTY AND
DIRTY GREY.

MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND--SO HE MISSES
THE PRETTIEST MORNING
OF THE YEAR. ALL HE GETS
IS HISSING PIPES AND AN
EAST COAST CHILL THAT
GOES STRAIGHT FOR THE BONES.

MATT MURDOCK IS
ALSO DAREDEVIL.

THAT'S WHY HIS LIFE
IS ABOUT TO FALL
APART.

Stan Lee
presents

APOCALYPSE

By FRANK MILLER AND DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

CHRISTIE SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

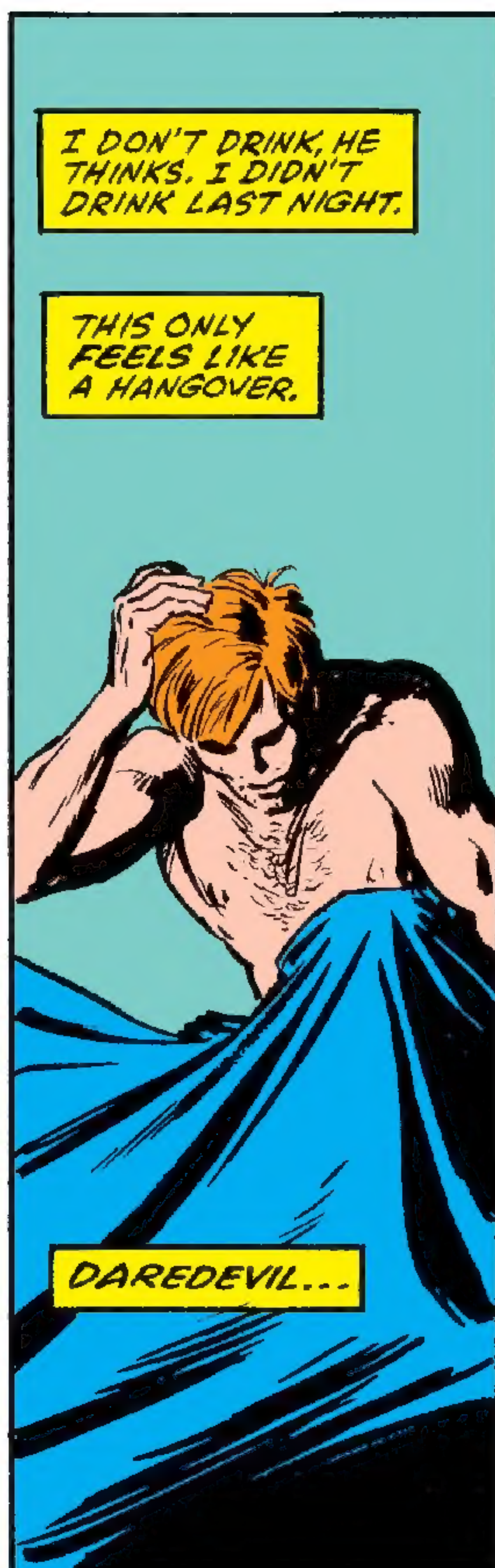
RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF



DAREDEVIL... HE ROLLS THE NAME ACROSS THE BRUISE THAT IS HIS MIND... COMFORTING, IT ISN'T. BUT AT LEAST IT'S REAL.

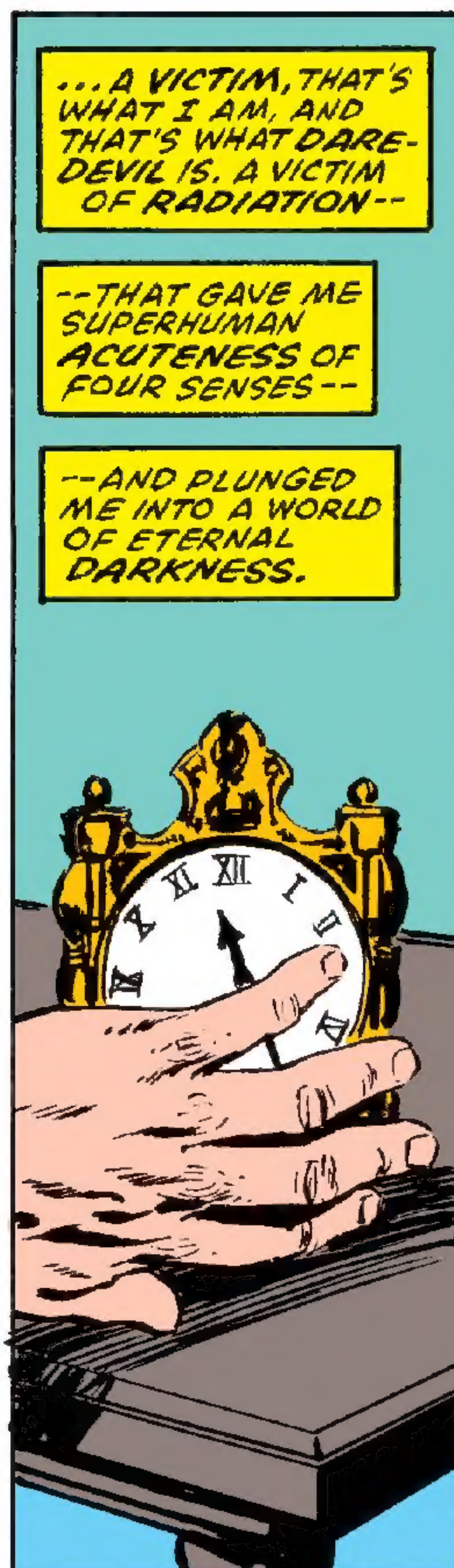
EVERY OTHER PART OF HIM IS SO FAR AWAY...



I DON'T DRINK, HE THINKS. I DIDN'T DRINK LAST NIGHT.

THIS ONLY FEELS LIKE A HANGOVER.

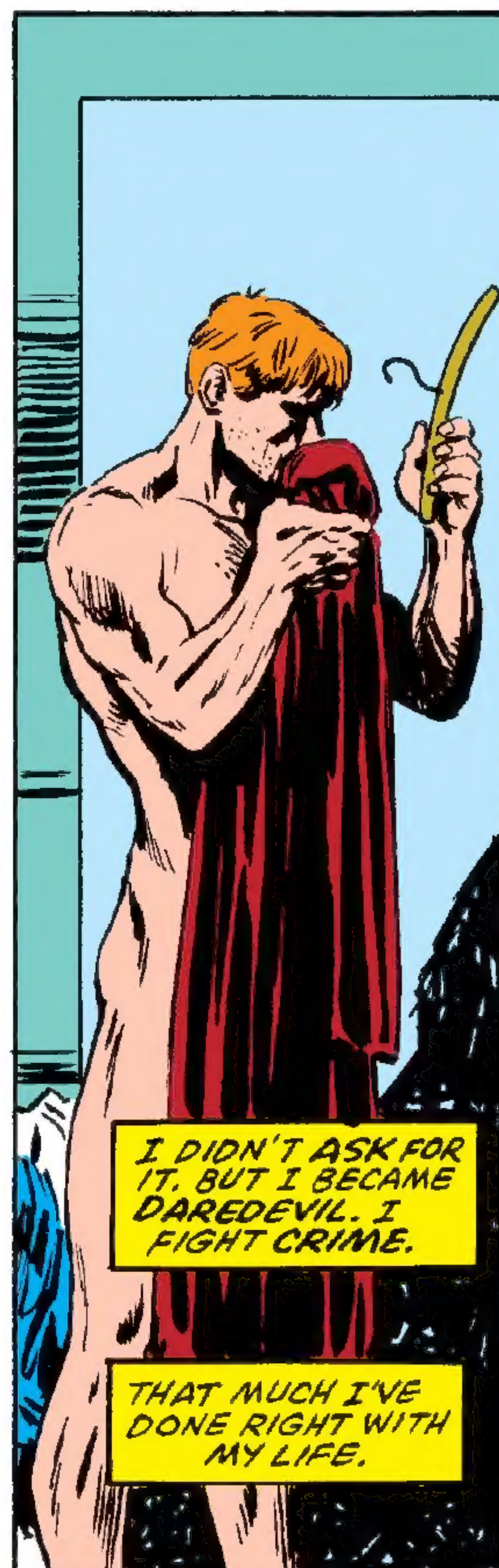
DAREDEVIL...



... A VICTIM, THAT'S WHAT I AM, AND THAT'S WHAT DAREDEVIL IS. A VICTIM OF RADIATION--

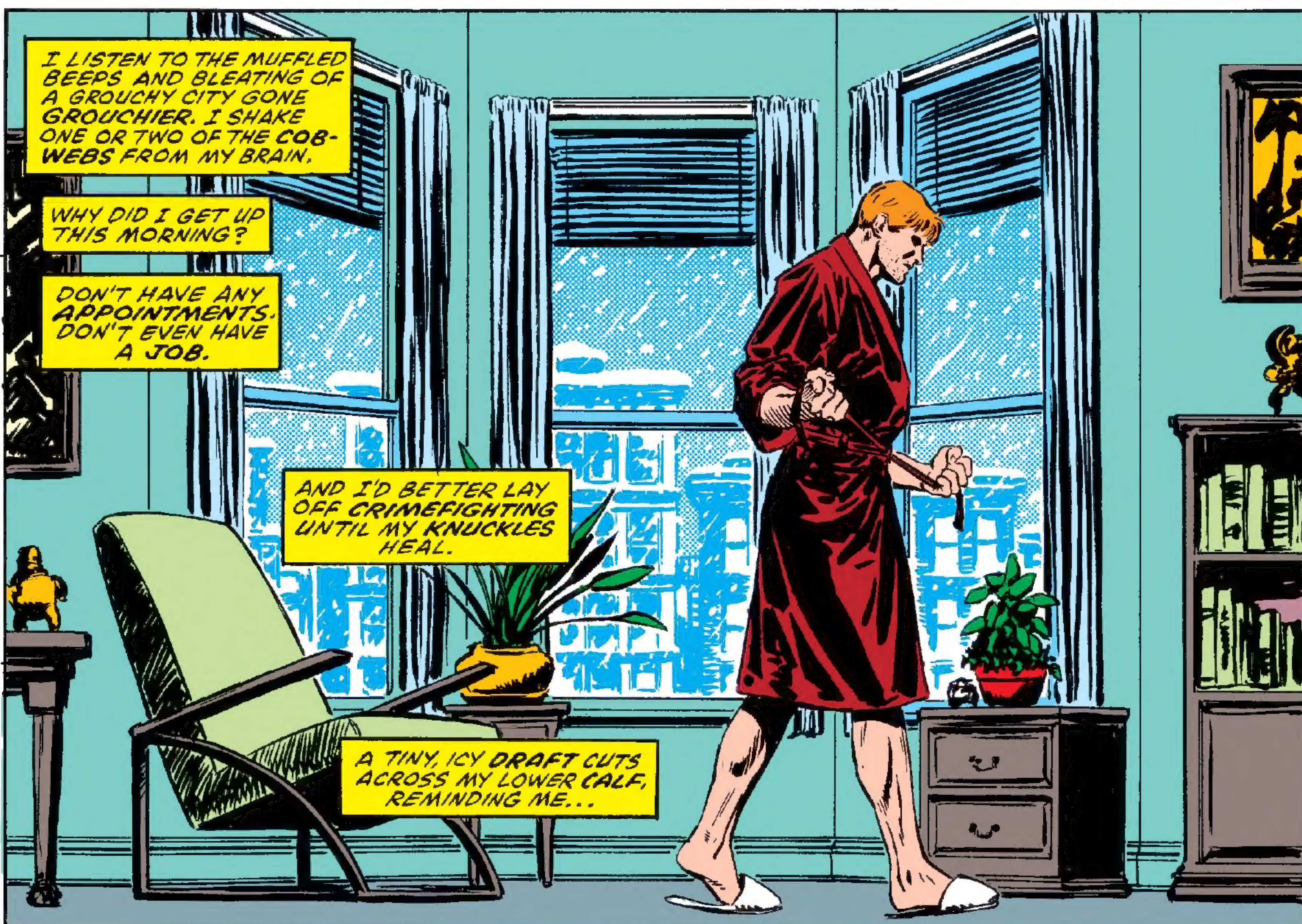
--THAT GAVE ME SUPERHUMAN ACUTENESS OF FOUR SENSES--

--AND PLUNGED ME INTO A WORLD OF ETERNAL DARKNESS.



I DIDN'T ASK FOR IT, BUT I BECAME DAREDEVIL. I FIGHT CRIME.

THAT MUCH I'VE DONE RIGHT WITH MY LIFE.



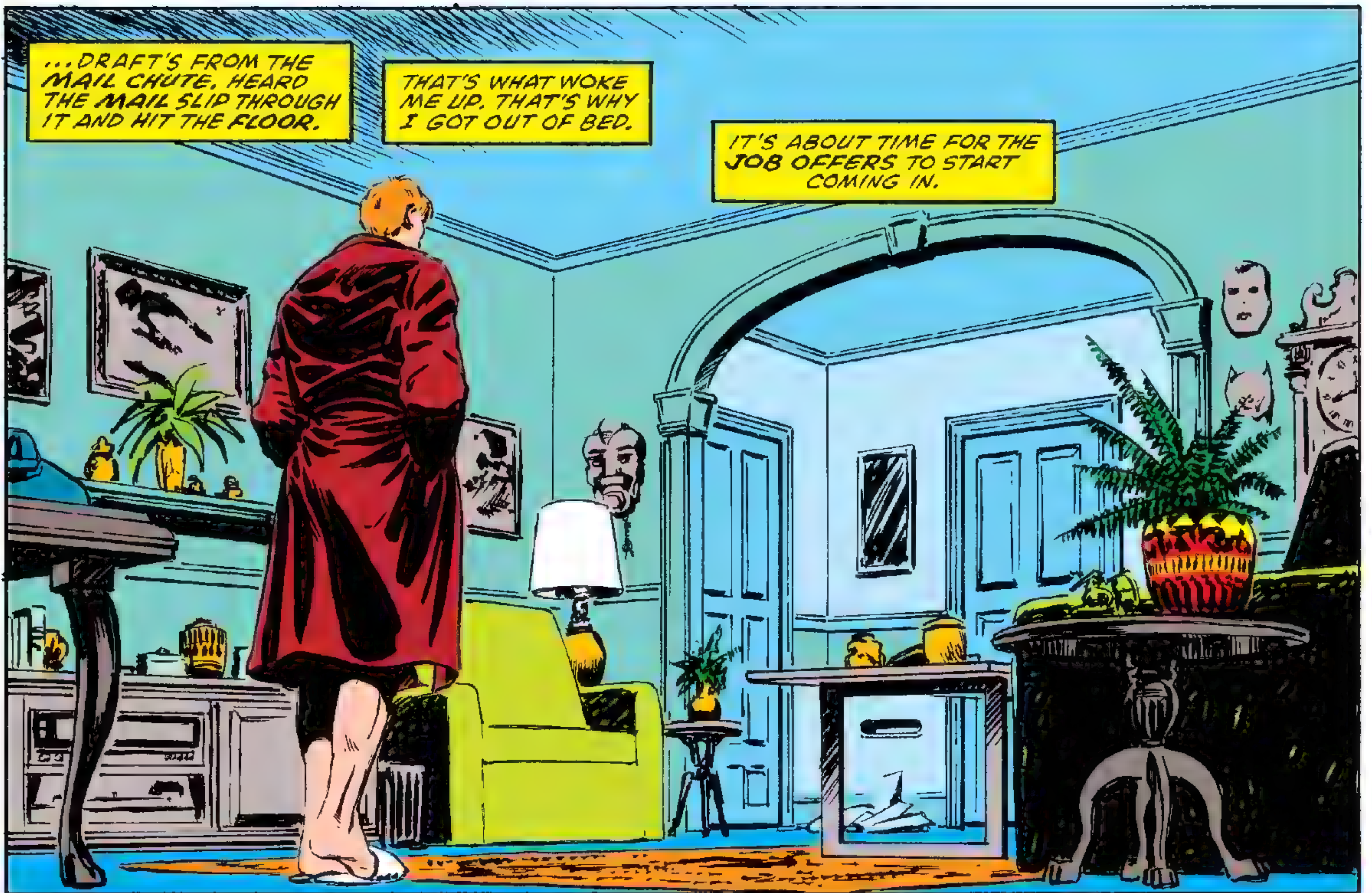
I LISTEN TO THE MUFFLED BEEPS AND BLEATING OF A GROUCHY CITY GONE GROUCHIER. I SHAKE ONE OR TWO OF THE COB-WEBS FROM MY BRAIN.

WHY DID I GET UP THIS MORNING?

DON'T HAVE ANY APPOINTMENTS. DON'T EVEN HAVE A JOB.

AND I'D BETTER LAY OFF CRIMEFIGHTING UNTIL MY KNUCKLES HEAL.

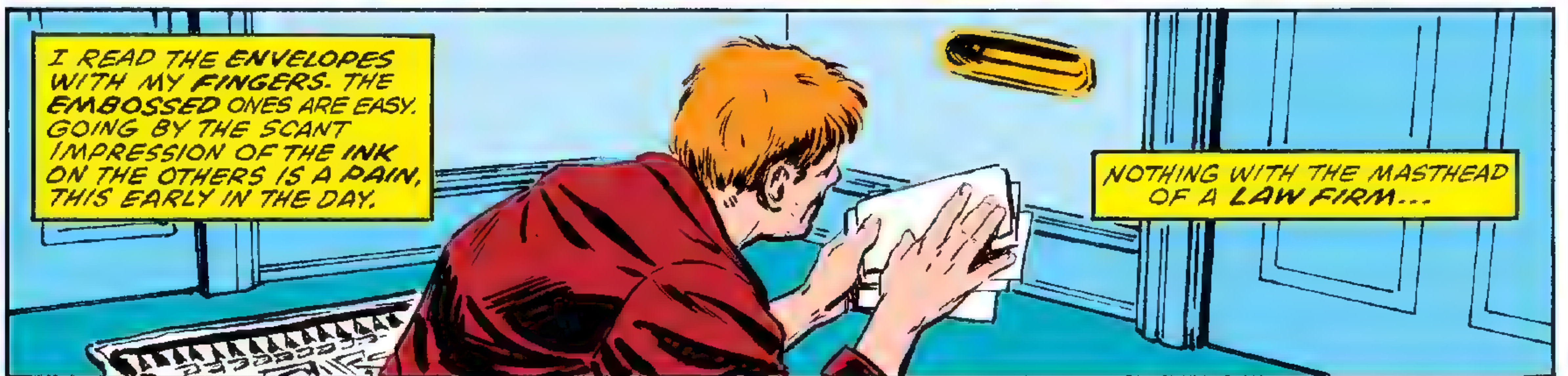
A TINY, ICY DRAFT CUTS ACROSS MY LOWER CALF, REMINDING ME...



...DRAFT'S FROM THE MAIL CHUTE, HEARD THE MAIL SLIP THROUGH IT AND HIT THE FLOOR.

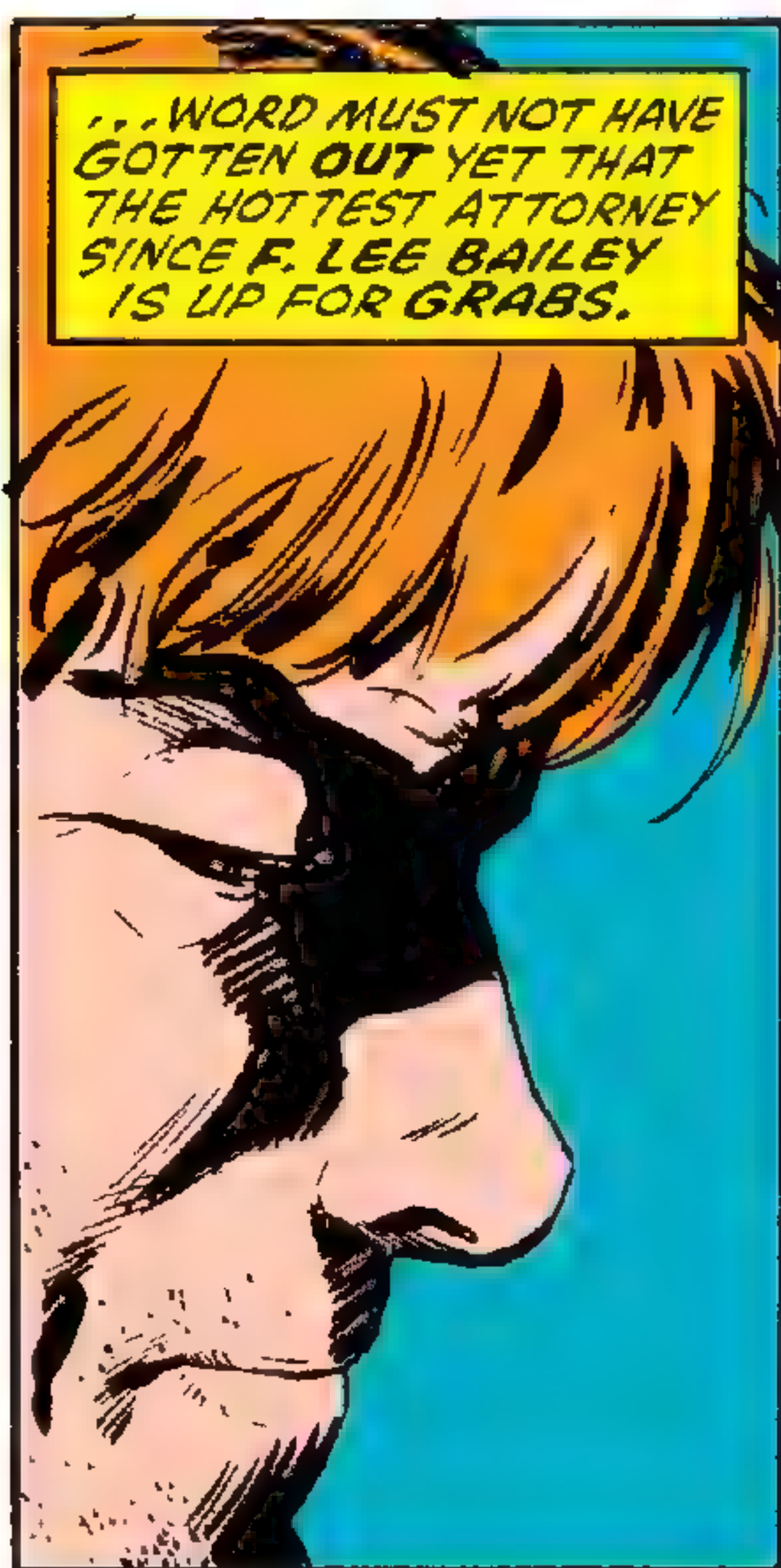
THAT'S WHAT WOKE ME UP. THAT'S WHY I GOT OUT OF BED.

IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR THE JOB OFFERS TO START COMING IN.



I READ THE ENVELOPES WITH MY FINGERS. THE EMBOSSED ONES ARE EASY. GOING BY THE SCANT IMPRESSION OF THE INK ON THE OTHERS IS A PAIN, THIS EARLY IN THE DAY.

NOTHING WITH THE MASTHEAD OF A LAW FIRM...



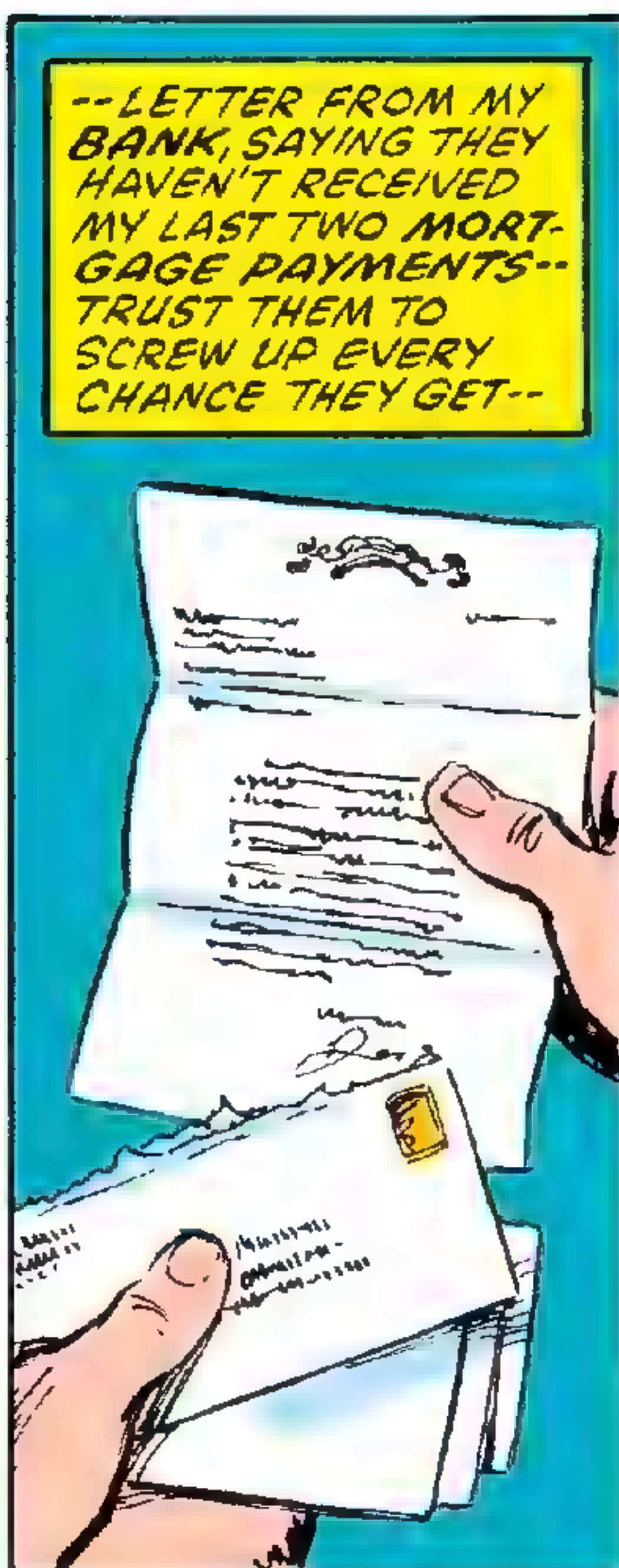
...WORD MUST NOT HAVE GOTTEN OUT YET THAT THE HOTTEST ATTORNEY SINCE F. LEE BAILEY IS UP FOR GRABS.

AMAZING HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR THE NEWS TO CIRCULATE WHEN YOU WANT IT TO.



NO, NO OFFERS. THREE BILLS, SOMETHING FROM THE MARCH OF DIMES--

--THE PLASTIC RECT-ANGLE OF A CASSETTE TAPE FROM MY GIRL-FRIEND--CAN'T BE GOOD, SINCE SHE LIVES IN TOWN--

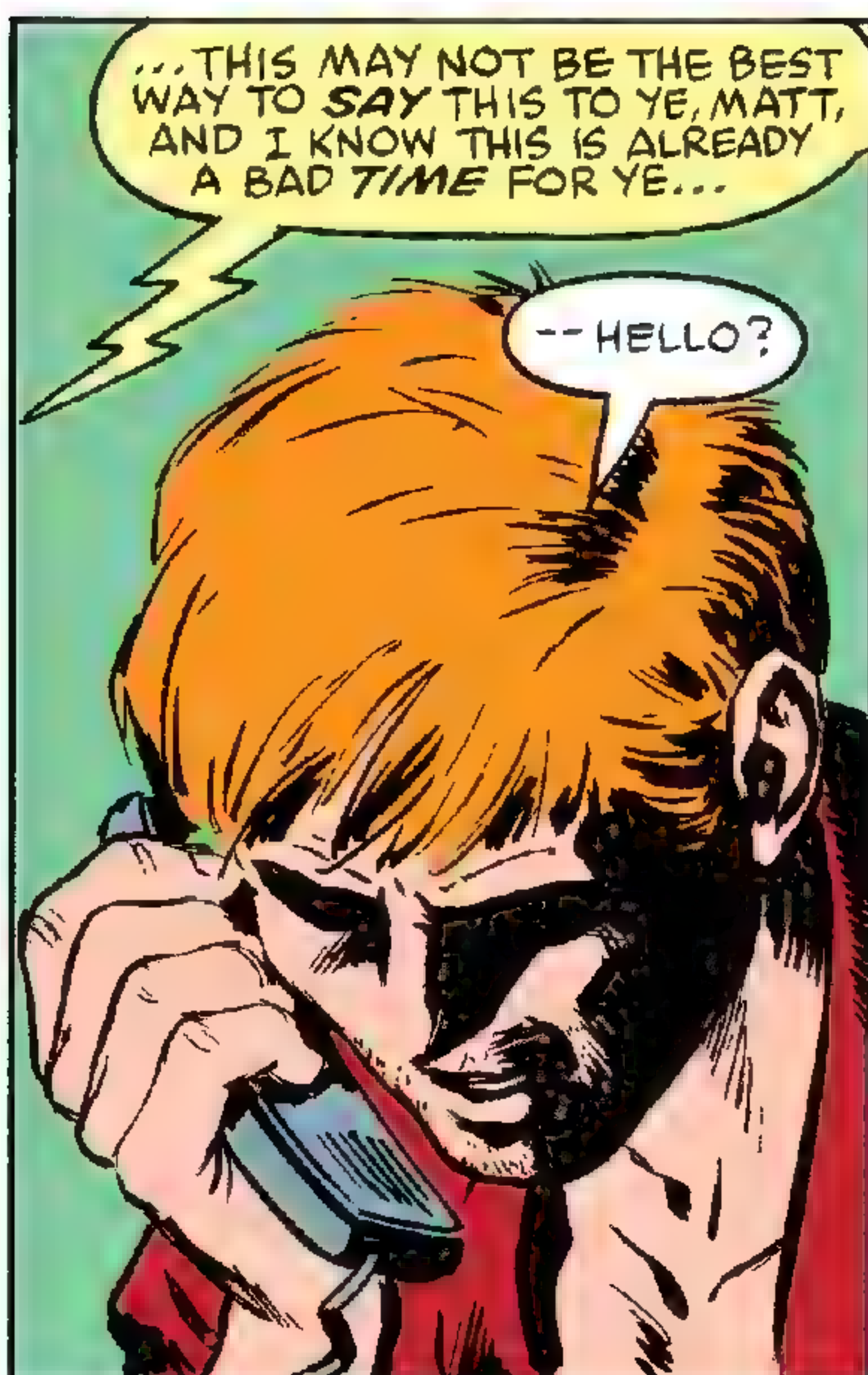
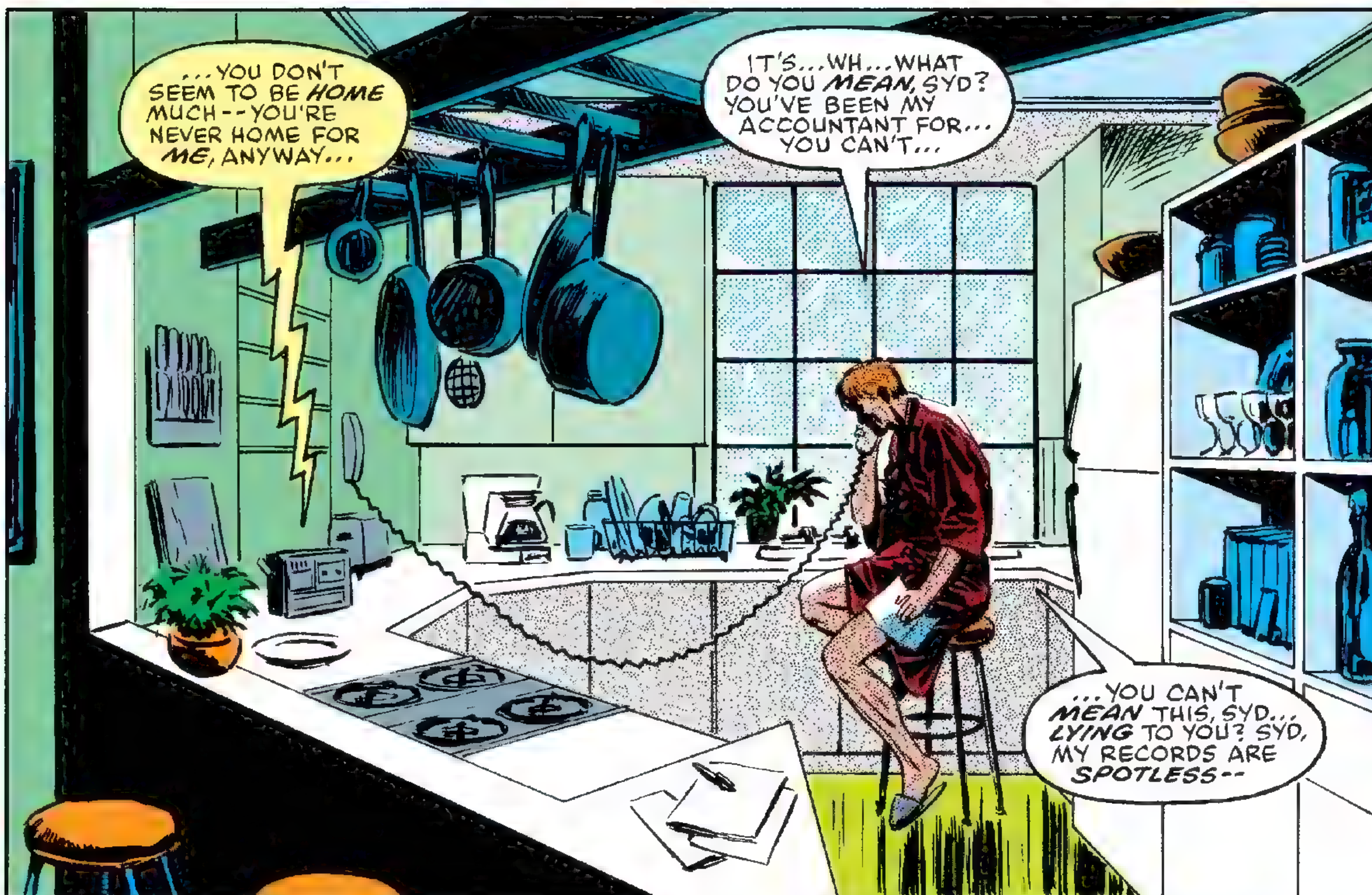
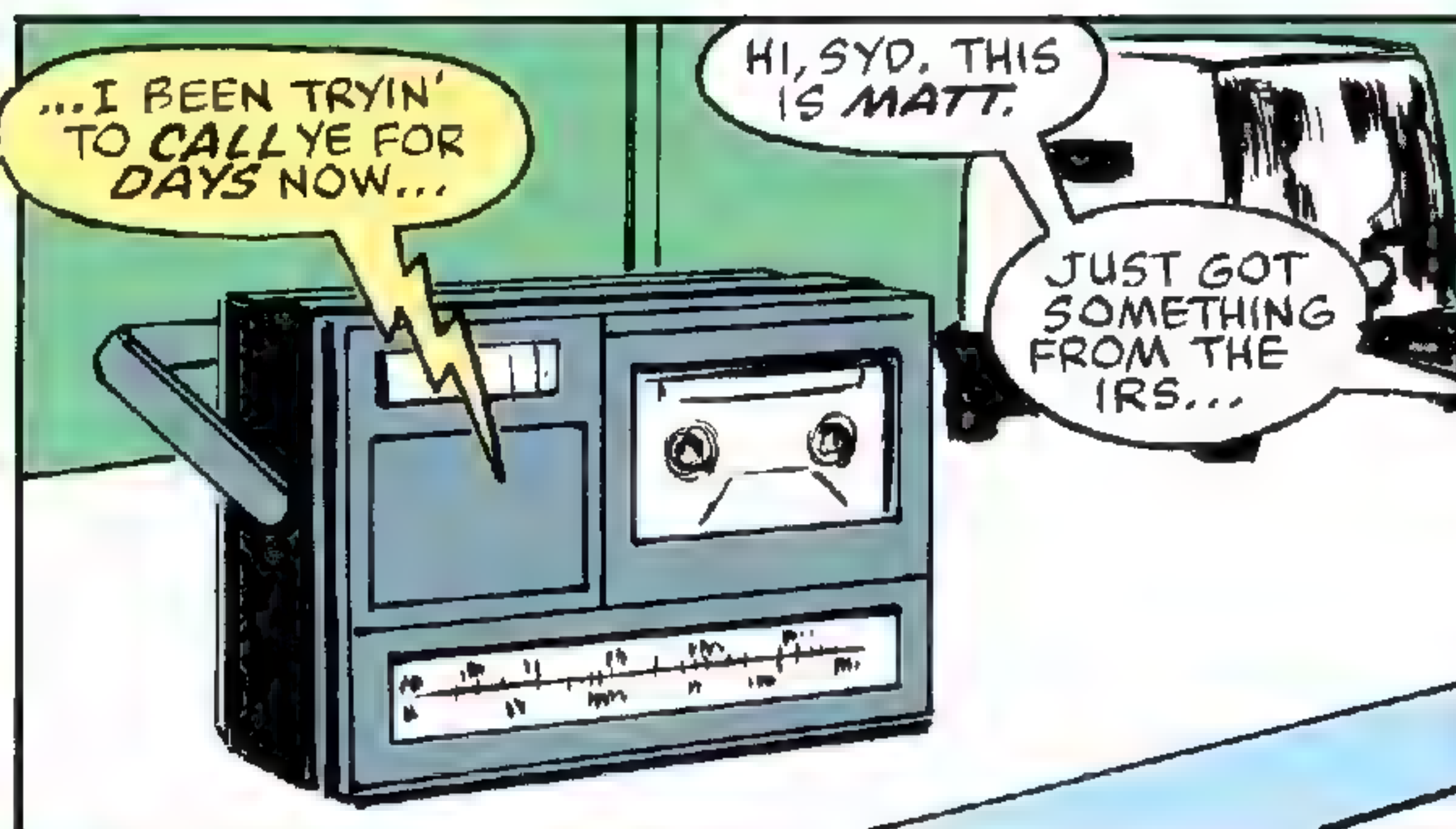


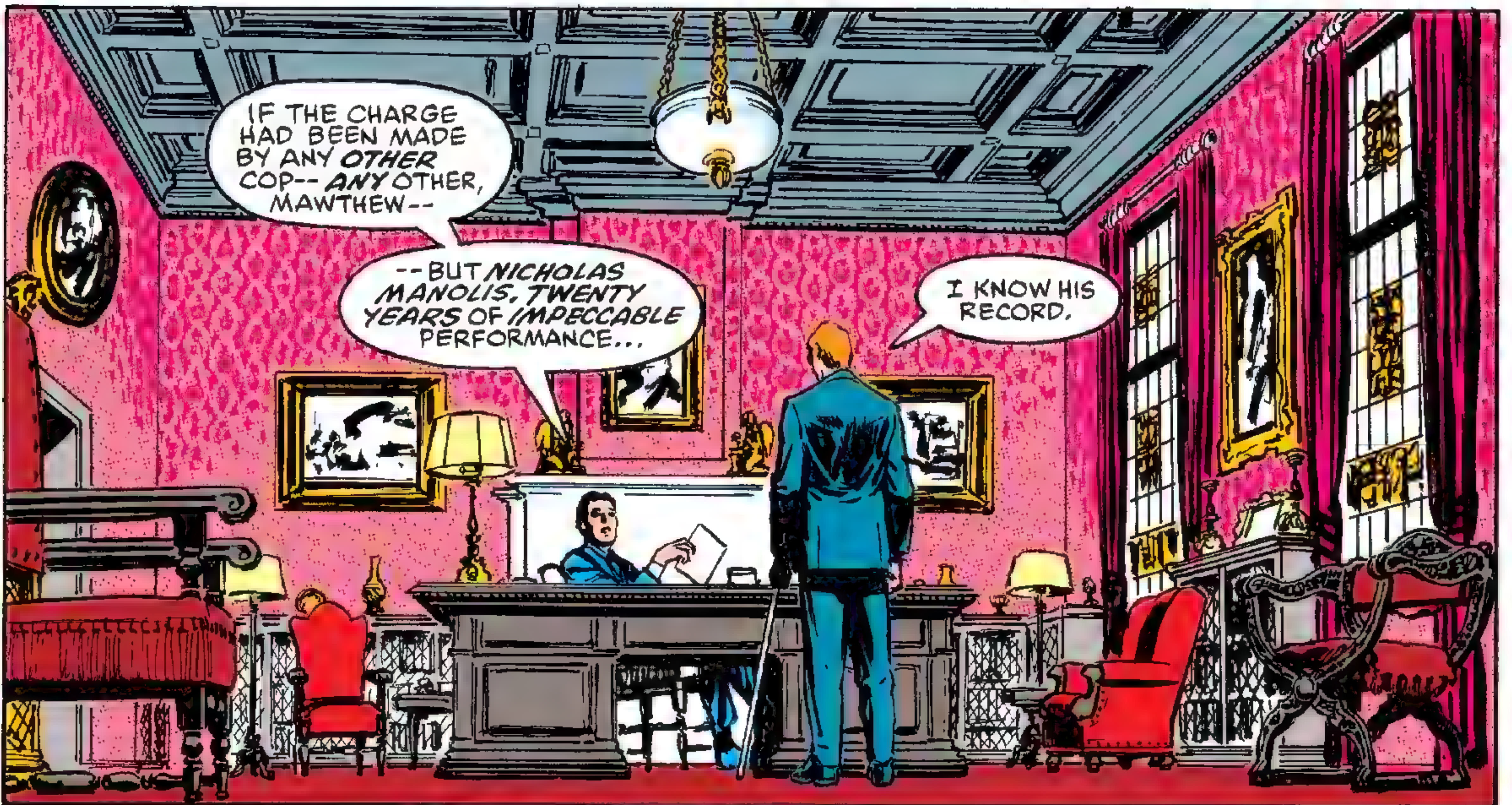
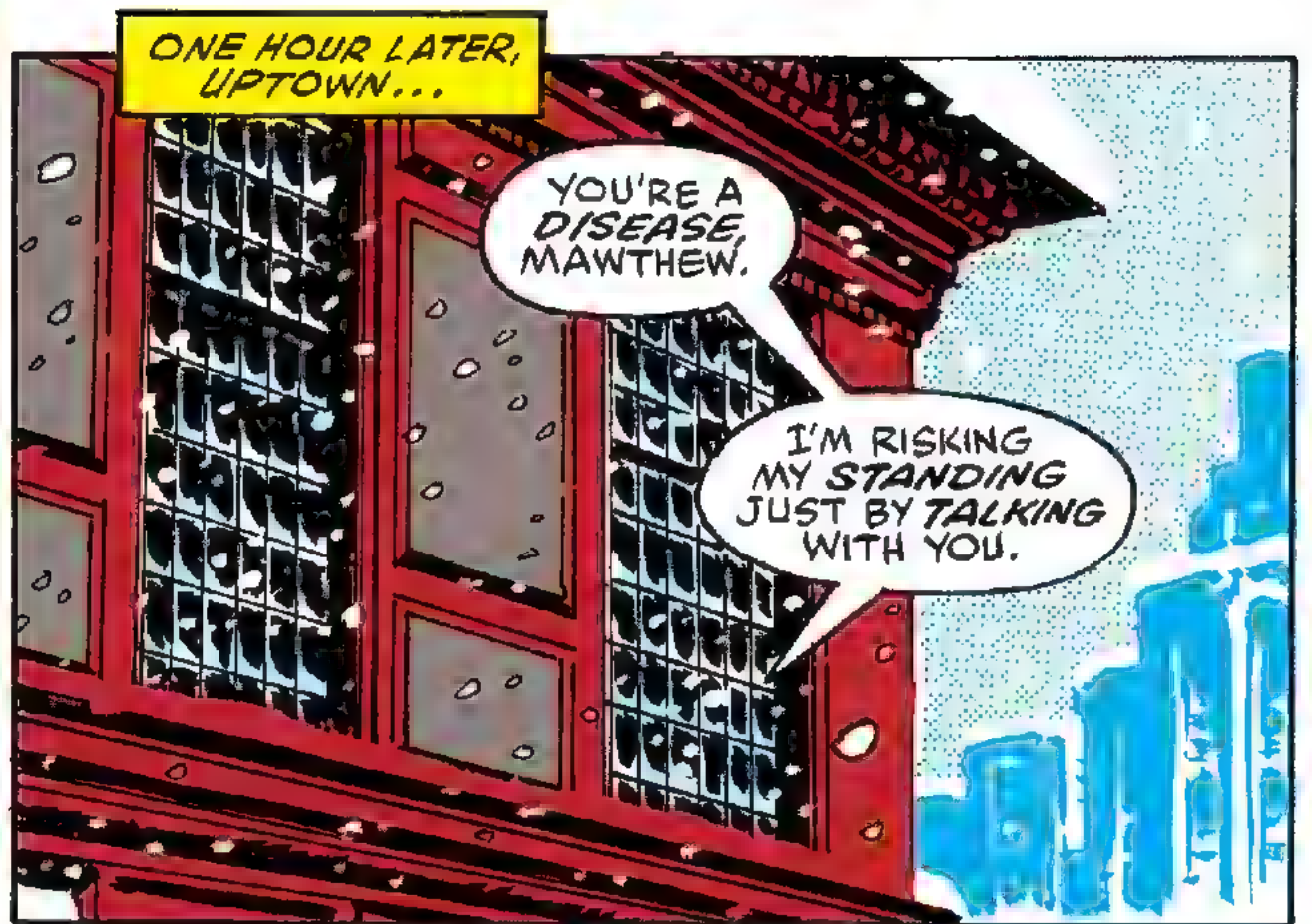
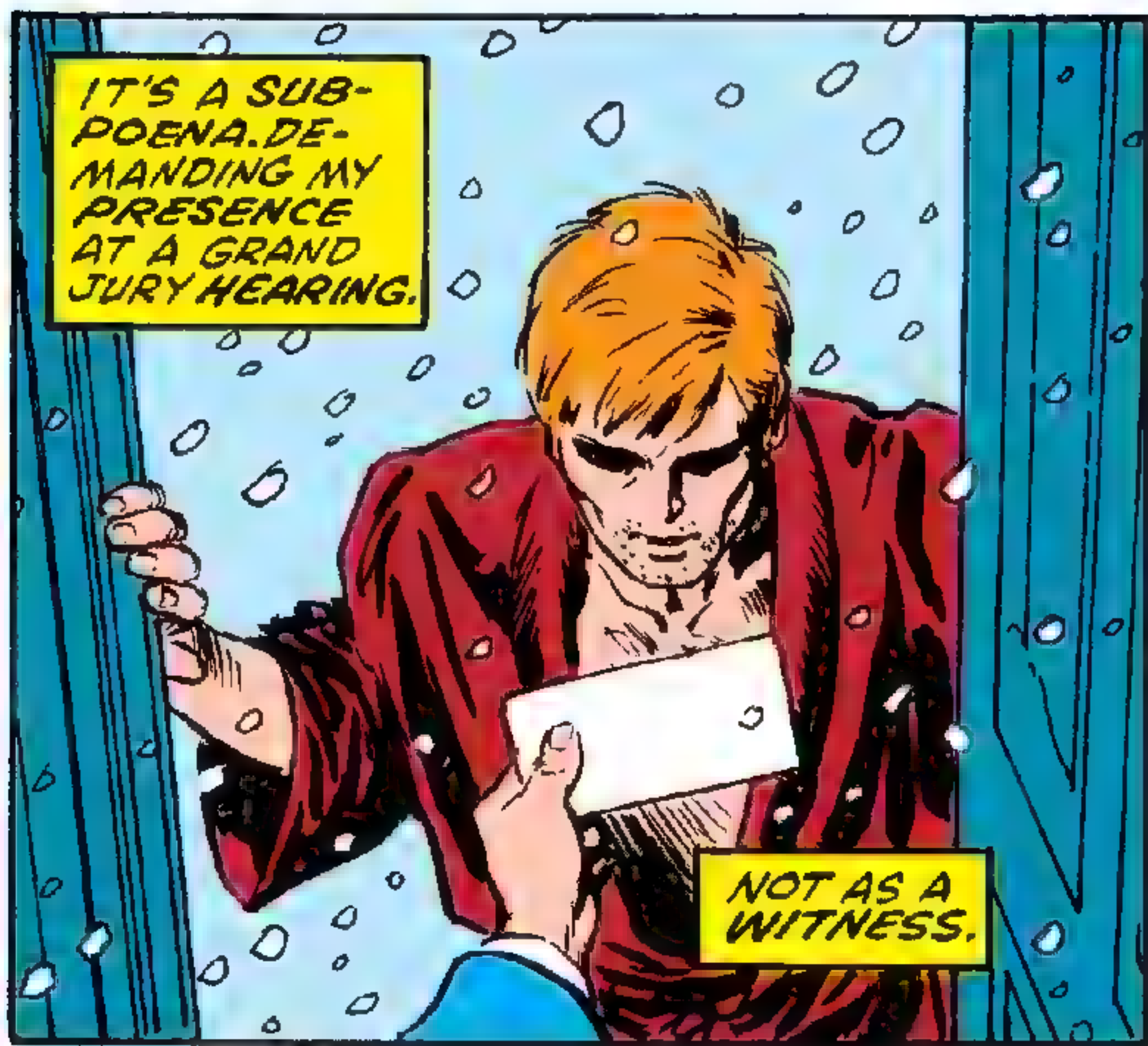
-- LETTER FROM MY BANK, SAYING THEY HAVEN'T RECEIVED MY LAST TWO MORTGAGE PAYMENTS--TRUST THEM TO SCREW UP EVERY CHANCE THEY GET--

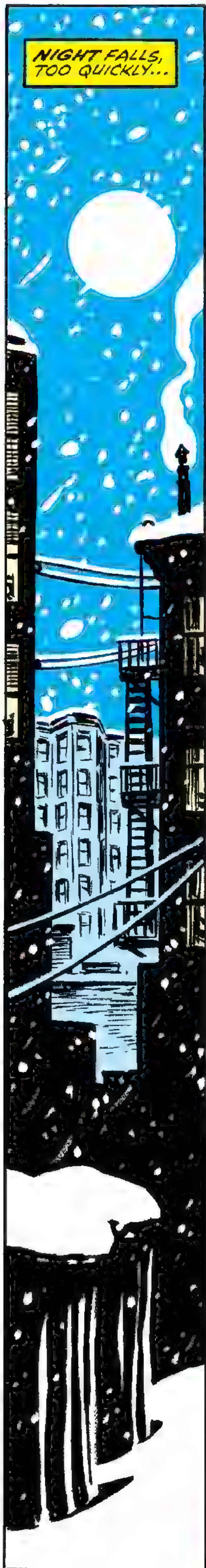
--AND A NOTICE FROM INTERNAL REVENUE THAT MY TAX FILES ARE BEING AUDITED AND THAT EVERY PENNY I HAVE IS FROZEN UNTIL THE AUDIT IS COMPLETE.



ALL THIS BEFORE COFFEE.







NIGHT FALLS,
TOO QUICKLY...



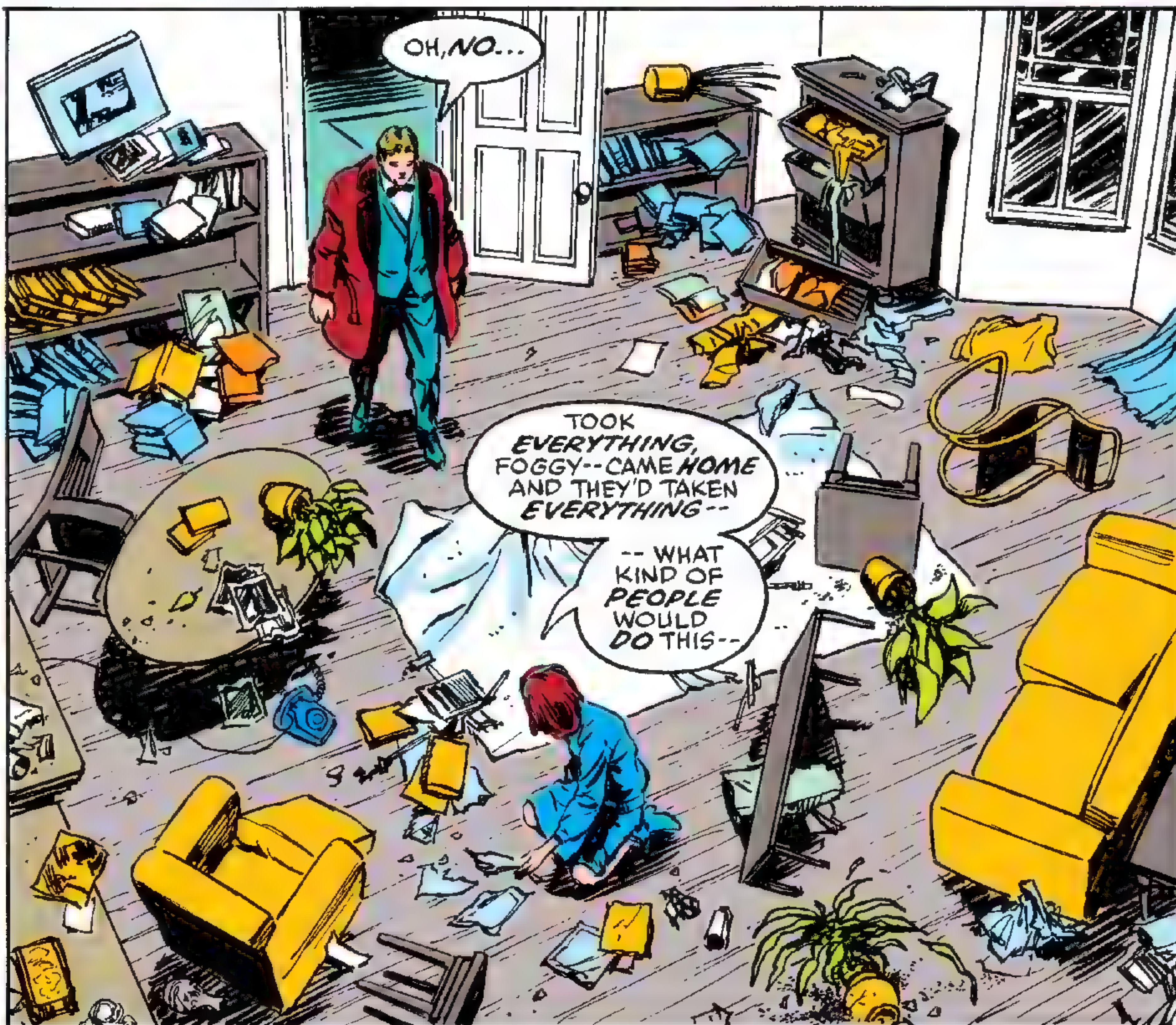
...SNOW'S GOT
THE TRAFFIC ALL
SNARLED. GOT HERE
AS FAST AS I COULD.

Y'KNOW, YOU
SHOULDN'T LEAVE
YOUR **DOOR** UN-
LOCKED LIKE
THIS, GLORI.



IT'S NOT--

GLORI!



OH, NO...

TOOK
EVERYTHING,
FOGGY--CAME HOME
AND THEY'D TAKEN
EVERYTHING--

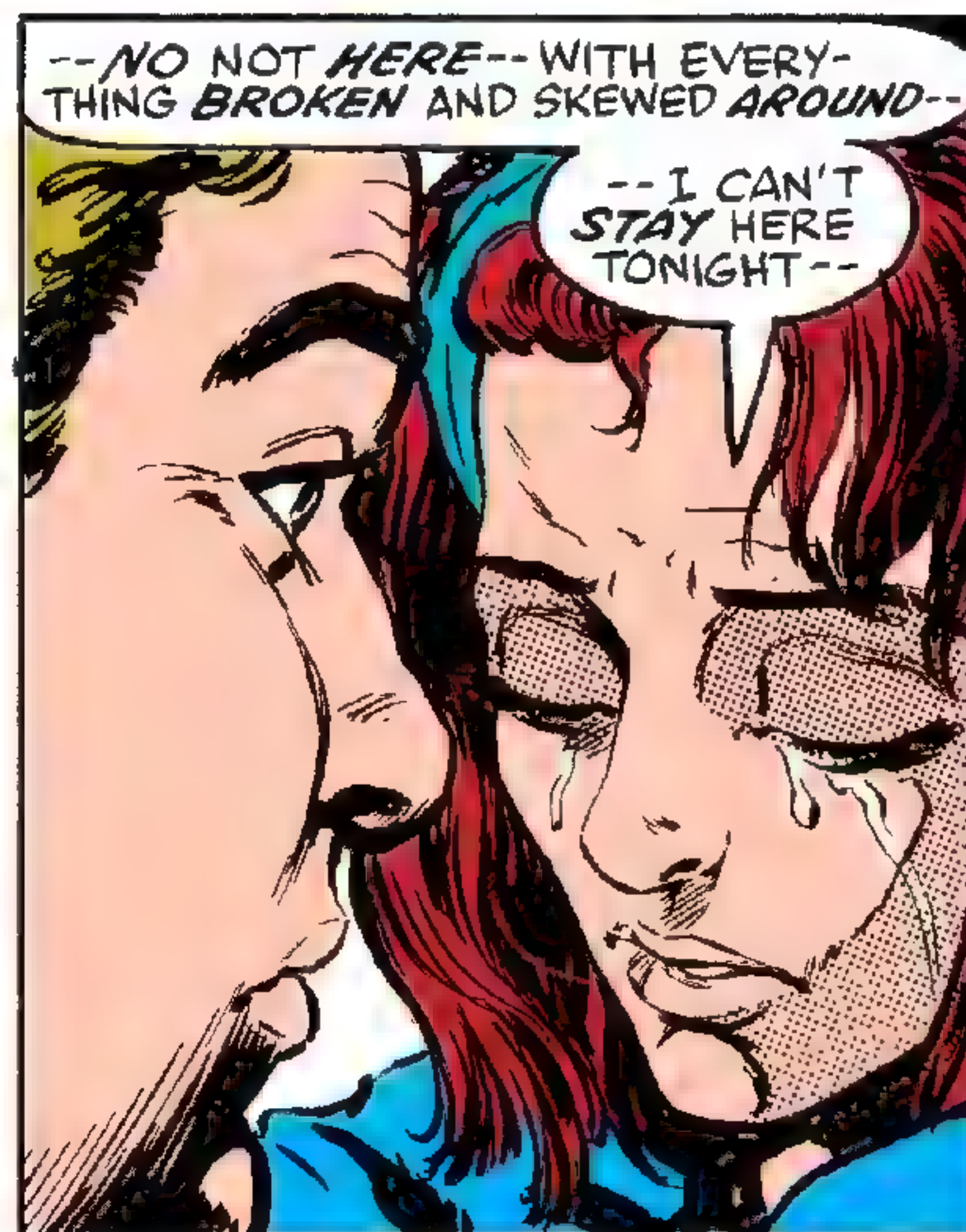
-- WHAT
KIND OF
PEOPLE
WOULD
DO THIS--



-- **HATEFUL CITY HATEFUL**--
SCARES ME WORSE THAN **BELFAST**
BOMBS AND ALL--

-- THEY
RUINED MY
PICTURES FOGGY
WHAT KIND OF
PEOPLE--

YOU'RE **SAFE**, GLORI.
THAT'S WHAT COUNTS.
COME ON... I'LL FIX YOU
A CUP OF **COFFEE**...



-- **NO NOT HERE**-- WITH EVERY-
THING **BROKEN** AND **SKewed AROUND**--

-- I CAN'T
STAY HERE
TONIGHT--



My name is BEN URICH. I'm a REPORTER.

I'm working the NIGHT SHIFT at a great metropolitan NEWSPAPER when a piece of DYNAMITE is dropped on my desk.

It's not the kind that KISSES. It just RUSTLES in Robertson's HAND...

CHECK THIS ONE OUT FOR ME, BEN.

SURE. I'VE GOT NOTHING BUT TIME.

It's disguised as an Associated Press WIRE--

--that says MATT MURDOCK faces a HOST of criminal charges, including BRIBERY, PERJURY, and MISCONDUCT.

MATT MURDOCK is the most HONEST man I KNOW.



MATT-- BEN, I JUST HEARD--

"I have no statement for the press," a stranger tells me.



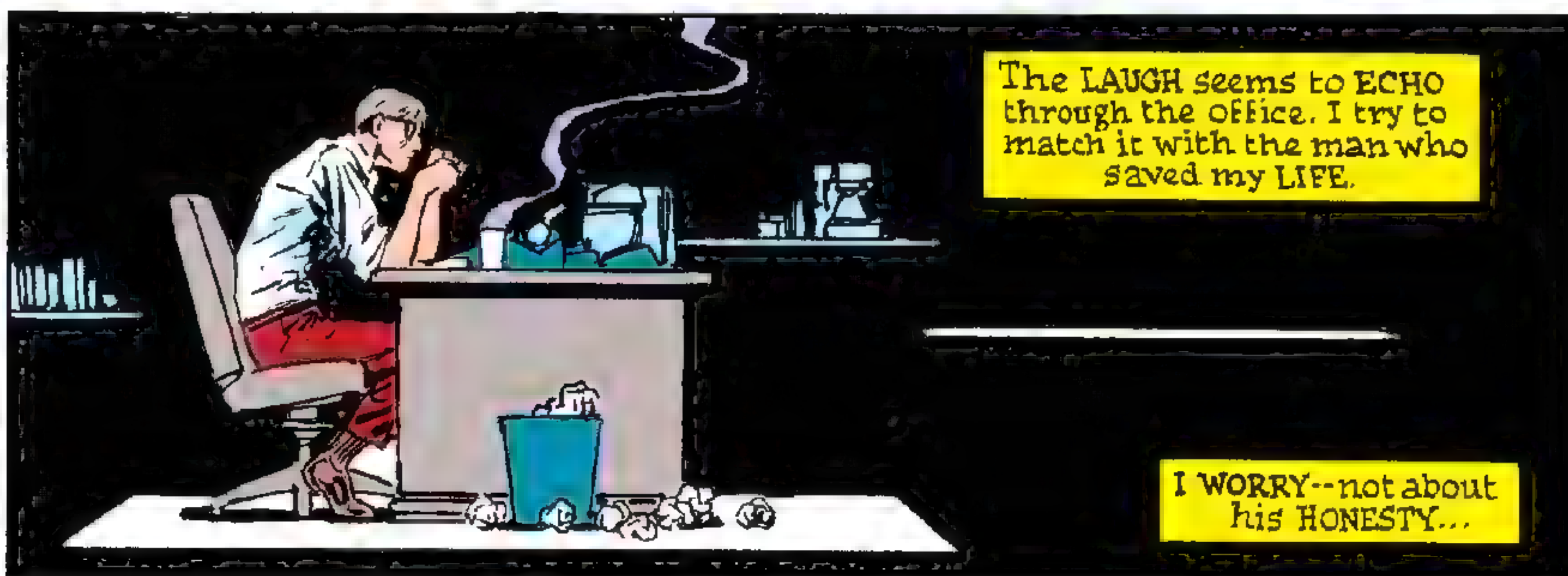
MATT-- IF IT'S OFF THE RECORD-- YOU KNOW YOU CAN TRUST ME...

A CHUCKLE, like DRY ICE cracking.



MATT-- I'M YOUR FRIEND, REMEMBER?

He LAUGHS. The line goes DEAD.



The LAUGH seems to ECHO through the office. I try to match it with the man who saved my LIFE.

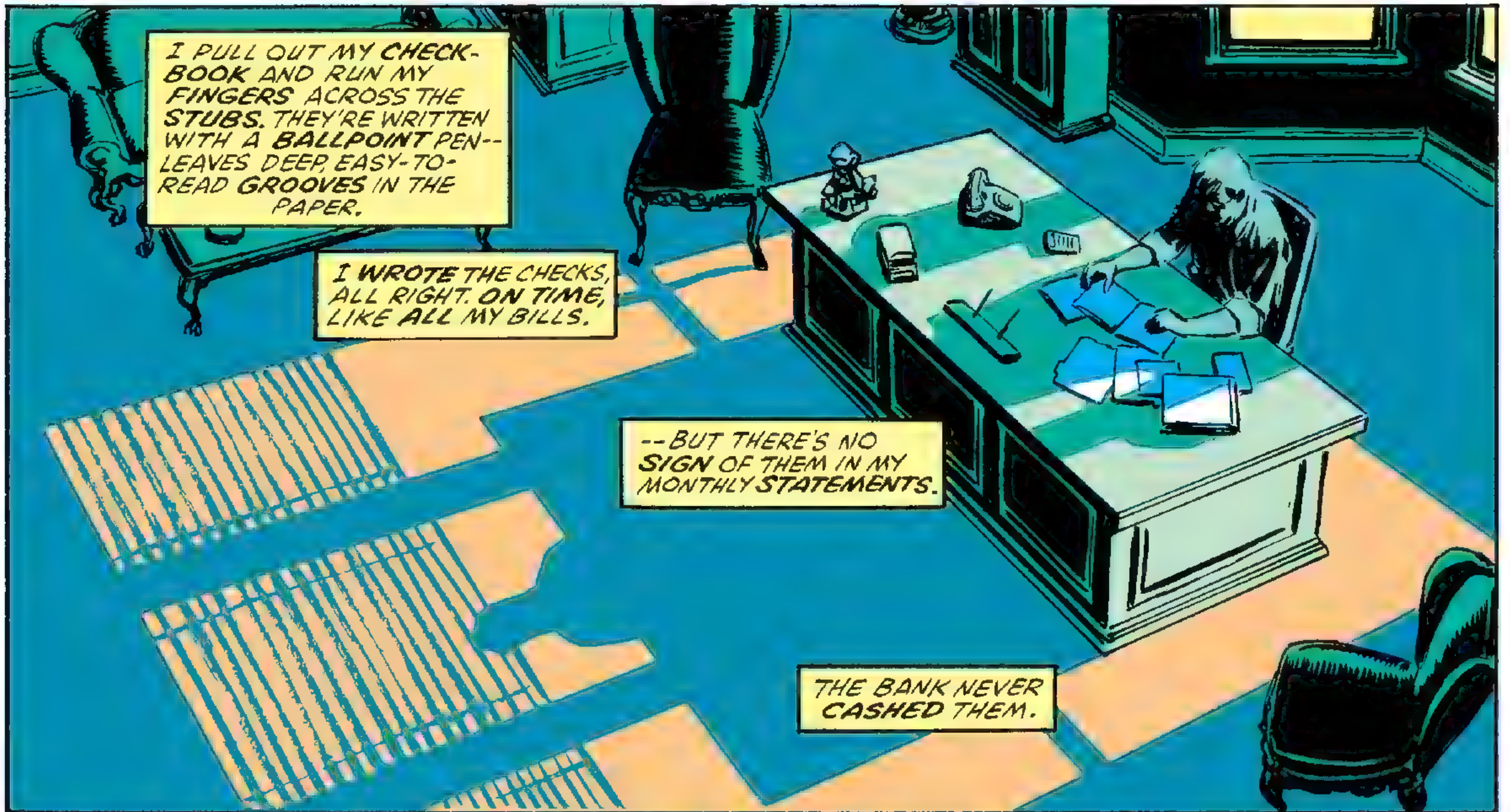
I WORRY-- not about his HONESTY...



THE BANK INSISTS
I HAVEN'T PAID THEM.

THEY THREATEN
TO FORECLOSE.

I LOSE MY
TEMPER AND
YELL AT THEM
AND THEY HANG
UP ON ME.



I PULL OUT MY CHECK-
BOOK AND RUN MY
FINGERS ACROSS THE
STUBS. THEY'RE WRITTEN
WITH A BALLPOINT PEN--
LEAVES DEEP EASY-TO-
READ GROOVES IN THE
PAPER.

I WROTE THE CHECKS,
ALL RIGHT. ON TIME,
LIKE ALL MY BILLS.

--BUT THERE'S NO
SIGN OF THEM IN MY
MONTHLY STATEMENTS.

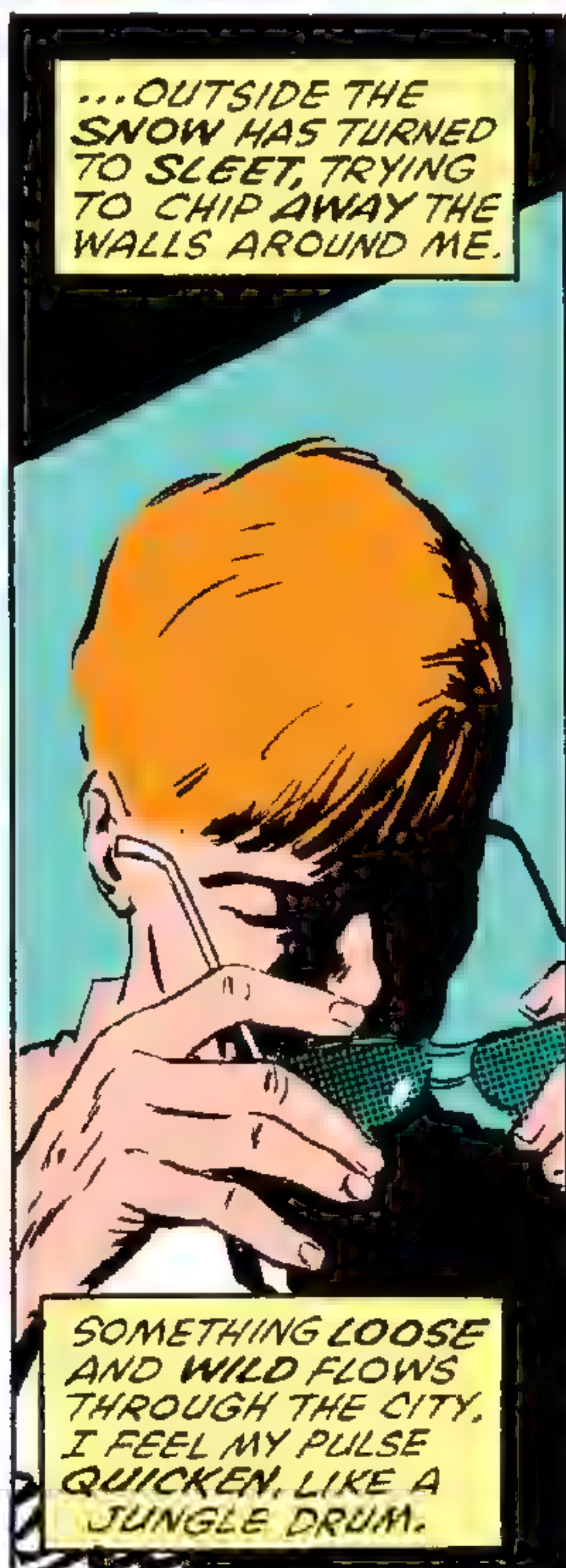
THE BANK NEVER
CASHED THEM.



MAYBE THEY WERE
LOST IN THE MAIL.

WITH MY MONEY
FROZEN BY THE
IRS, HOW CAN I...

... I HATE MONEY...



...OUTSIDE THE
SNOW HAS TURNED
TO SLEET, TRYING
TO CHIP AWAY THE
WALLS AROUND ME.

SOMETHING LOOSE
AND WILD FLOWS
THROUGH THE CITY.
I FEEL MY PULSE
QUICKEN, LIKE A
JUNGLE DRUM.



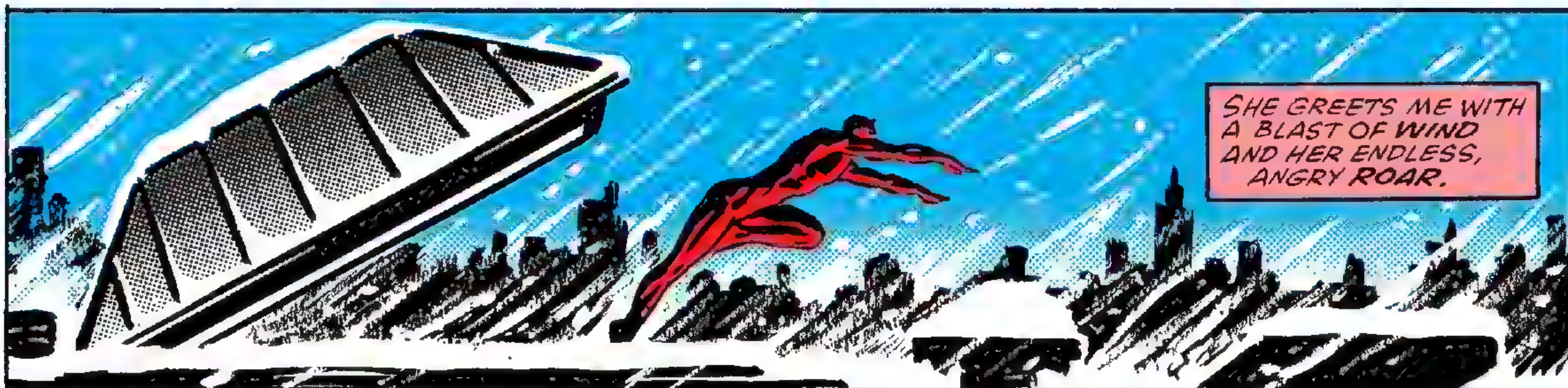
IT'S THE NIGHT.
I'VE ALWAYS
LOVED IT.

I GRAB THE WEIGHT-
LESS BUNDLE OF
CLOTH--THE ONLY
PART OF MY LIFE
WORTH LIVING ANY
MORE...



...THE ONE RELIEF
I CAN GIVE MYSELF...

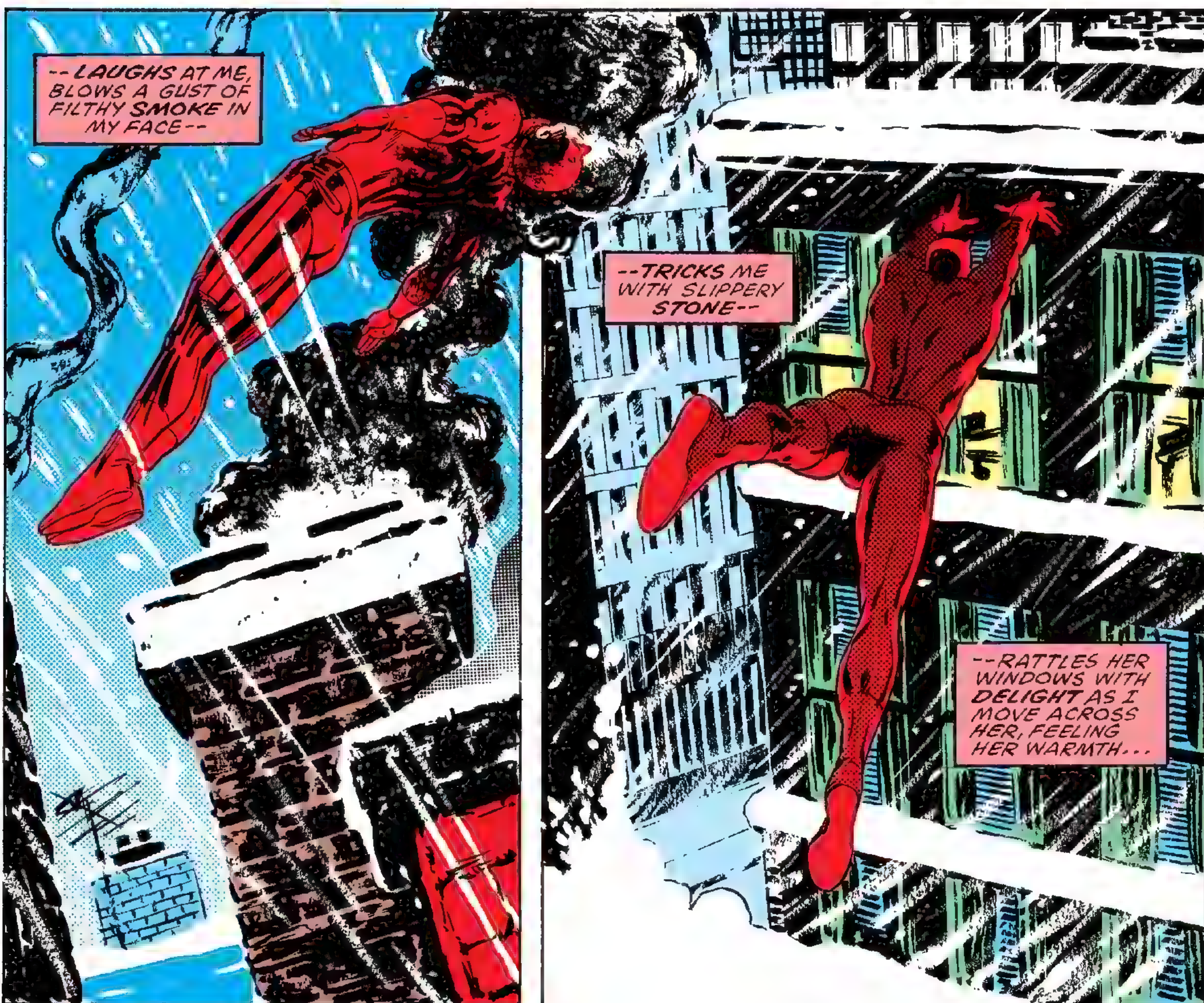
...WHEN IT ALL
GETS TO BE
TOO MUCH.



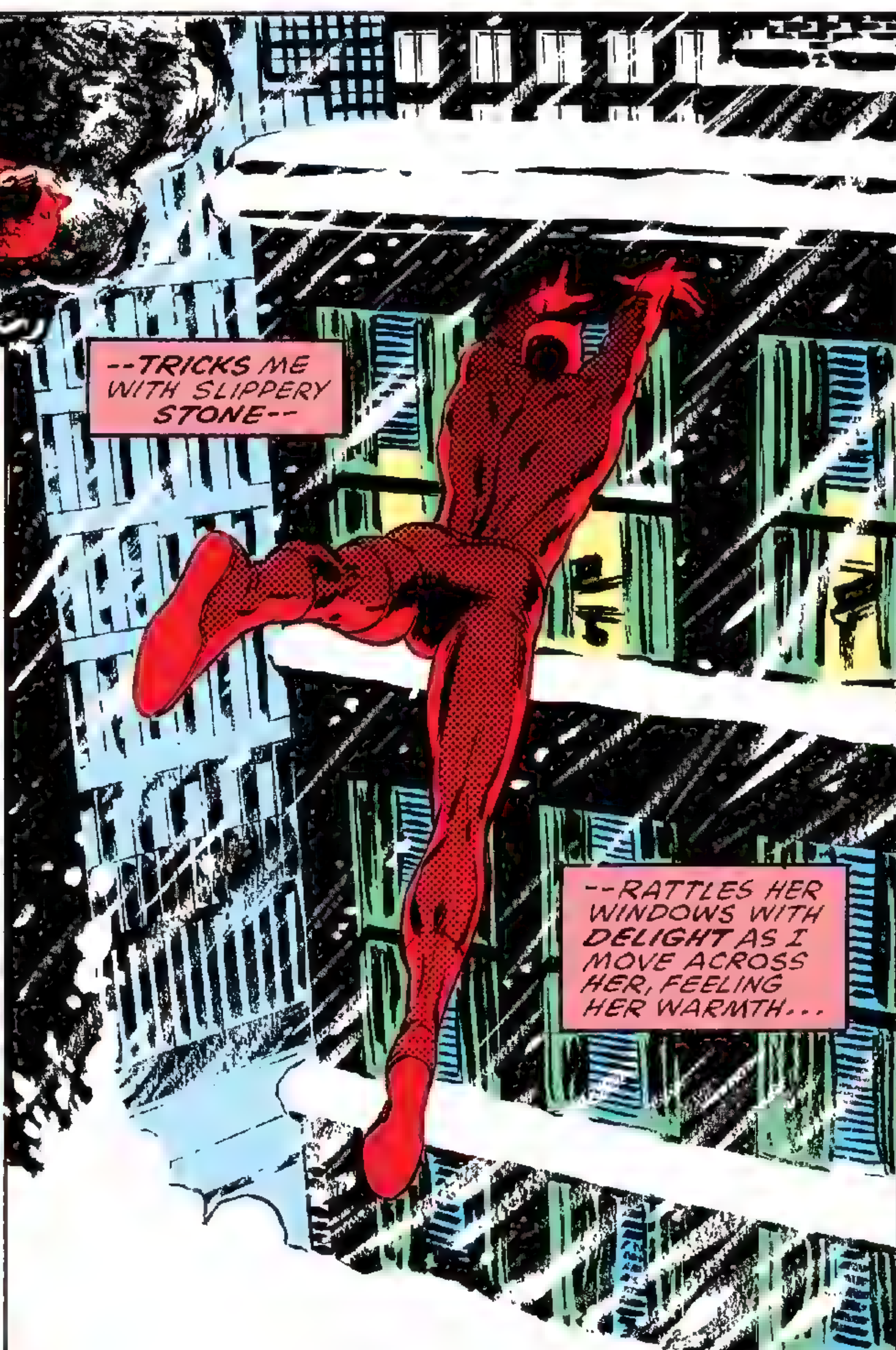
SHE GREETS ME WITH
A BLAST OF WIND
AND HER ENDLESS,
ANGRY ROAR.



SHE HUMS WITH POWER
AND TICKLES MY LEGS
WITH A THOUSAND FLIRTING
FINGERS--

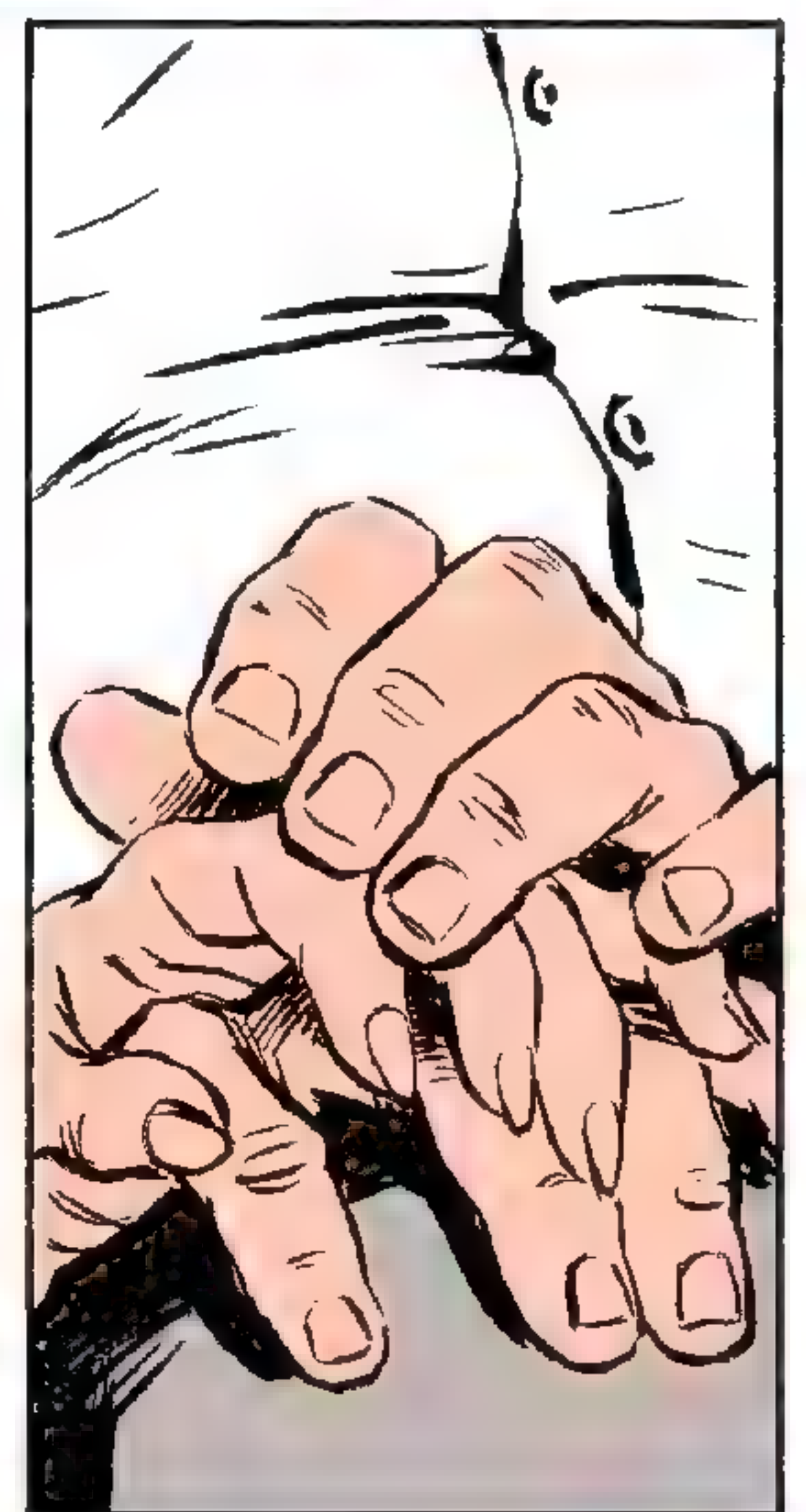
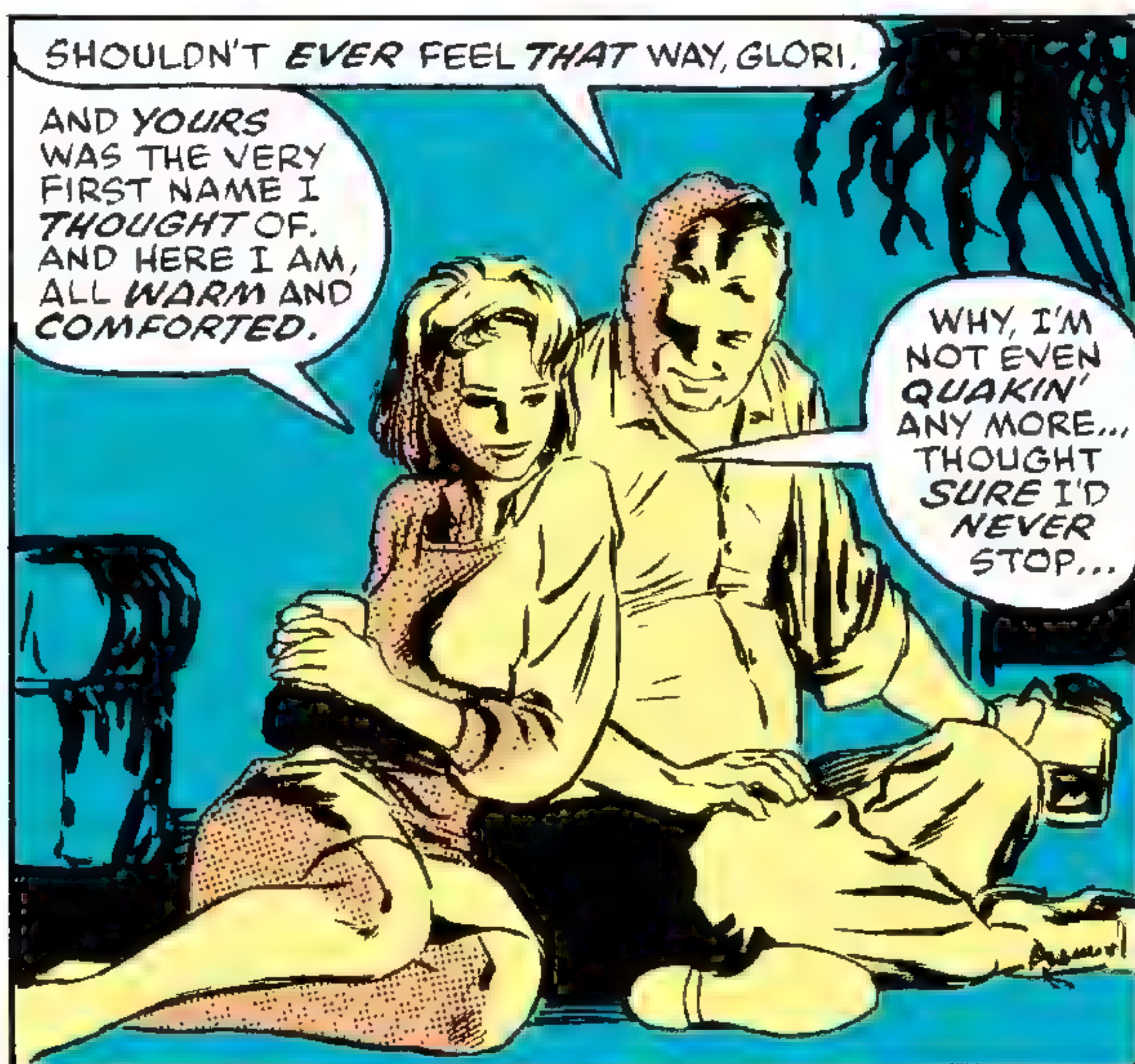
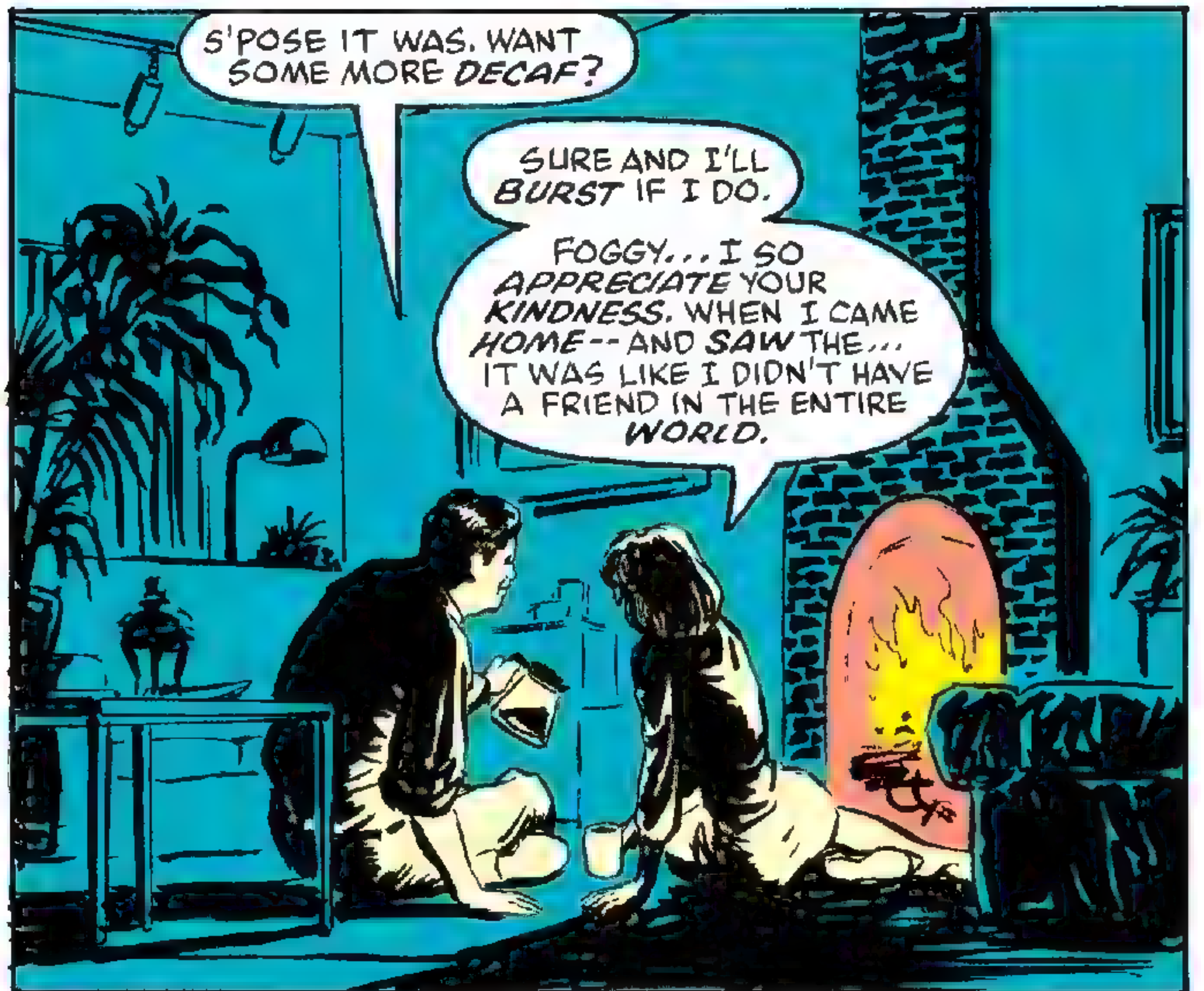


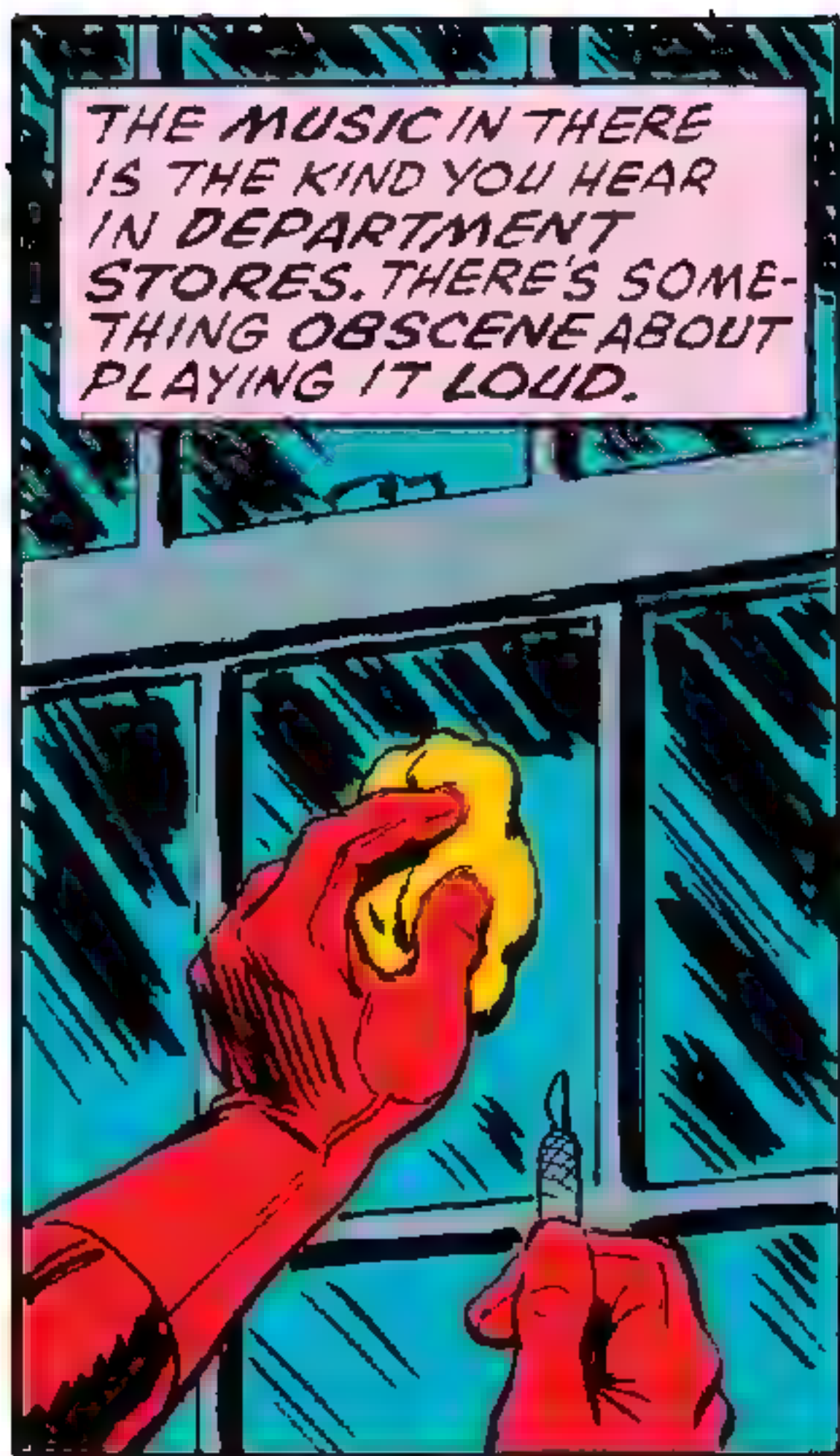
-- LAUGHS AT ME,
BLOWS A GUST OF
FILTHY SMOKE IN
MY FACE--



--TRICKS ME
WITH SLIPPERY
STONE--

--RATTLES HER
WINDOWS WITH
DELIGHT AS I
MOVE ACROSS
HER, FEELING
HER WARMTH...

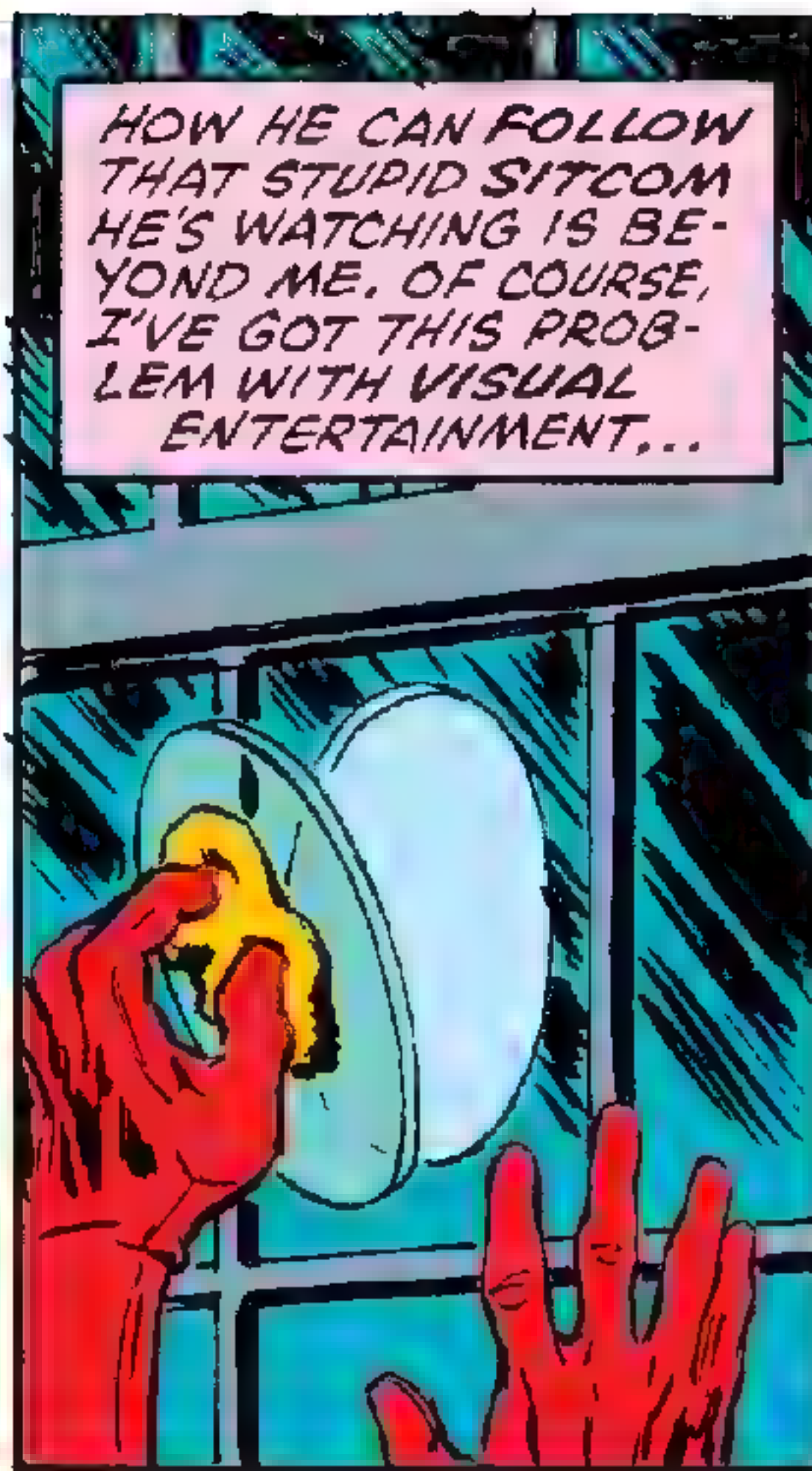




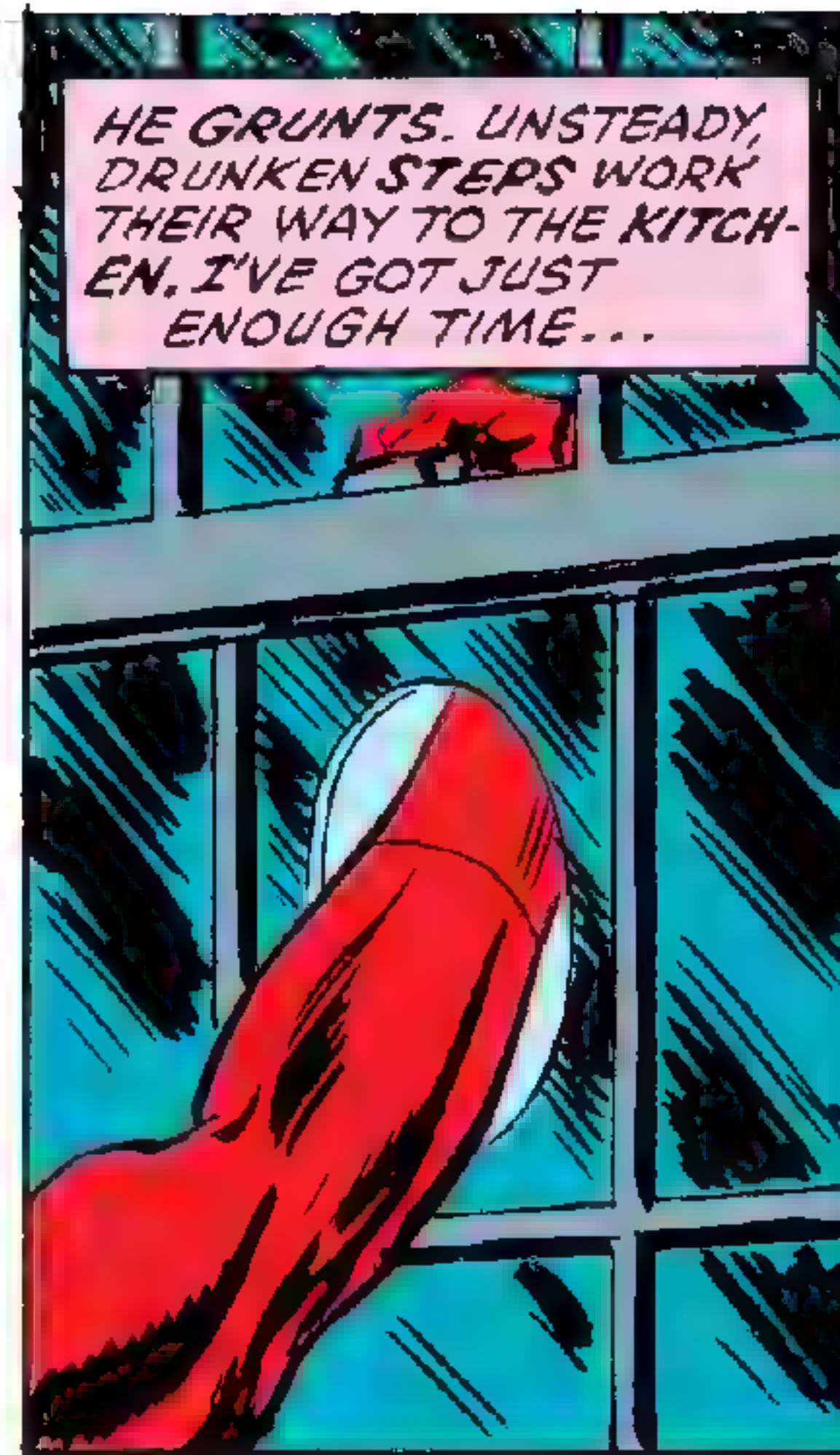
THE MUSIC IN THERE IS THE KIND YOU HEAR IN DEPARTMENT STORES. THERE'S SOMETHING OBSCENE ABOUT PLAYING IT LOUD.



AND LOUD IT IS. I'M SURPRISED THE BUILDING DOESN'T SHAKE.



HOW HE CAN FOLLOW THAT STUPID SITCOM HE'S WATCHING IS BEYOND ME. OF COURSE, I'VE GOT THIS PROBLEM WITH VISUAL ENTERTAINMENT...



HE GRUNTS. UNSTEADY, DRUNKEN STEPS WORK THEIR WAY TO THE KITCHEN. I'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH TIME...



TWENTY YEARS, NICK...

...WHY START LYING NOW?



GET OUT OF MY HOME.



IT'S ALL WRONG, NICK. I KNOW YOU.

AND I HAVE TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE TRYING TO RUIN MATT MURDOCK.

HE FLINCHES, AT THE NAME, I SMELL HIS OILY, GUILTY SWEAT.



I FEEL THE HEAT ON HIS CHEEK-- A FLUSH OF DEFIANT RAGE.

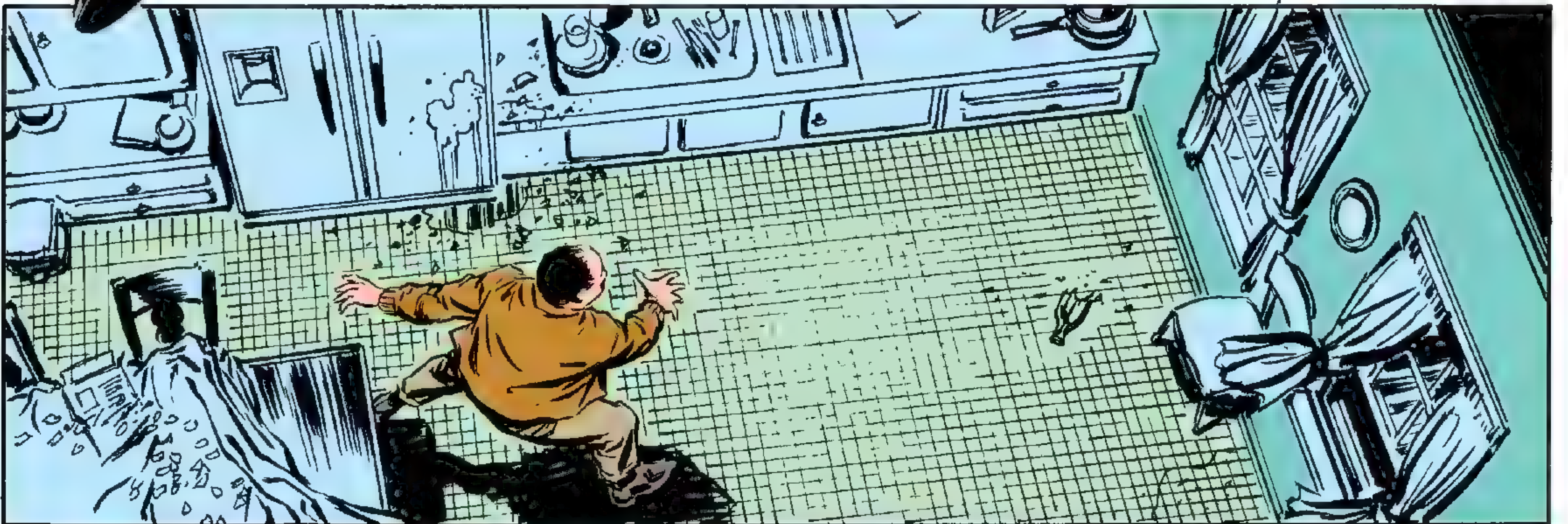
THE SOUND BELONGS IN A SOUTH STREET BAR--

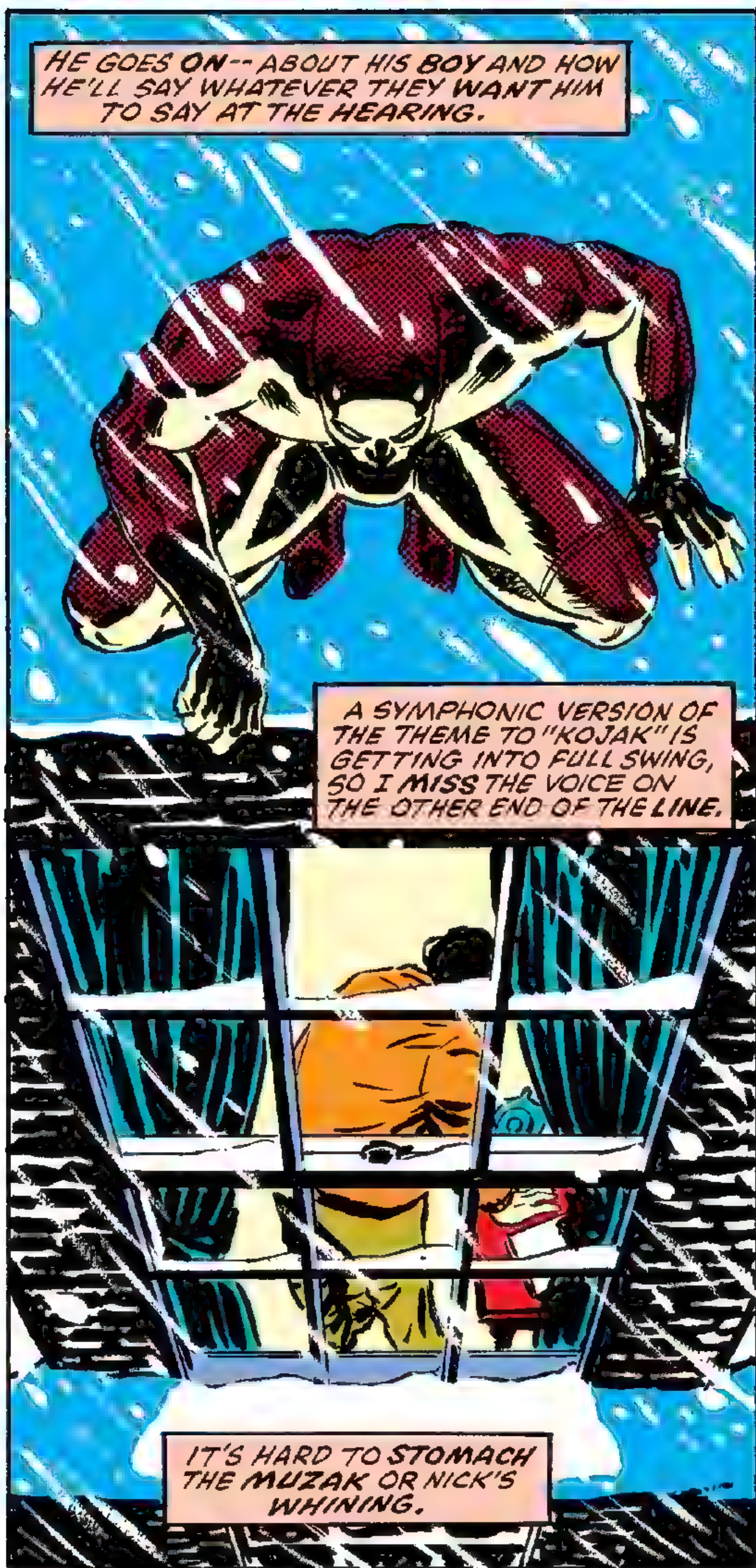
KRASH!
KRASH!

I COULD FORCE THE TRUTH FROM HIM, TOUGH AS HE IS.

I'D HAVE TO USE TORTURE...

FAPP

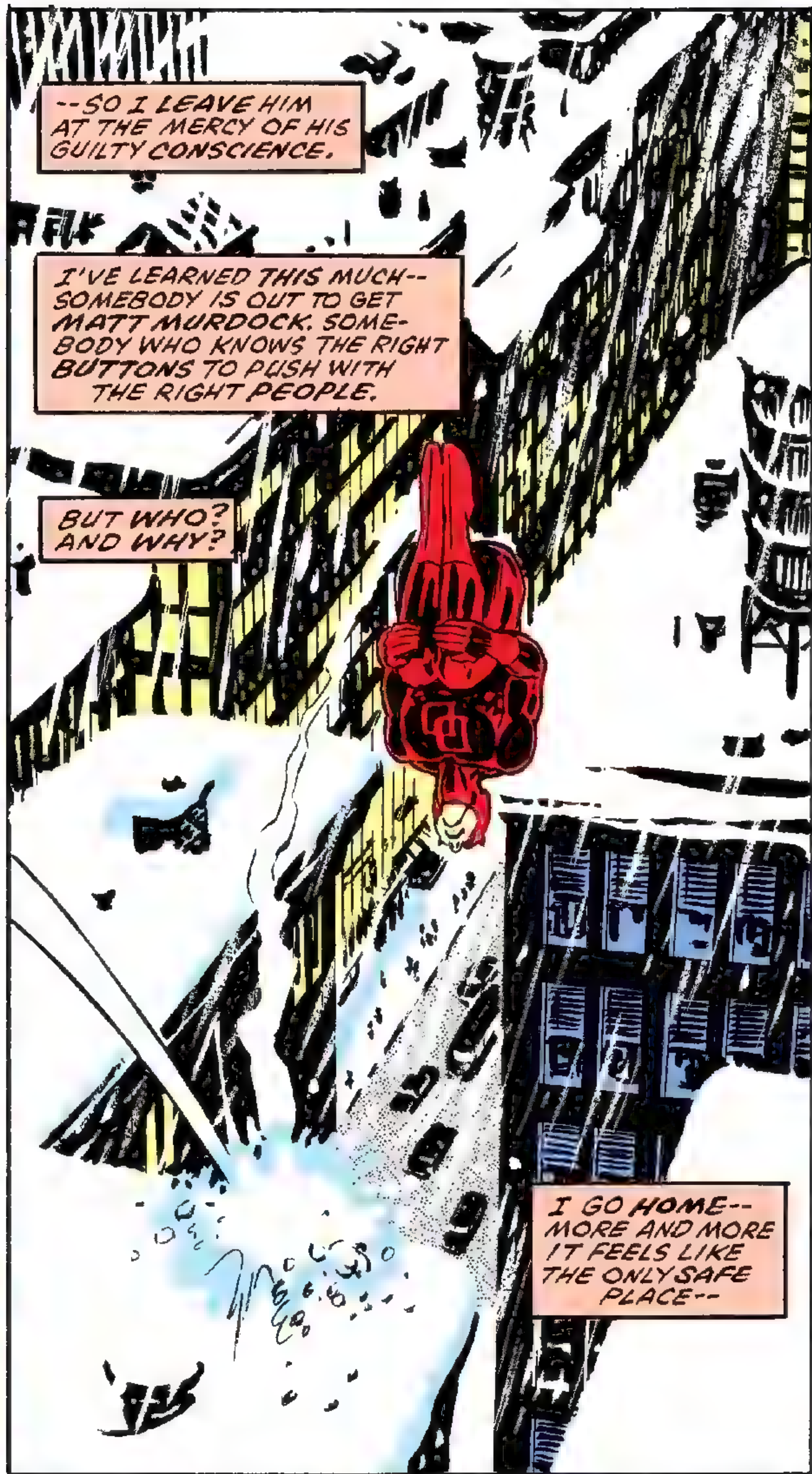




HE GOES ON-- ABOUT HIS BOY AND HOW HE'LL SAY WHATEVER THEY WANT HIM TO SAY AT THE HEARING.

A SYMPHONIC VERSION OF THE THEME TO "KOJAK" IS GETTING INTO FULL SWING, SO I MISS THE VOICE ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE.

IT'S HARD TO STOMACH THE MUZAK OR NICK'S WHINING.



--SO I LEAVE HIM AT THE MERCY OF HIS GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

I'VE LEARNED THIS MUCH-- SOMEBODY IS OUT TO GET MATT MURDOCK. SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS THE RIGHT BUTTONS TO PUSH WITH THE RIGHT PEOPLE.

BUT WHO? AND WHY?

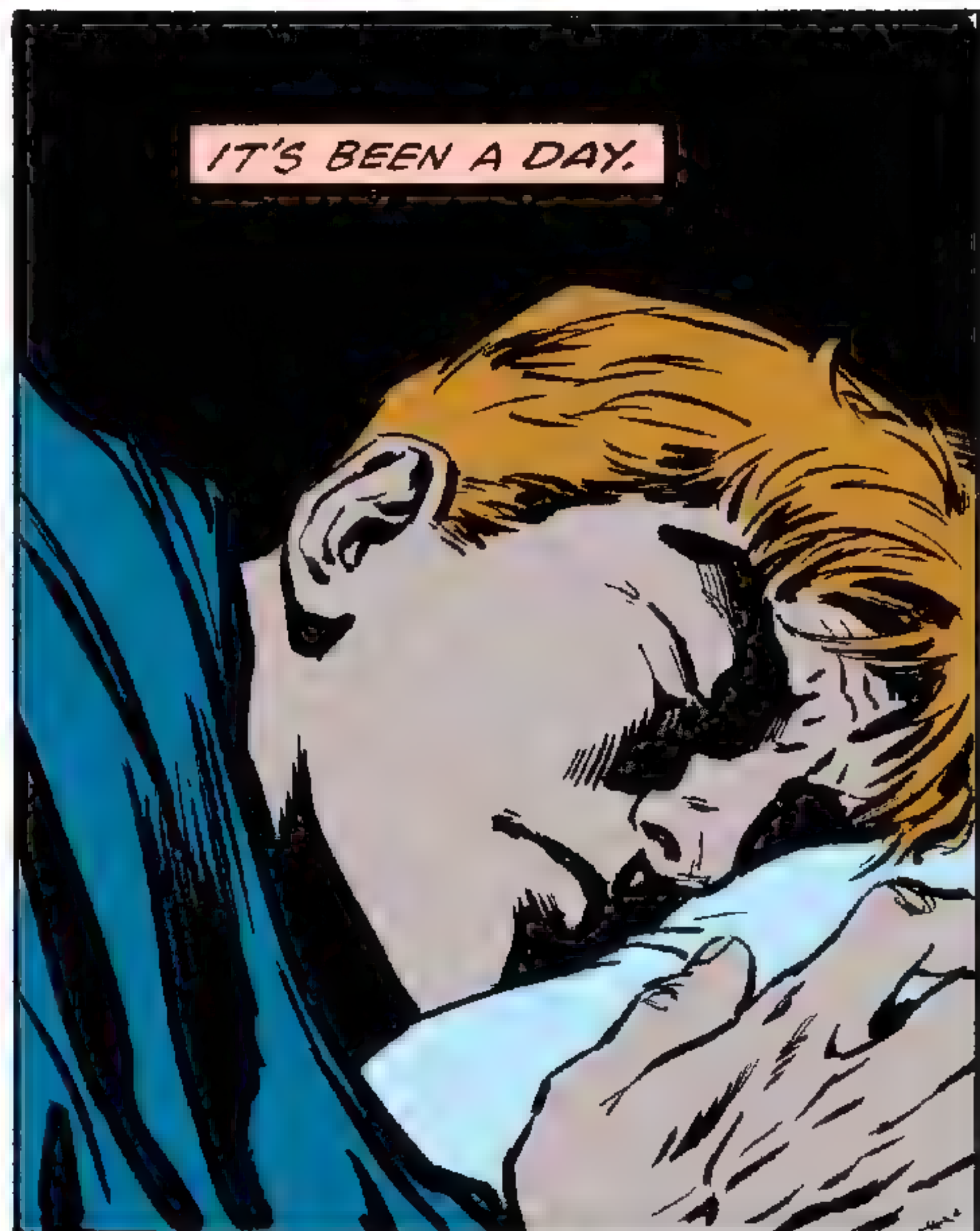
I GO HOME-- MORE AND MORE IT FEELS LIKE THE ONLY SAFE PLACE--



-- IT ISN'T UNTIL I TRY TO FIX DINNER THAT I REALIZE THE POWER'S OFF.



I TRY CON EDISON'S EMERGENCY NUMBER. MY PHONE'S BEEN DISCONNECTED.

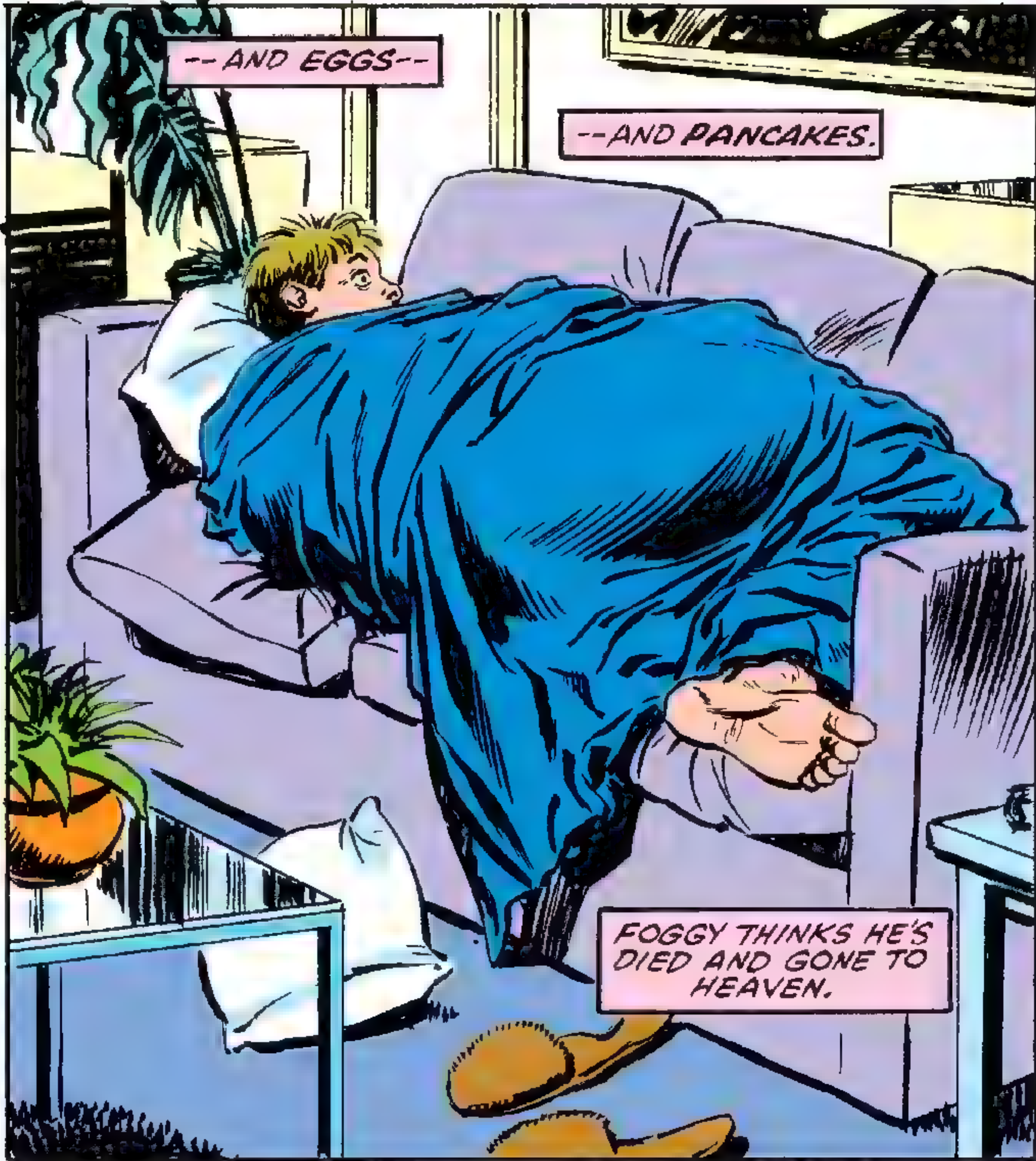


IT'S BEEN A DAY.



THE FIRST THING FOGGY NELSON FEELS THIS MORNING IS AN IRRITATING KNOT AT THE BASE OF HIS SKULL.

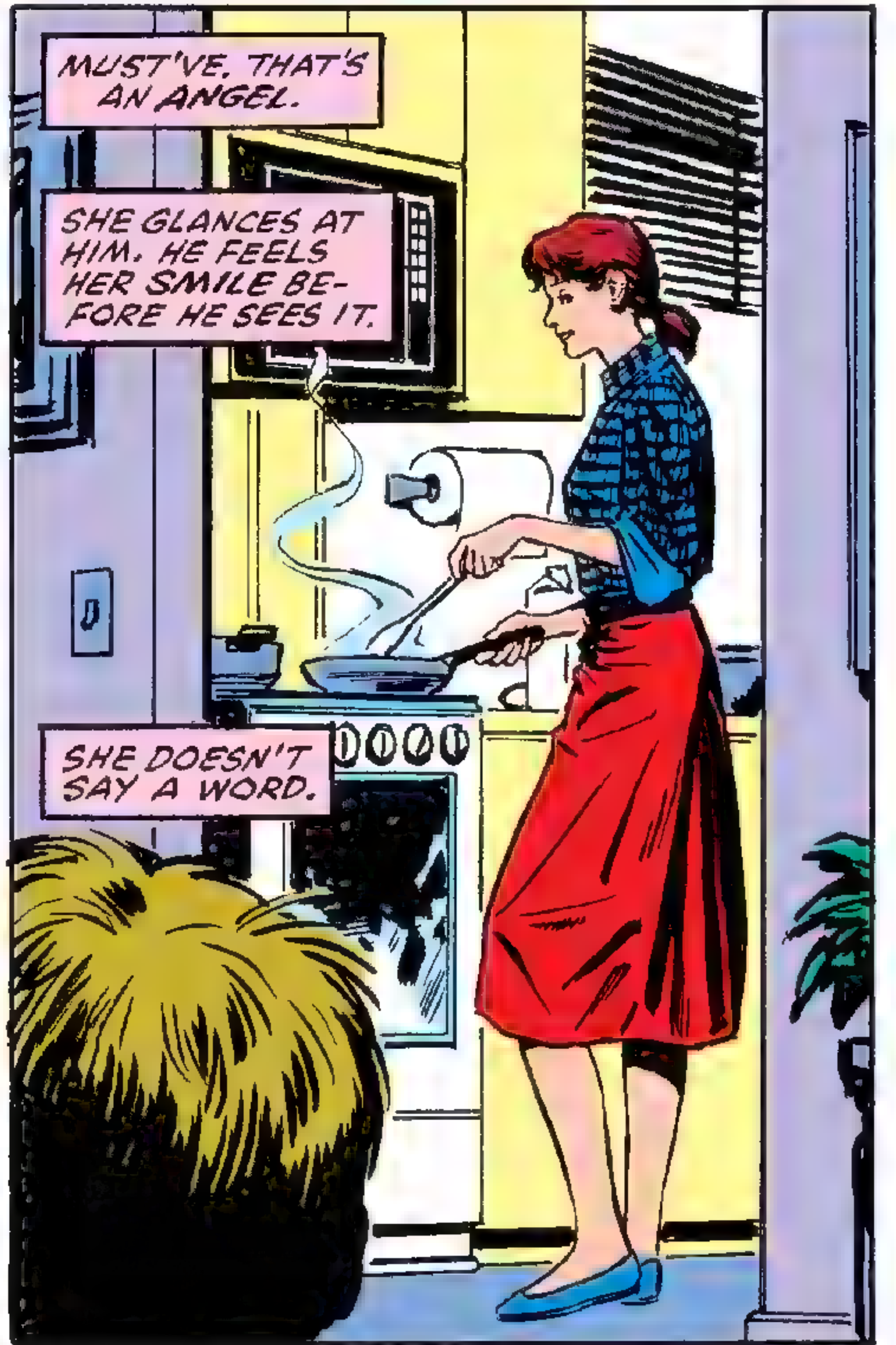
HE FORGETS IT AS SOON AS HE SMELLS THE FRYING BACON.



-- AND EGGS--

-- AND PANCAKES.

FOGGY THINKS HE'S DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN.



MUST'VE. THAT'S AN ANGEL.

SHE GLANCES AT HIM. HE FEELS HER SMILE BEFORE HE SEES IT.

SHE DOESN'T SAY A WORD.



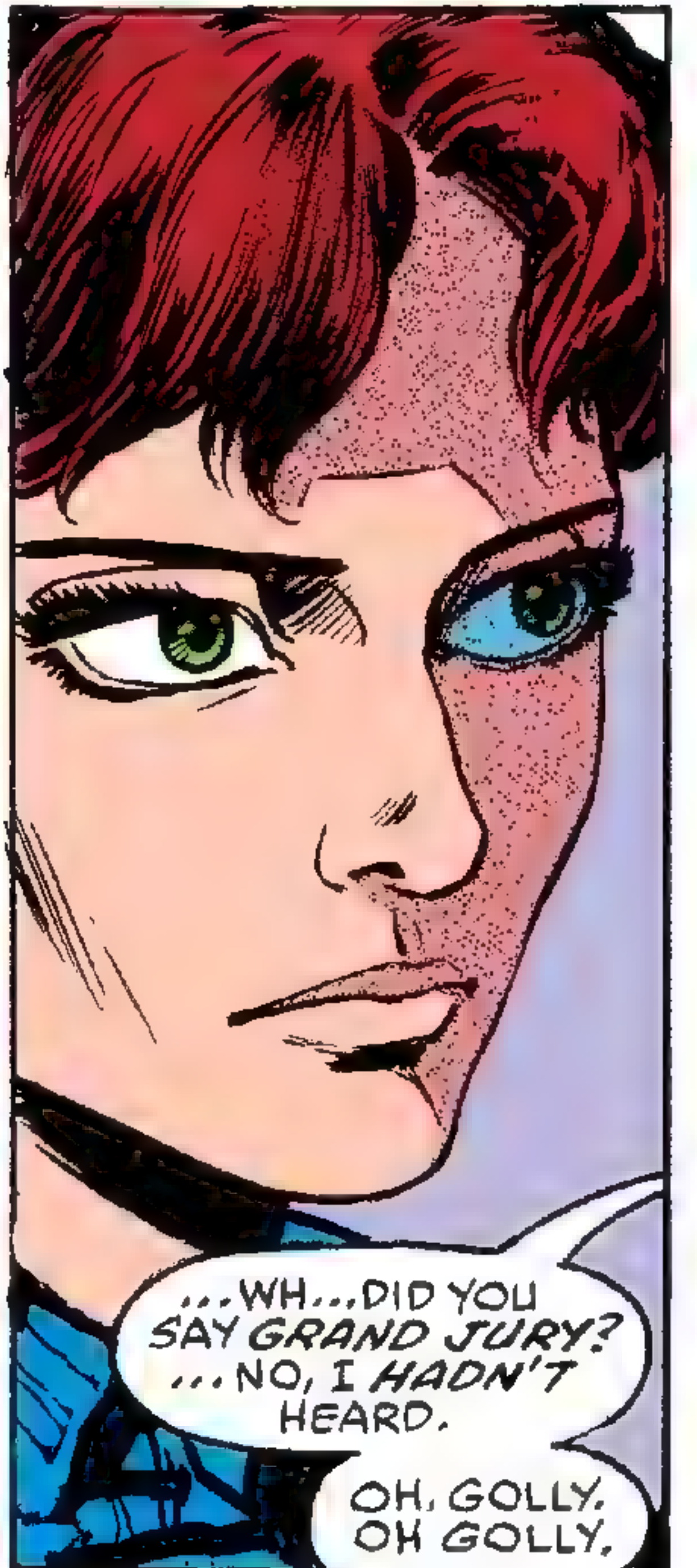
NELSON RESIDENCE.

...HELLO, MATT... NO, YE DIDN'T MISDIAL... I'LL PUT HIM ON...



MATT! HI! LISTEN, THE CRAZIEST THING HAPPENED LAST NIGHT--

--WHAT? HARD TO HEAR YOU, MATT. WHERE-- A PHONE BOOTH? AT THIS HOUR?...



...WH...DID YOU SAY GRAND JURY? ...NO, I HADN'T HEARD.

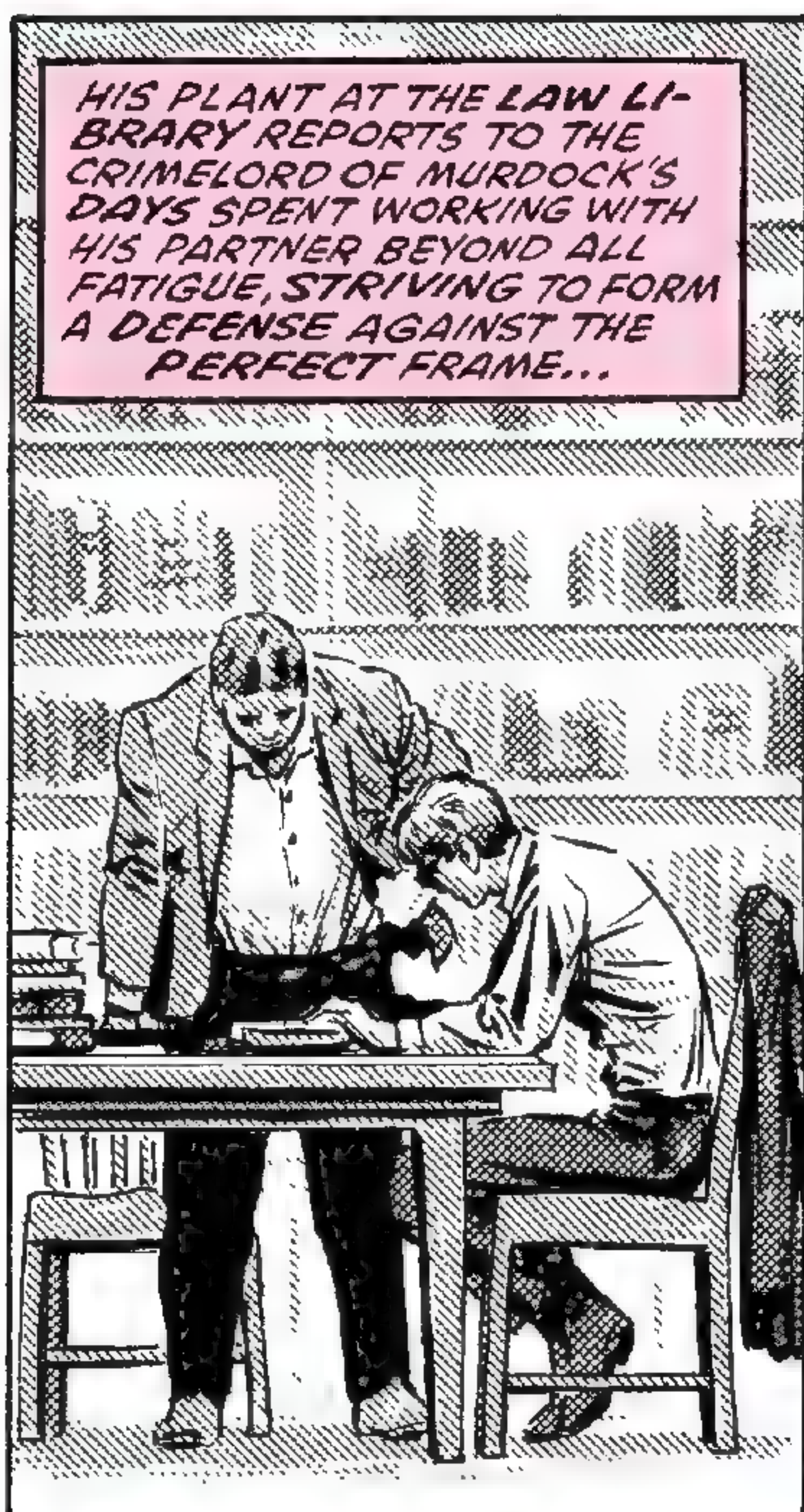
OH, GOLLY. OH GOLLY.



THE NEXT FEW WEEKS
GO POORLY FOR
MATTHEW MURDOCK.

HE WRITHES LIKE A FLY
IN A SPIDER'S WEB. MY
WEB, THINKS THE KINGPIN...

...SO CAREFULLY
WOVEN, SO NEATLY
PLACED.



HIS PLANT AT THE LAW LI-
BRARY REPORTS TO THE
CRIMELORD OF MURDOCK'S
DAYS SPENT WORKING WITH
HIS PARTNER BEYOND ALL
FATIGUE, STRIVING TO FORM
A DEFENSE AGAINST THE
PERFECT FRAME...



...PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKEN
BY TELESCOPE-- FOR THE
MAN'S DEFENSES ARE YET
UNKNOWN-- PROVIDE A STOP-
MOTION STUDY OF MURDOCK'S
DETERIORATION...



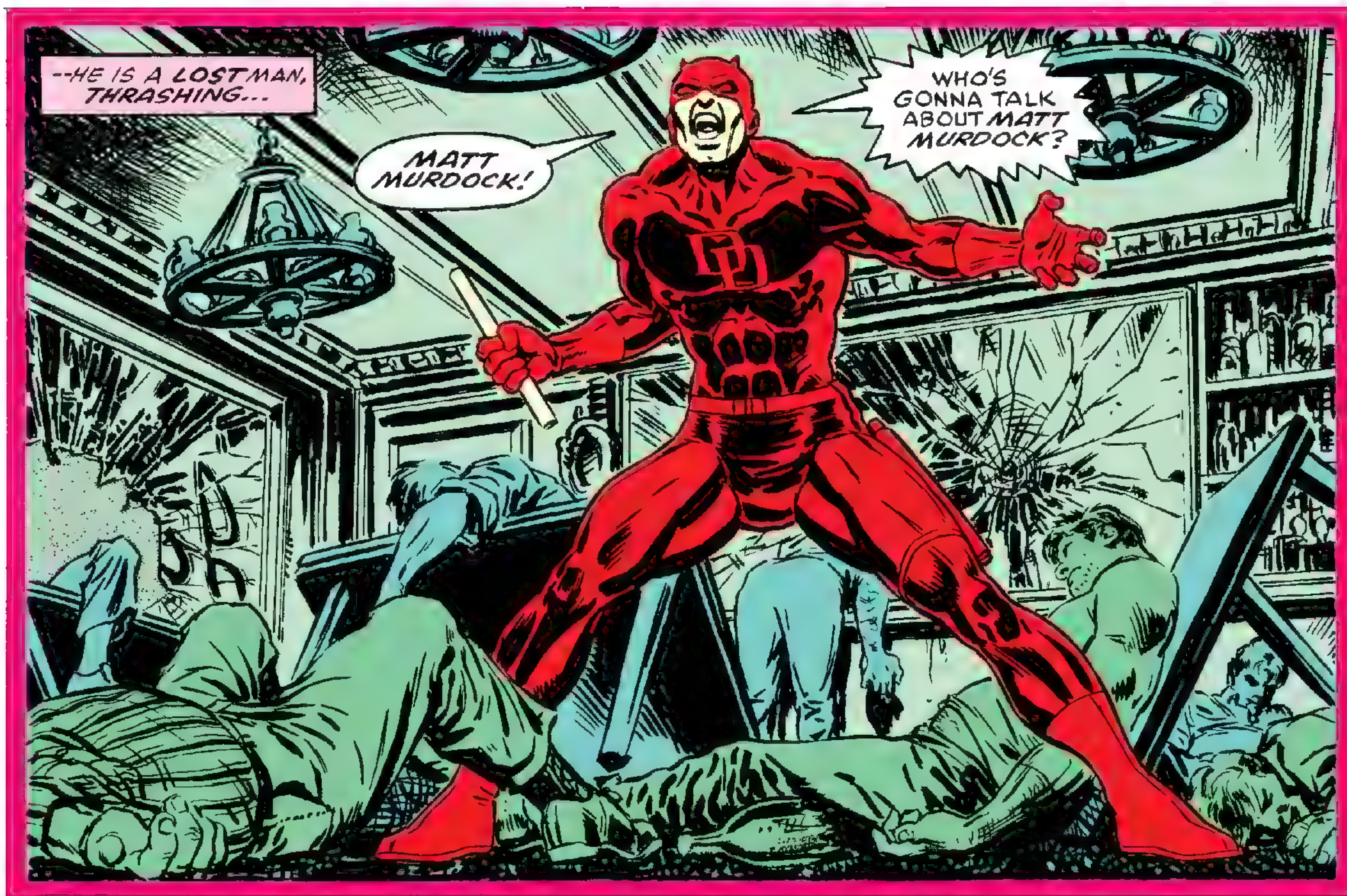
...MOST DELICIOUS ARE THE
NIGHTS, AS LOW-LEVEL STOOLIES,
LIKE DISTANT NERVE ENDINGS,
TELL OF INCREASINGLY VIOLENT,
INCREASINGLY ABERRANT
ASSAULTS BY A WARRIOR WHOSE
FISTS ARE NO HELP AGAINST THE
CORROSIVE GAS THAT FILLS HIS
LIFE...



...ASSAULTS WHICH CLIMAX IN
AN ENLIGHTENING EPISODE.

IT HAPPENS IN A WATERFRONT
SALOON-- ONE HE FREQUENTS
TO PRY INFORMATION FROM
THE LOWEST ECHELON OF MY
ORGANIZATION.

ONE HE ENTERS NOW AS
AN ANGRY BEGGAR--
WITH NO SENSE OF
CAUTION OR STRATEGY--



--HE IS A LOST MAN, THRASHING...

MATT MURDOCK!

WHO'S GONNA TALK ABOUT MATT MURDOCK?

NO ONE TELLS HIM ANYTHING OF VALUE. NO ONE COULD, BUT I.

FOR I HAVE KEPT MY MOVEMENTS SCATTERED AMONG A DOZEN LIEUTENANTS, NONE OF WHOM POSSESS MORE THAN A SINGLE SCRAP OF INFORMATION.

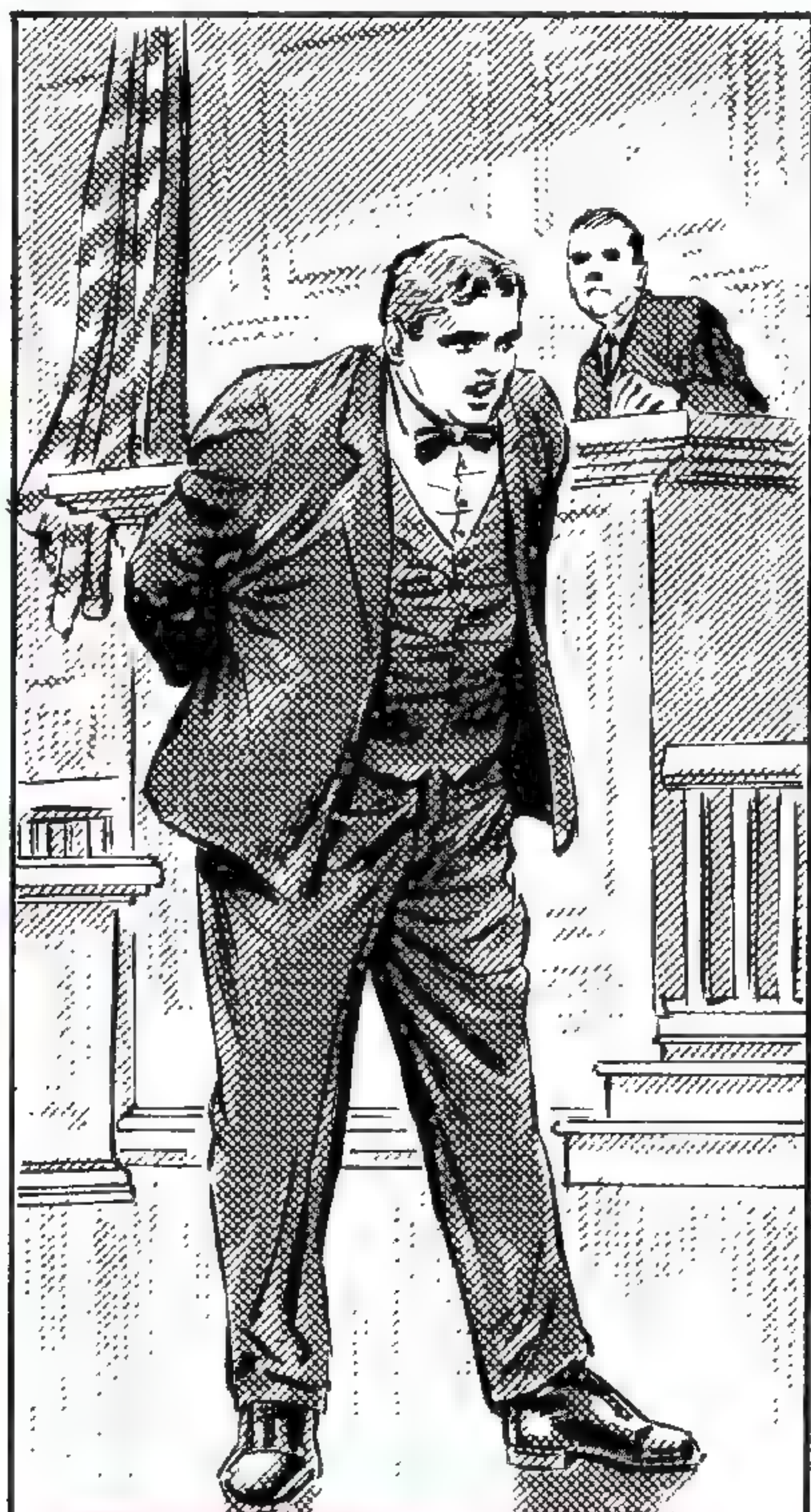
I HAVE GIVEN THE WORD-- FROM STILLSON TO KAREN PAGE-- ALL WHO MIGHT KNOW WILL DIE.

DAREDEVIL IS MATTHEW MURDOCK --AND MORE--

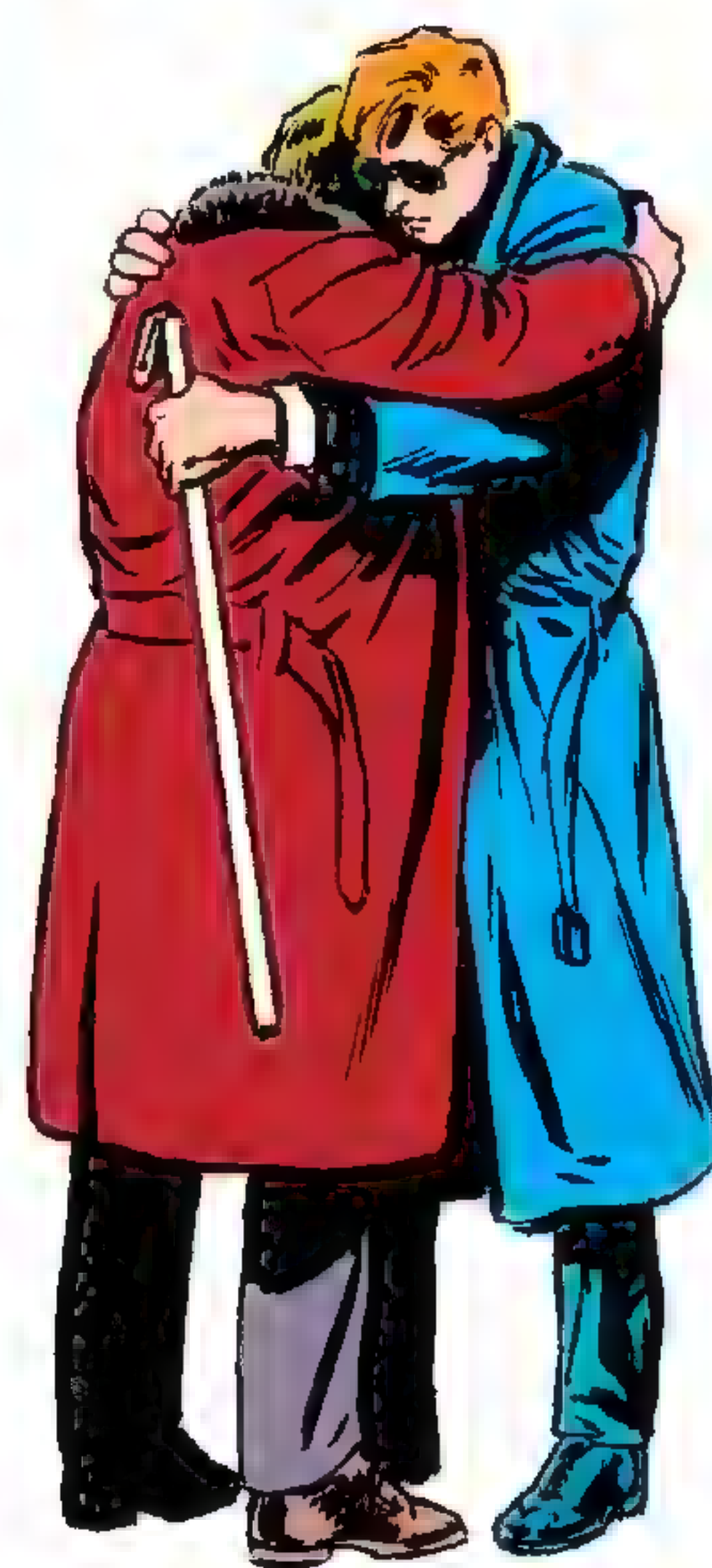
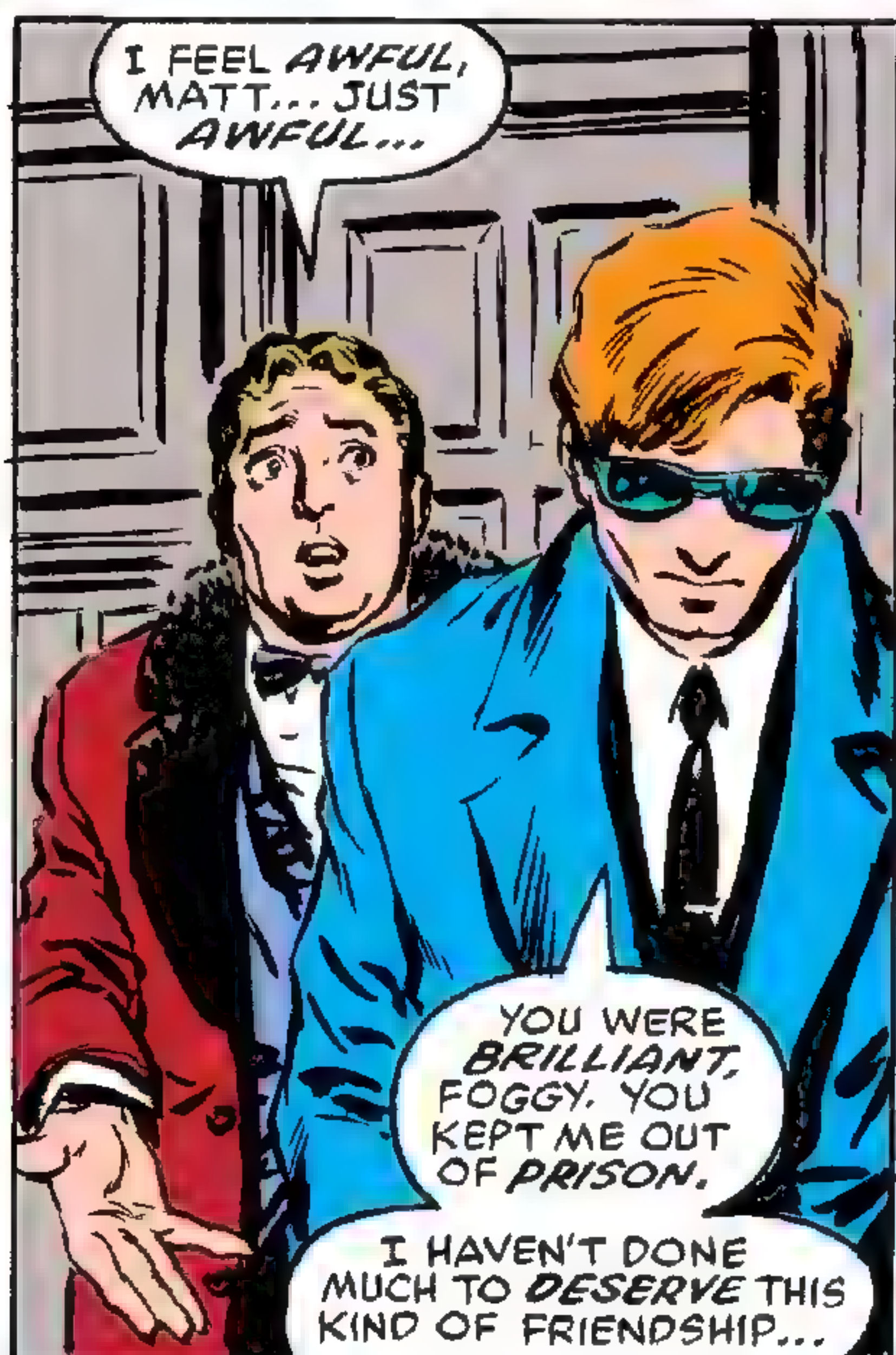
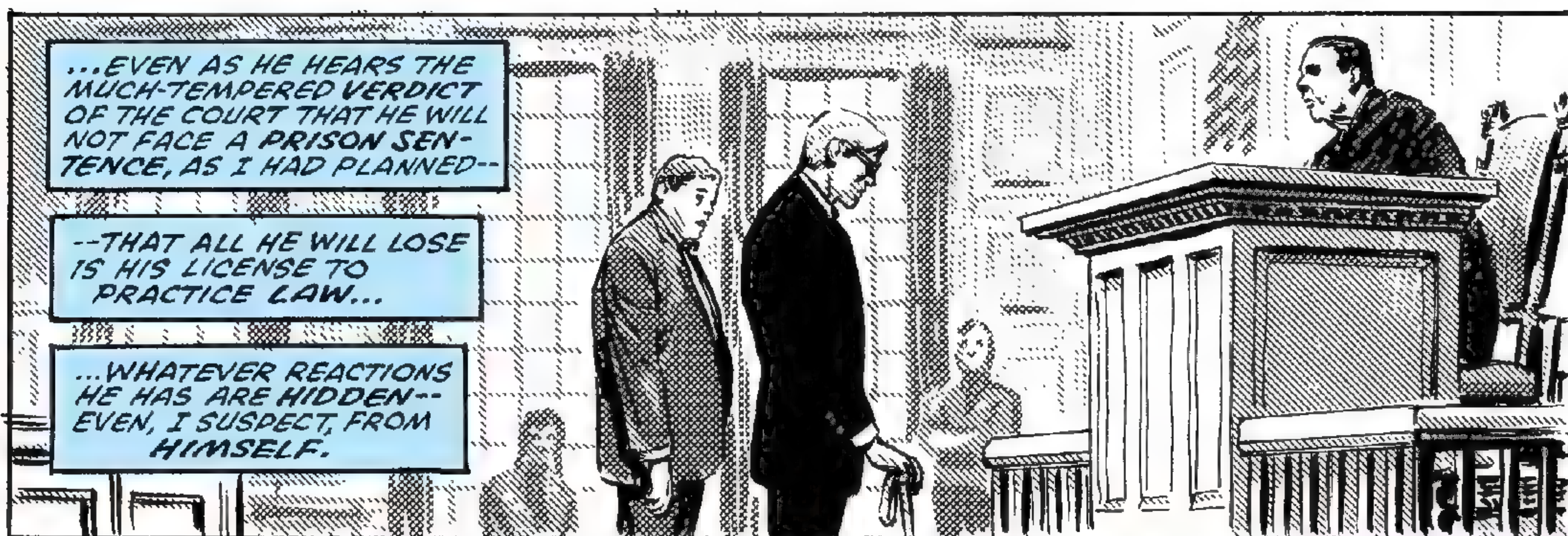
--THERE IS A RIFT INSIDE HIM--A WEDGE --STEADILY WEAKENING HIS REASON--

--STEADILY DRIVING HIM INSANE.

THE HEARING IS MADE NOTEWORTHY BY THE PERFORMANCE OF FRANKLIN NELSON, WHOSE EYE FOR LEGAL DETAIL AND IMAGINATIVE USE OF PRECEDENT CAUSE ME TO MAKE A NOTE TO HAVE HIM HIRED.



THROUGH IT ALL, I AM TOLD, MURDOCK IS A GHOST-- A SHELL OF A MAN...





-- NEVER STOPS BEING HOT HERE
BUT KAREN PAGE IS COLD --
SHAKING WITH COLD FROM
HEAD TO FOOT --

-- IT STREAKS ALONG
HER ARMS AND LEGS
AND HER STOMACH
LURCHES LIKE AN
AIRPLANE ENGINE
STARTING --

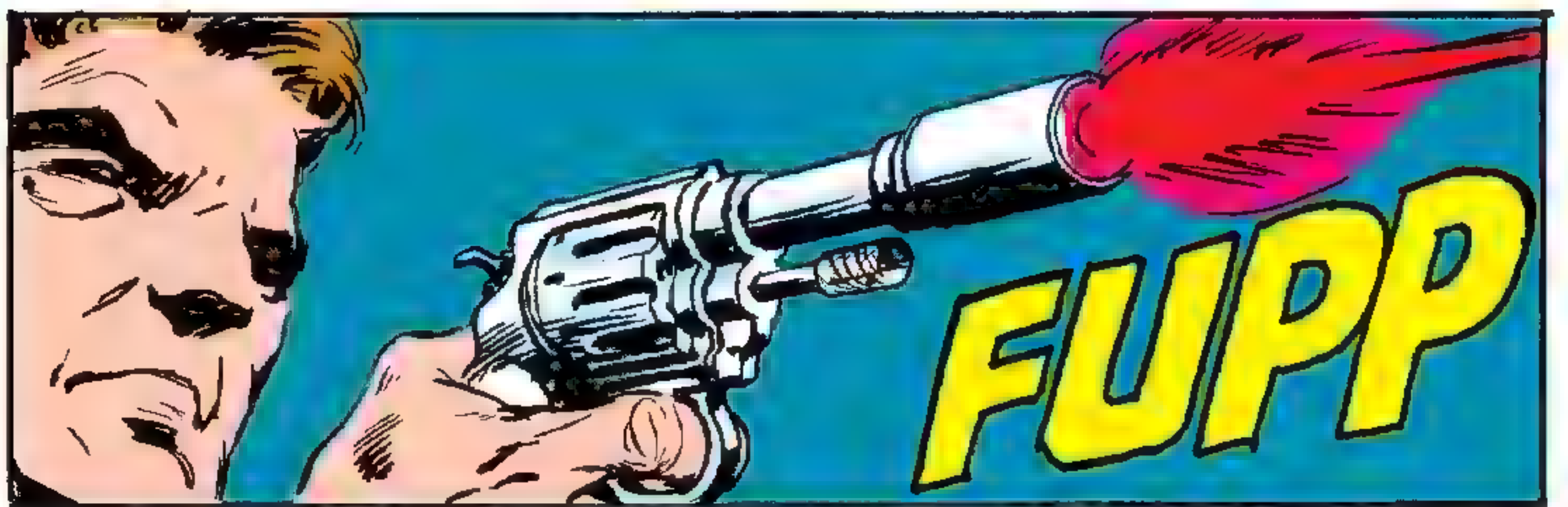
-- GOT NO MONEY
BUT STILL HAVE
SOME OF MY LOOKS
LEFT --



-- HE'D SAID THAT -- SAID
I STILL HAVE SOME OF
MY LOOKS --

-- ENOUGH
FOR --

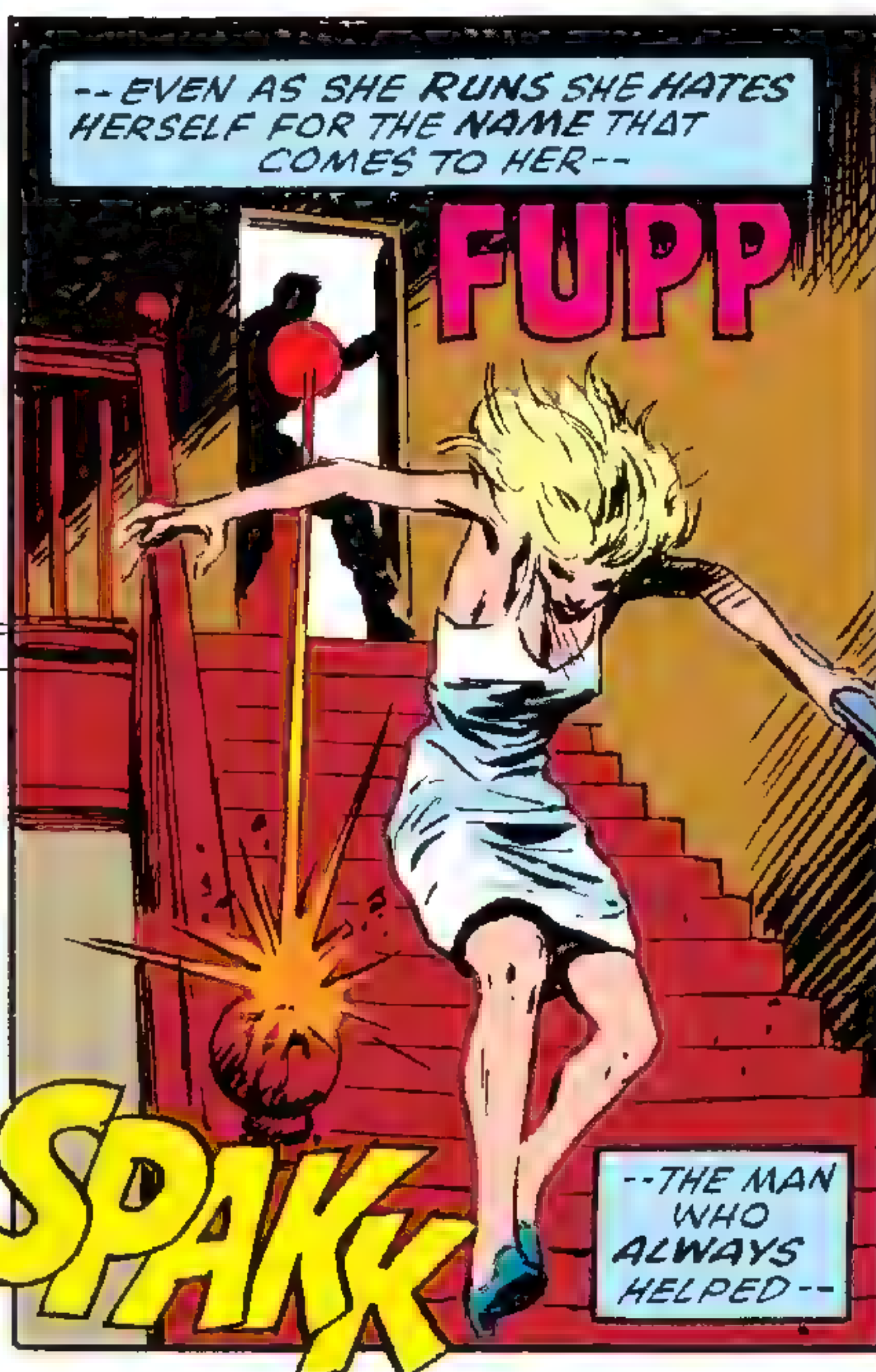
-- SOME OF MY
LOOKS I'M JUST
TWENTY-FIVE --



FUPP



SPAKK

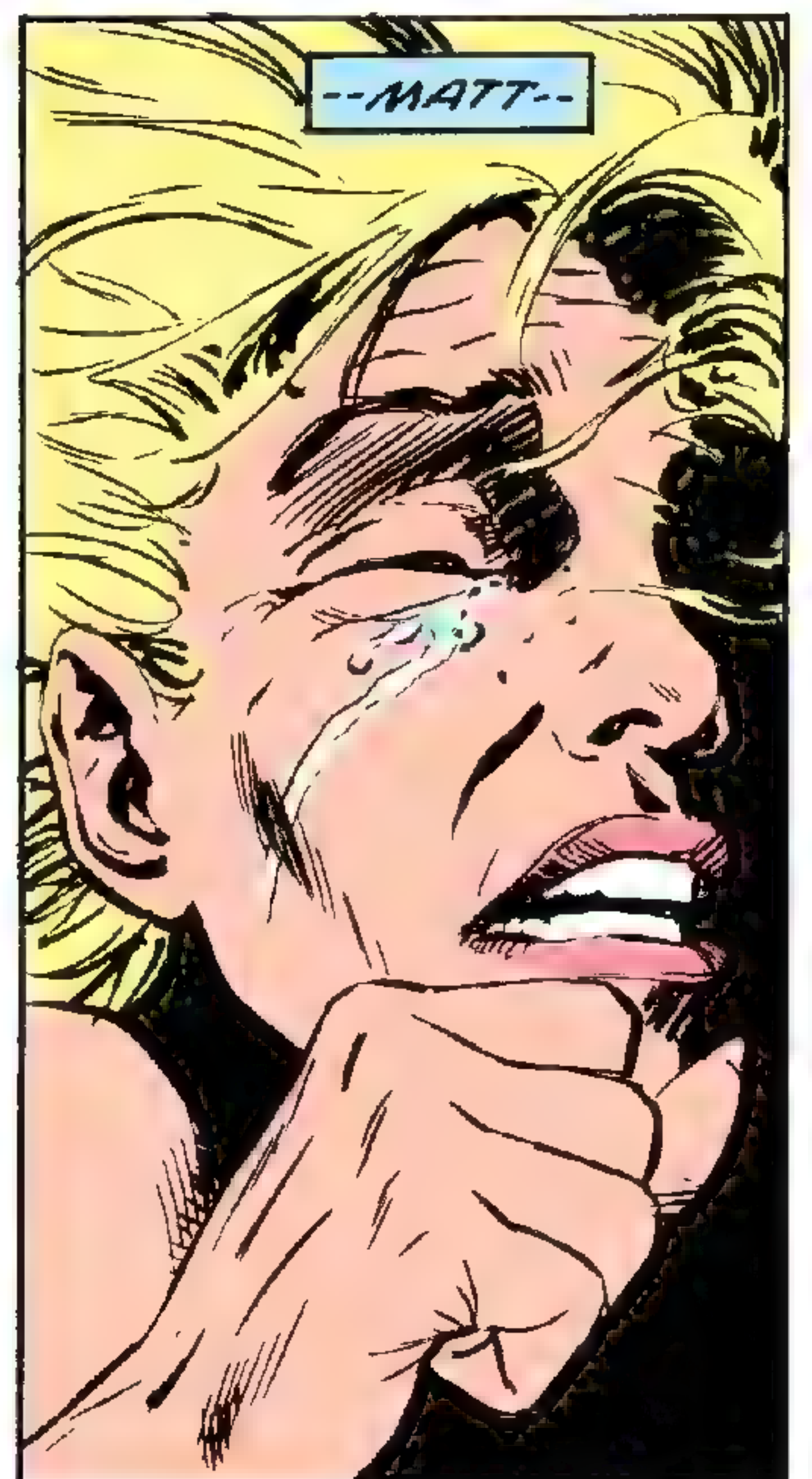


-- EVEN AS SHE RUNS SHE HATES
HERSELF FOR THE NAME THAT
COMES TO HER --

FUPP

SPAKK

-- THE MAN
WHO
ALWAYS
HELPED --

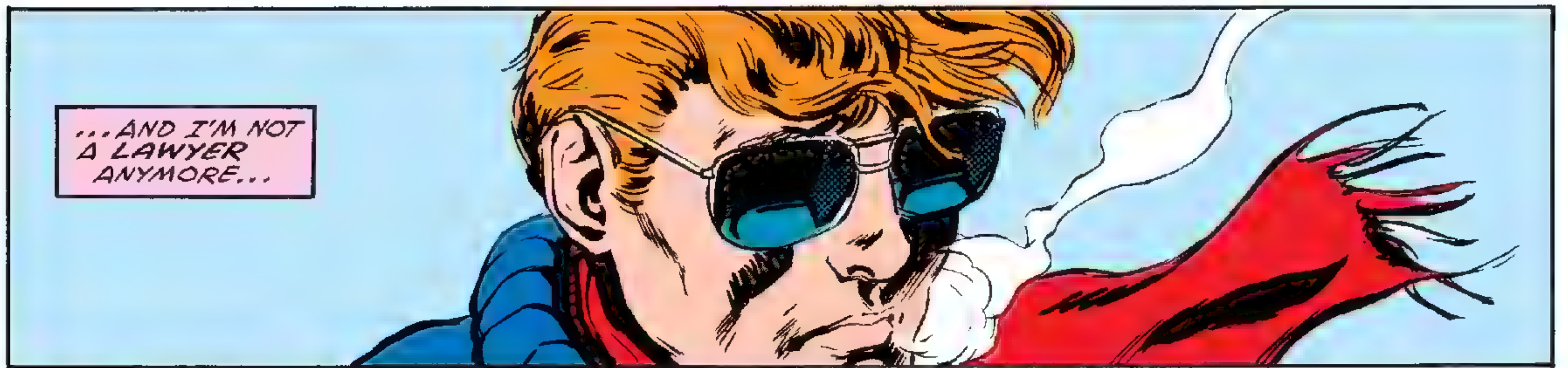


-- MATT --

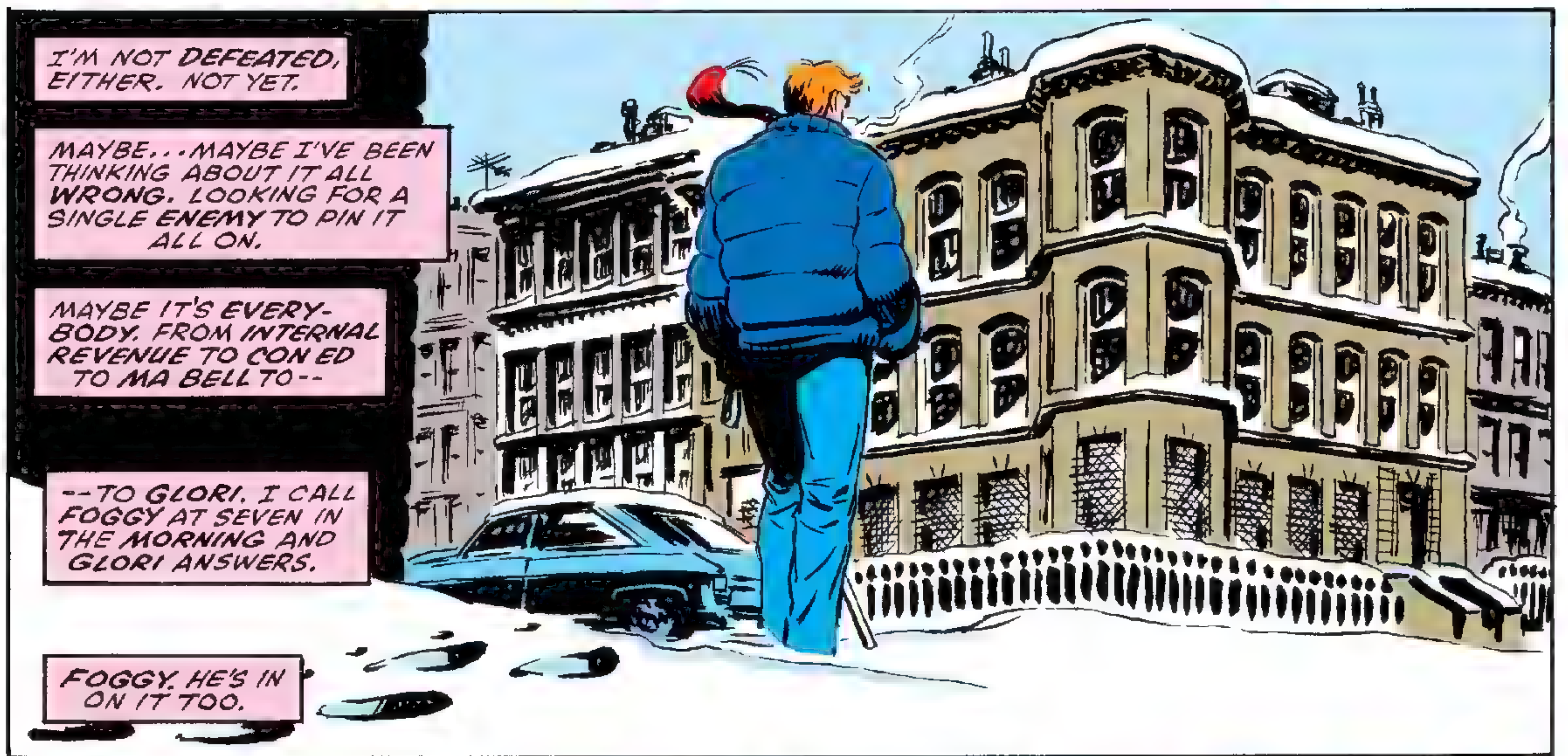


THE NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE
SITS TOO BIG IN MY JACKET
POCKET. I'VE GOT THIRTY
DAYS TO AVOID REPOSSESSION
--BY PAYING OUT MONEY THE
IRS WON'T LET ME NEAR.

THIRTY DAYS AND
TEN DOLLARS IN
MY WALLET AND...



...AND I'M NOT
A LAWYER
ANYMORE...



I'M NOT DEFEATED,
EITHER. NOT YET.

MAYBE...MAYBE I'VE BEEN
THINKING ABOUT IT ALL
WRONG. LOOKING FOR A
SINGLE ENEMY TO PIN IT
ALL ON.

MAYBE IT'S EVERY-
BODY. FROM INTERNAL
REVENUE TO CON ED
TO MA BELL TO--

--TO GLORI. I CALL
FOGGY AT SEVEN IN
THE MORNING AND
GLORI ANSWERS.

FOGGY. HE'S IN
ON IT TOO.



NO. FOGGY STOOD UP FOR ME.
FOUGHT FOR ME. HE... BUT THAT
COULD BE PART OF THE PLAN--

--WHAT AM
I THINKING?



JUST TIRED. NEED TO
SLEEP. IN MY OWN BED.
MY OWN BED.

TOMORROW...
TOMORROW I'LL
DO SOMETHING...

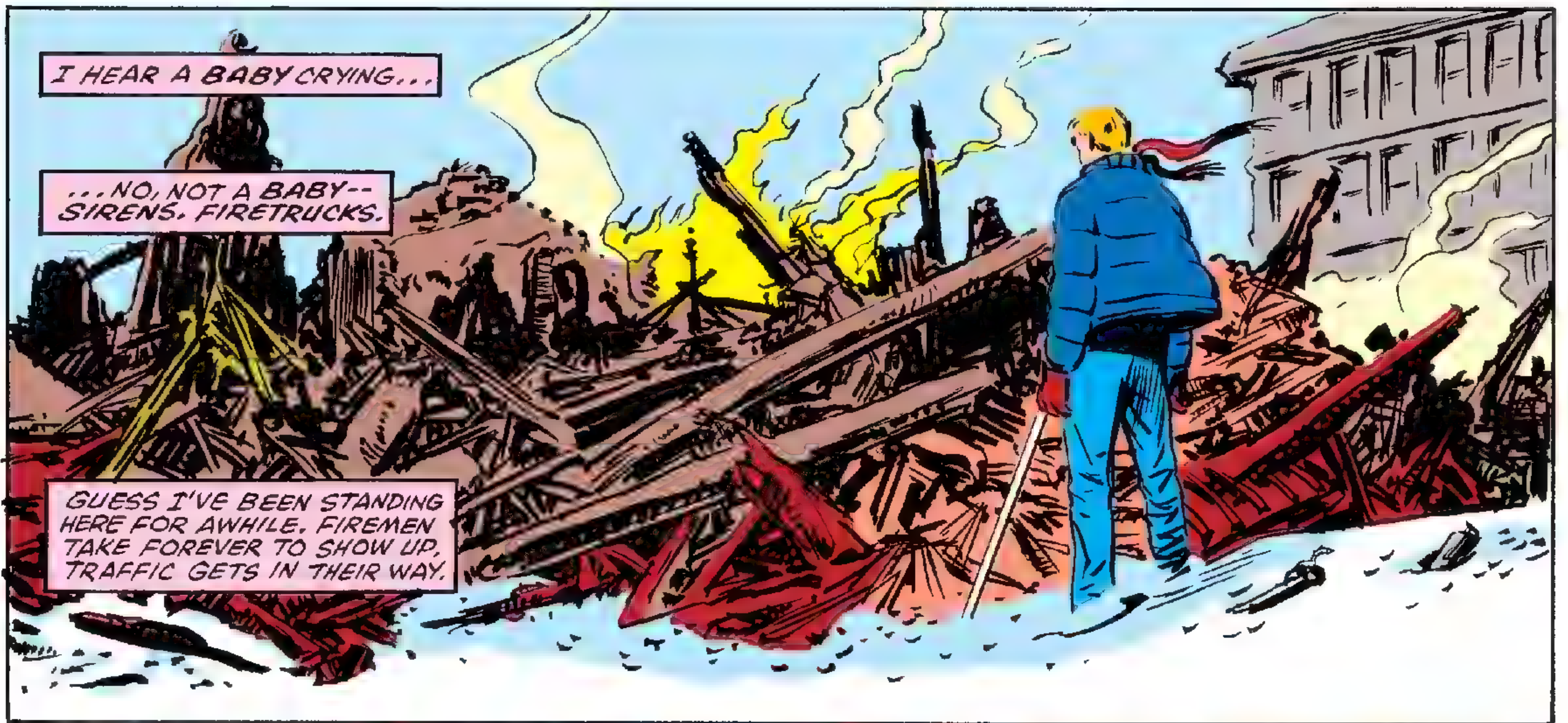


LEGS ARE
SHAKY. MUST
BE NERVOUS...

NO--IT'S THE
PAVEMENT--

--THAT
RUMBLE--

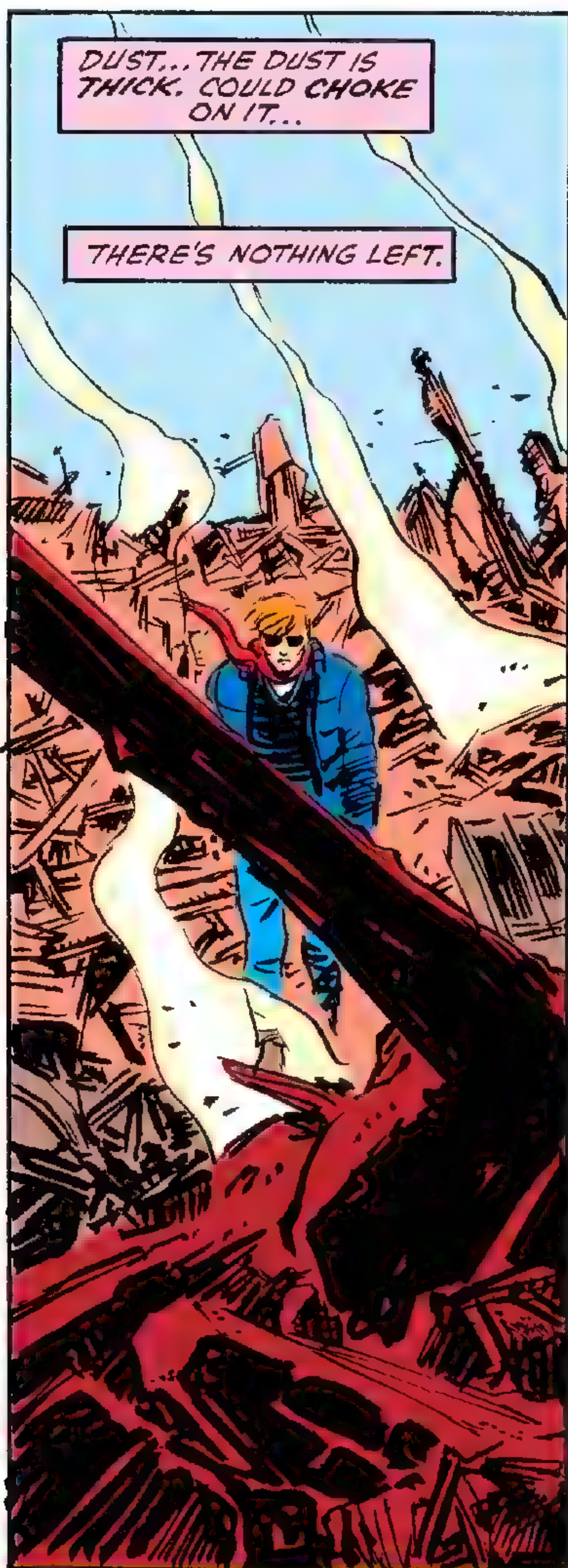




I HEAR A BABY CRYING...

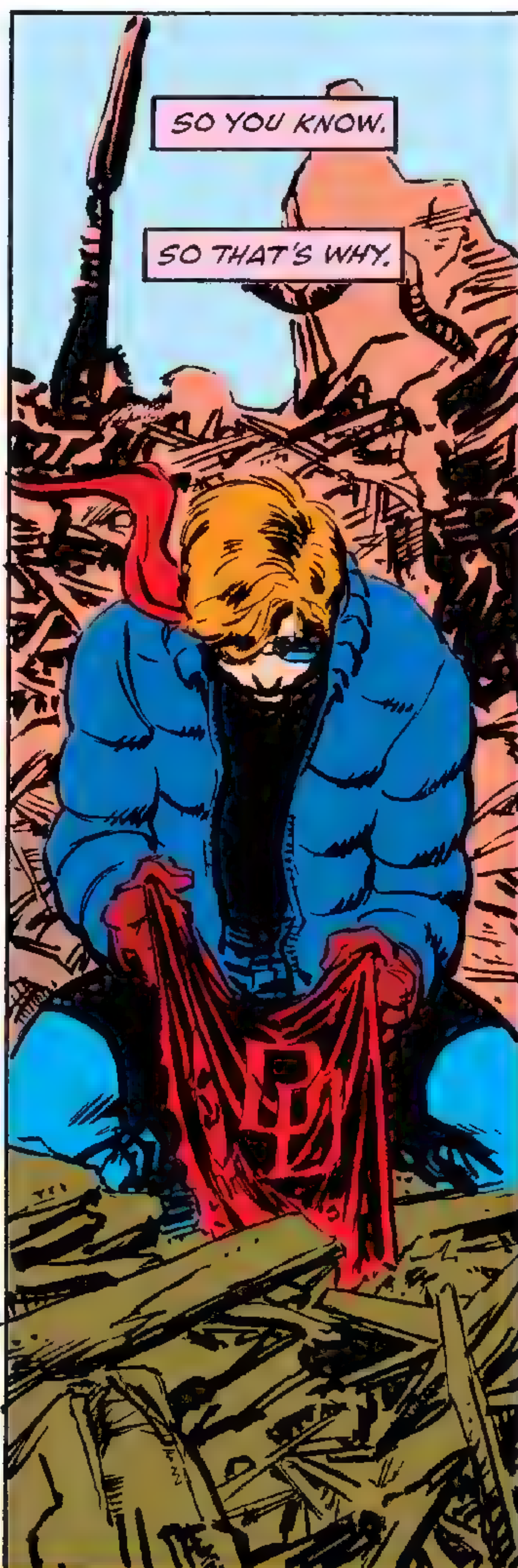
...NO, NOT A BABY--
SIRENS. FIRETRUCKS.

GUESS I'VE BEEN STANDING
HERE FOR AWHILE. FIREMEN
TAKE FOREVER TO SHOW UP.
TRAFFIC GETS IN THEIR WAY.



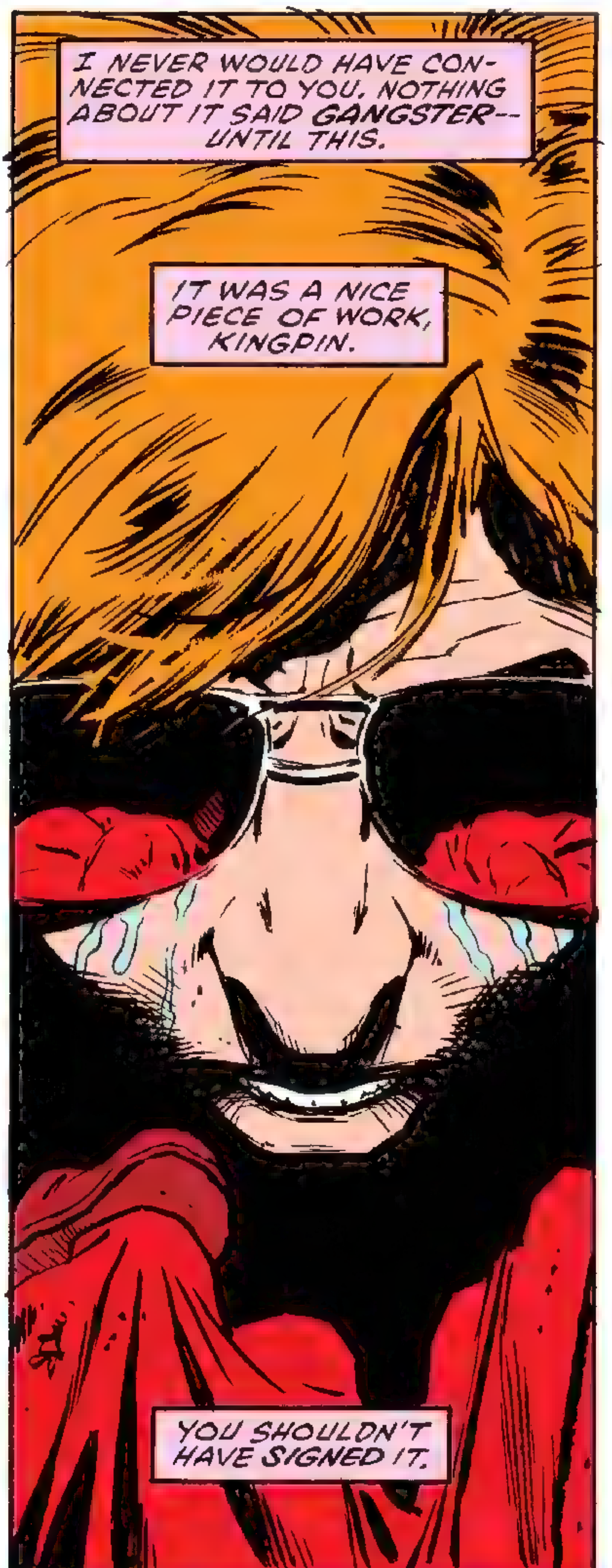
DUST...THE DUST IS
THICK. COULD CHOKE
ON IT...

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT.



SO YOU KNOW.

SO THAT'S WHY.



I NEVER WOULD HAVE CON-
NECTED IT TO YOU. NOTHING
ABOUT IT SAID GANGSTER--
UNTIL THIS.

IT WAS A NICE
PIECE OF WORK,
KINGPIN.

YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE SIGNED IT.

Next: PURGATORY

MARVEL
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APPROVED
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DAREDEVIL



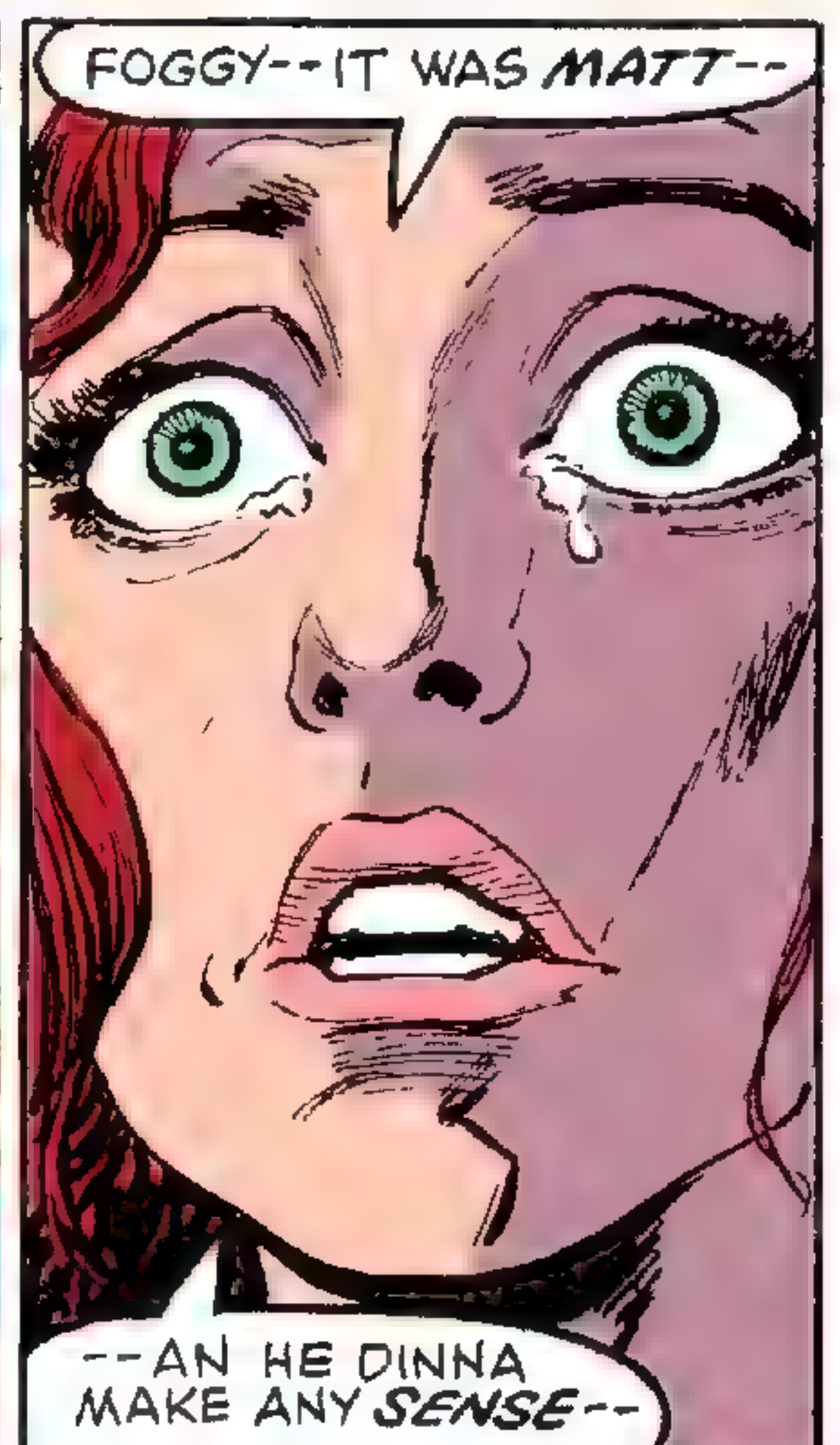
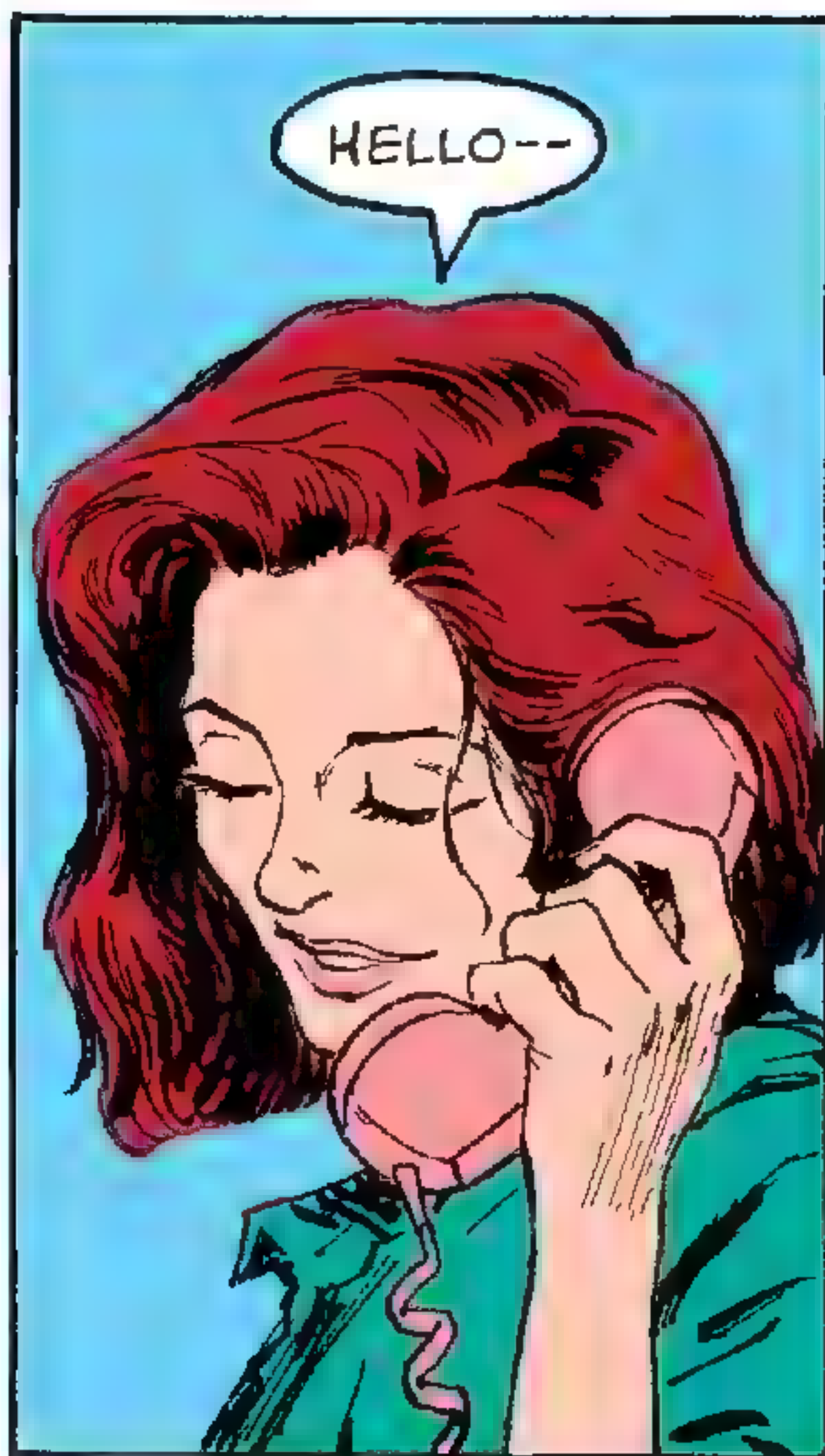
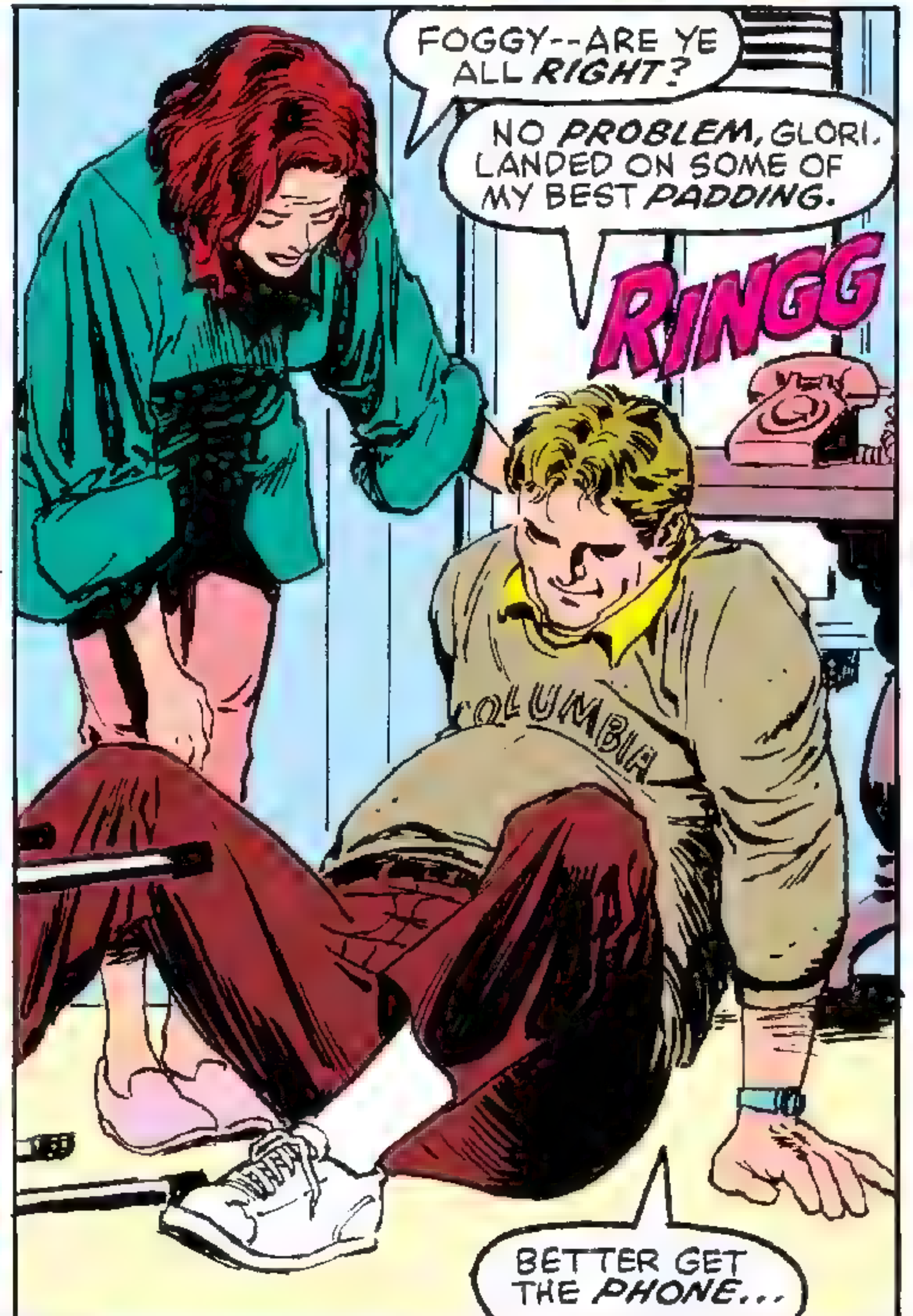
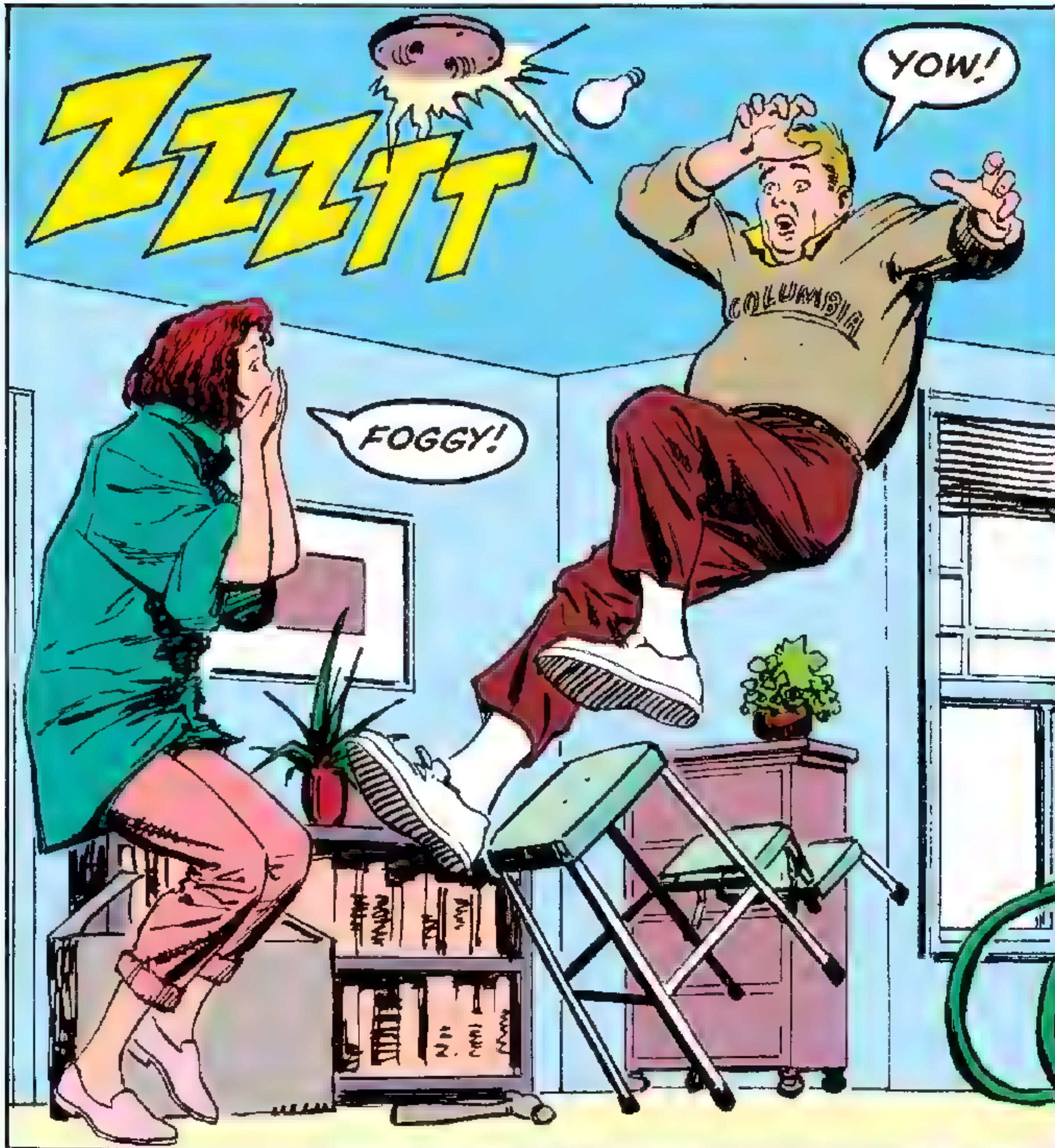
PURGATORY



THEY'RE ONLY HUMAN. THEY DO THEIR BEST NOT TO THINK OF HIM-- AND WHAT HE USED TO BE.

TO FOGGY NELSON, HE WAS PARTNER AND BEST FRIEND. TO GLORIANNA O'BREEN, HE WAS THE MAN SHE LOVED.

THEY DO THEIR BEST...



THE WINDOW'S CLOSED--
BUT YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT.
NOT WITH THE STIFF BREEZE
THAT'S BLOWING THROUGH IT,
GIVING ME A SWEETHEART
OF A CRAMP IN MY LOWER
BACK.

SIX INCHES OF SNOW
OUTSIDE AND STILL
NO HEAT IN THE ROOM...

AND HERE I'D PLANNED
ON STAYING AT THE PLAZA.
THAT WAS BEFORE I DIS-
COVERED THAT THE IRS
HAD MADE MY CREDIT
CARDS SO MUCH WORTH-
LESS PLASTIC.

LEFT ME WITH TEN
BUCKS TO MY NAME.

I FOUND A HOTEL
THAT MADE CHANGE.

Stan Lee
presents

PURGATORY

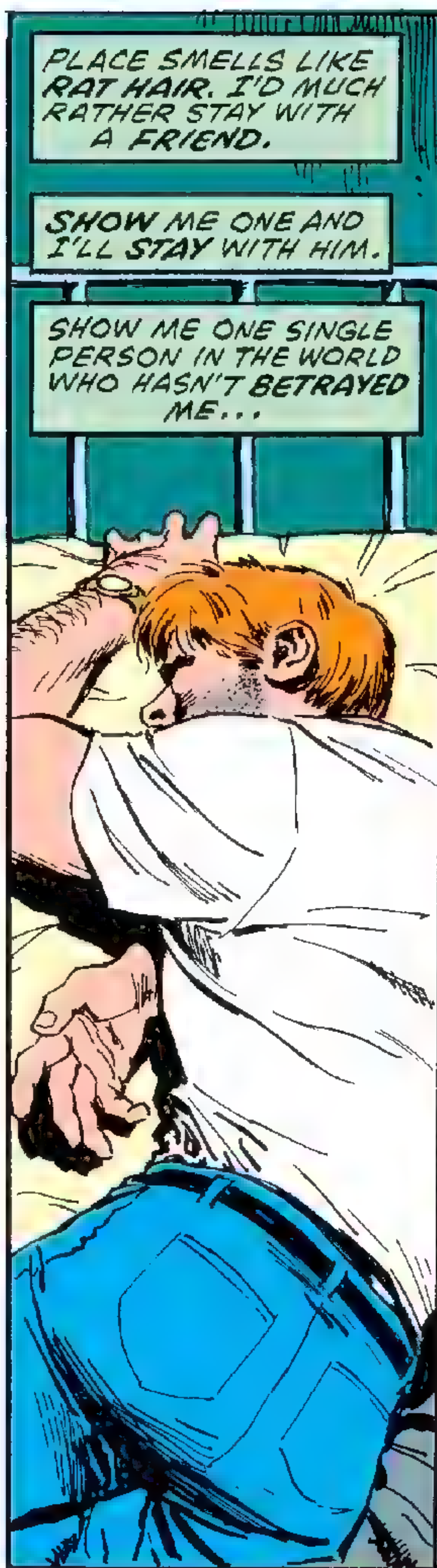
By FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

R. LEWIS
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF



PLACE SMELLS LIKE RAT HAIR. I'D MUCH RATHER STAY WITH A FRIEND.

SHOW ME ONE AND I'LL STAY WITH HIM.

SHOW ME ONE SINGLE PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO HASN'T BETRAYED ME...

JUST A FEW DAYS AGO I WAS A PILLAR OF MY COMMUNITY--A RESPECTED FIGURE IN MY PROFESSION.



NOT TO MENTION MY SIDELINE OF BEING A SUPERHERO.

NOW I'M JUST A BLIND MAN...



...A BLIND MAN WHO'S LOST HIS JOB, HIS LIVELIHOOD HIS HOME, HIS GIRL...

...WHO FATE GAVE THE ABILITY TO HEAR AND SMELL AND TOUCH BETTER THAN ANYBODY IN THE WORLD CAN--

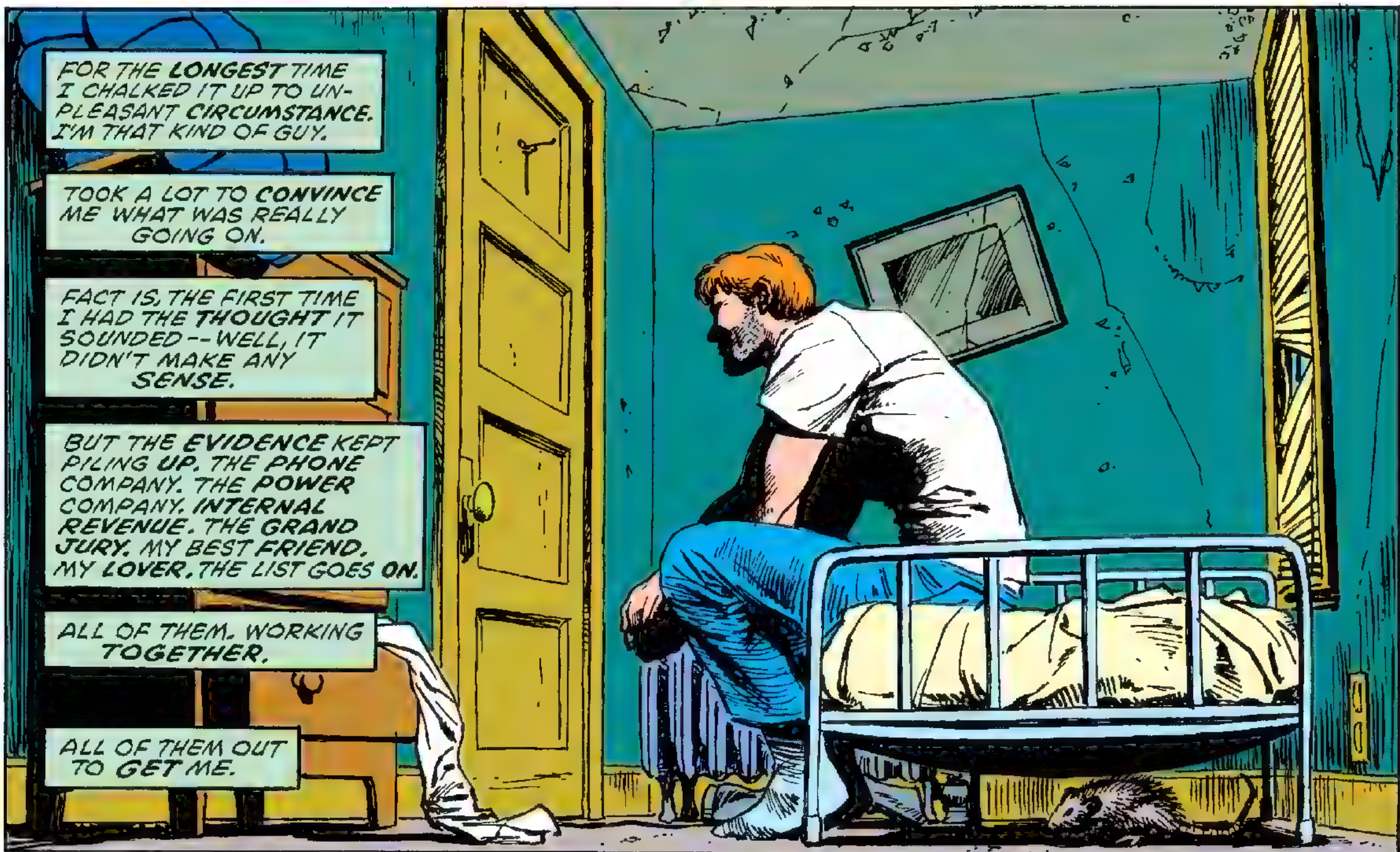
--WHICH IS A GREAT WAY TO CATCH ALL THE MISERY OF BEING ALIVE.



JUST A FEW DAYS AGO...

...NO, I SHOULD HAVE SEEN ALL THIS COMING. STARTED MONTHS AGO, THINGS GOING WRONG FOR ME.

JUST LITTLE THINGS, AT FIRST. THE KIND YOU TRY NOT TO NOTICE. THE KIND THAT ADD UP UNTIL YOU WANT TO...



FOR THE LONGEST TIME I CHALKED IT UP TO UNPLEASANT CIRCUMSTANCE. I'M THAT KIND OF GUY.

TOOK A LOT TO CONVINCE ME WHAT WAS REALLY GOING ON.

FACT IS, THE FIRST TIME I HAD THE THOUGHT IT SOUNDED--WELL, IT DIDN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.

BUT THE EVIDENCE KEPT PILING UP. THE PHONE COMPANY. THE POWER COMPANY. INTERNAL REVENUE. THE GRAND JURY. MY BEST FRIEND. MY LOVER. THE LIST GOES ON.

ALL OF THEM. WORKING TOGETHER.

ALL OF THEM OUT TO GET ME.



NO. NO. THAT'S--
I'M GOING--

--IT'S THE KINGPIN.

THE KINGPIN. YES.



HE'S THE ONLY REAL
ENEMY I HAVE. I'VE
CAUSED HIM A LOT OF
TROUBLE, FIGHTING
CRIME--SINCE THAT'S
HIS BUSINESS, IT
FOLLOWS THAT I'D
CAUSE HIM TROUBLE.
IT MAKES SENSE
THAT I'D CAUSE HIM
TROUBLE. IT...



...IT'S THE KINGPIN.
SOMEHOW HE FOUND OUT
THAT I'M DAREDEVIL.

HE BRIBED AND
THREATENED EVERY-
BODY IT TOOK TO
DESTROY ME.

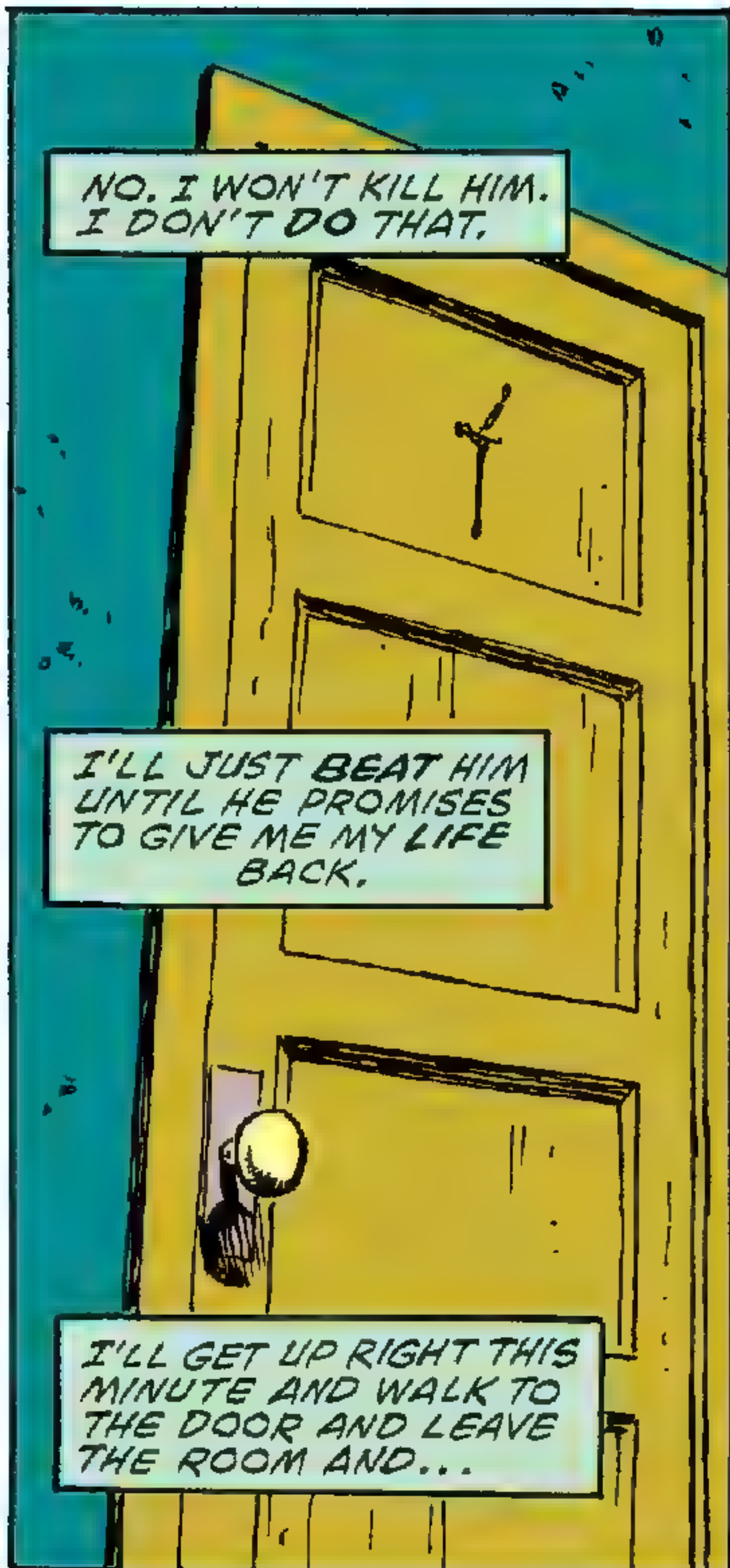
I'VE GIVEN THIS A
LOT OF THOUGHT.



THAT'S WHY I HAVEN'T
LEFT THIS ROOM. TO
THINK AND PUT TO-
GETHER A PLAN AND
GET ENOUGH SLEEP
I SEEM TO NEED SO
MUCH SLEEP...

...BUT IT'S ALL
WORKED OUT NOW.
I'VE GOT MY STRATEGY.

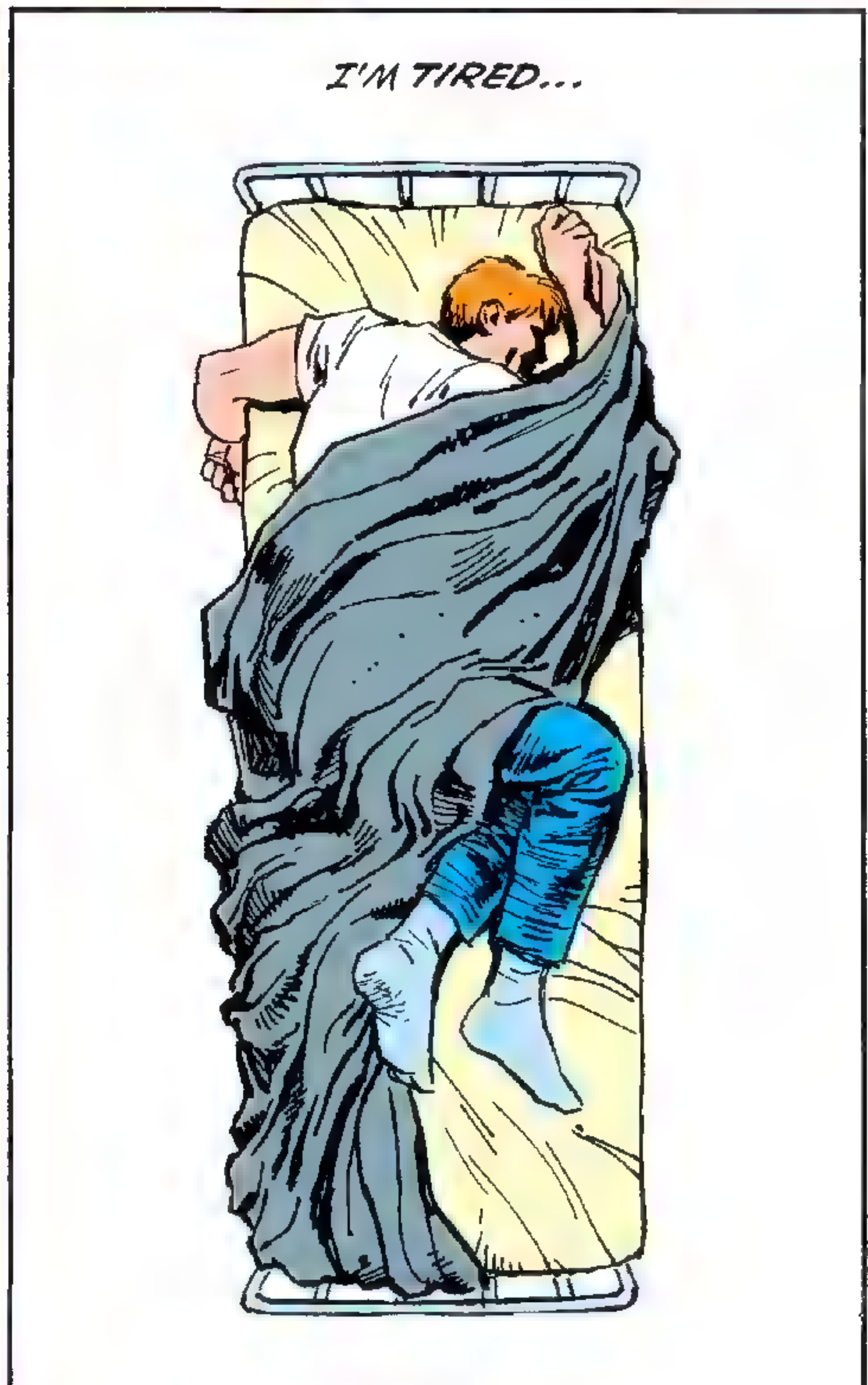
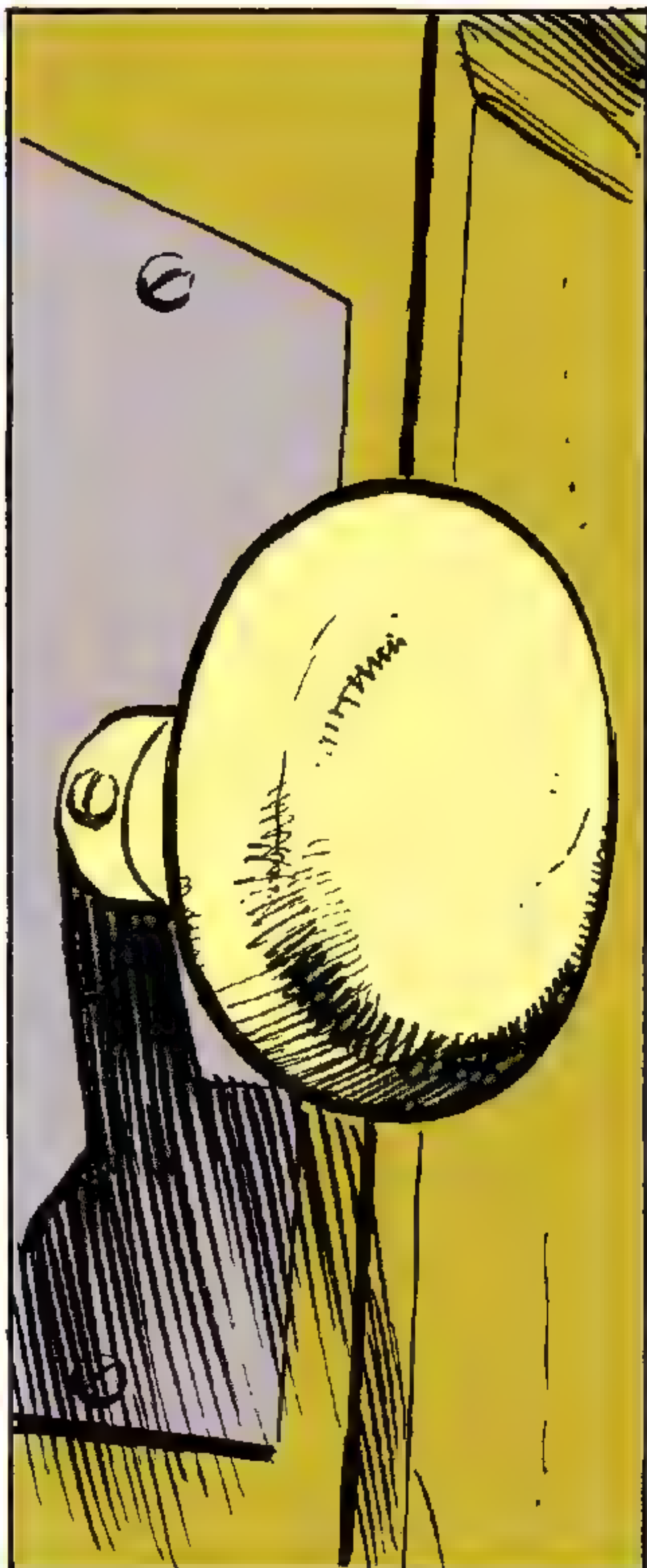
I'M GOING TO GO TO
THE KINGPIN AND I'M
GOING TO KILL HIM.



NO. I WON'T KILL HIM.
I DON'T DO THAT.

I'LL JUST BEAT HIM
UNTIL HE PROMISES
TO GIVE ME MY LIFE
BACK.

I'LL GET UP RIGHT THIS
MINUTE AND WALK TO
THE DOOR AND LEAVE
THE ROOM AND...



I'M TIRED...

HE IS THE LORD OF CRIME.

HE HAS GATHERED THE WARRING GANGS OF THE CITY, ORGANIZED THEM INTO AN ARMY--NO, A BUSINESS, SO EFFICIENT AND SO PROFITABLE THAT THE CITY'S ECONOMY DEPENDS ON THE THIEVES, EXTORTIONISTS, AND MURDERERS AT HIS COMMAND.

HE IS THE KINGPIN--AND MATTHEW MURDOCK HAS BECOME THE LIGHT OF HIS DAYS.



AS DAREDEVIL, MURDOCK HAD COST HIM LITTLE, BUT HOUNDED HIM, ANNOYED HIM, AS A FLY WOULD.

NOW, WITH ALL THE JOY OF A MALICIOUS CHILD, THE KINGPIN TORTURES THE FLY.

IT BEGAN WITH THE REVELATION OF DAREDEVIL'S WEAK SIDE--HIS SECRET IDENTITY. WITH A FEW BRIEF PHONE CALLS, THE KINGPIN SHATTERED MURDOCK'S LIFE, BEYOND ALL HOPE OF RECONSTRUCTION.

THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE END OF IT--WERE IT NOT FOR THE SWEET DISCOVERY...

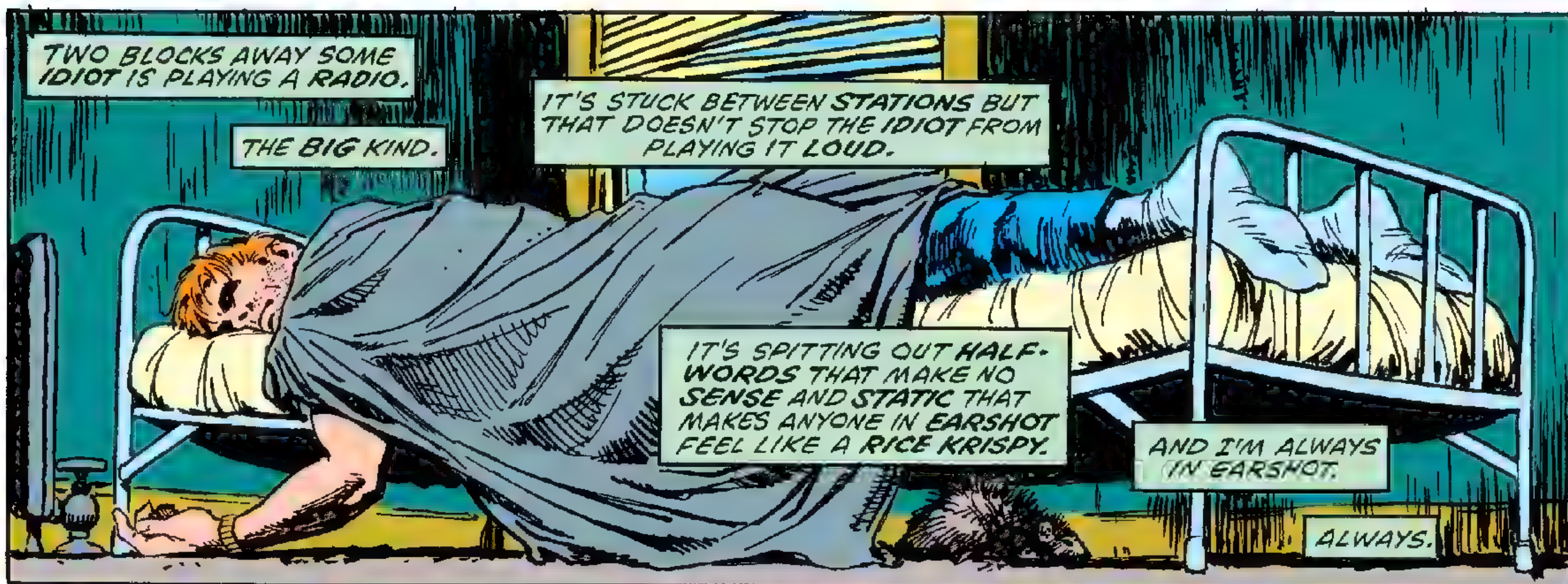


...THAT MATTHEW MURDOCK IS A MAN ON THE EDGE--THAT EVEN BEFORE HIS RUIN, HE WAS NEARLY MAD.

WERE MURDOCK TIED TO A RACK, SLOWLY TORN LIMB FROM LIMB, BEGGING FOR MERCY, THE SPECTACLE COULD BE NO MORE PLEASURABLE TO BEHOLD.

THE KINGPIN LOOKS AT HIS CITY AND THINKS OF HOW WONDERFUL IT IS TO BE ALIVE.





TWO BLOCKS AWAY SOME IDIOT IS PLAYING A RADIO.

THE BIG KIND.

IT'S STUCK BETWEEN STATIONS BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP THE IDIOT FROM PLAYING IT LOUD.

IT'S SPITTING OUT HALF-WORDS THAT MAKE NO SENSE AND STATIC THAT MAKES ANYONE IN EARSHOT FEEL LIKE A RICE KRISPY.

AND I'M ALWAYS IN EARSHOT.

ALWAYS.

THAT CAR ALARM WON'T EASE UP, EITHER.

DOESN'T CARE HOW TIRED I AM.

MIGHT AS WELL GET UP. WALK OUT THE DOOR. GET SOMETHING TO EAT.



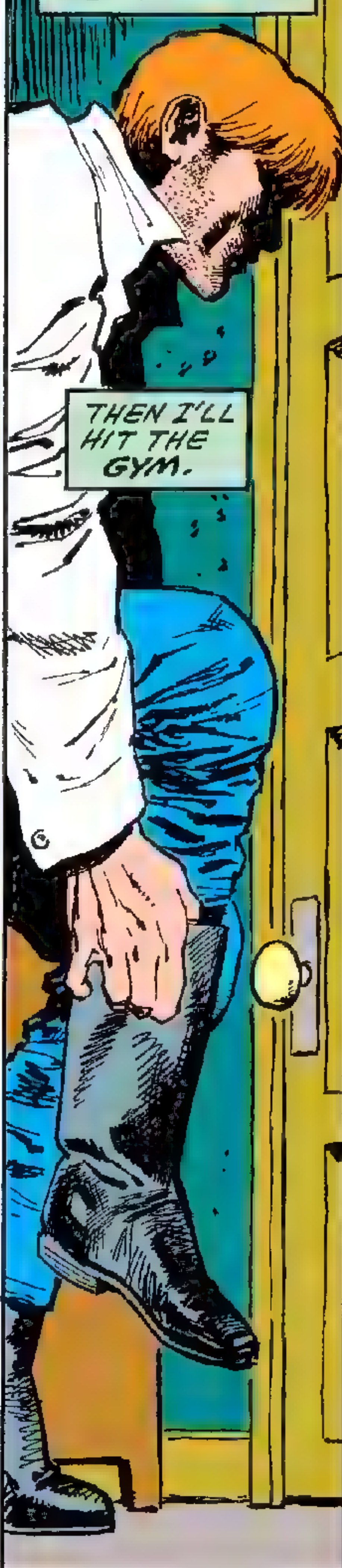
WALK OUT THE DOOR.



GOT TWO DOLLARS LEFT.

THAT'S ENOUGH TO BUY ME SOME BREAKFAST.

GET SOME FOOD IN ME AND I'LL BE FINE.



THEN I'LL HIT THE GYM.

NO. NO GYM.

THE KINGPIN BLEW IT UP.

MAYBE I'LL HIT THE KINGPIN.

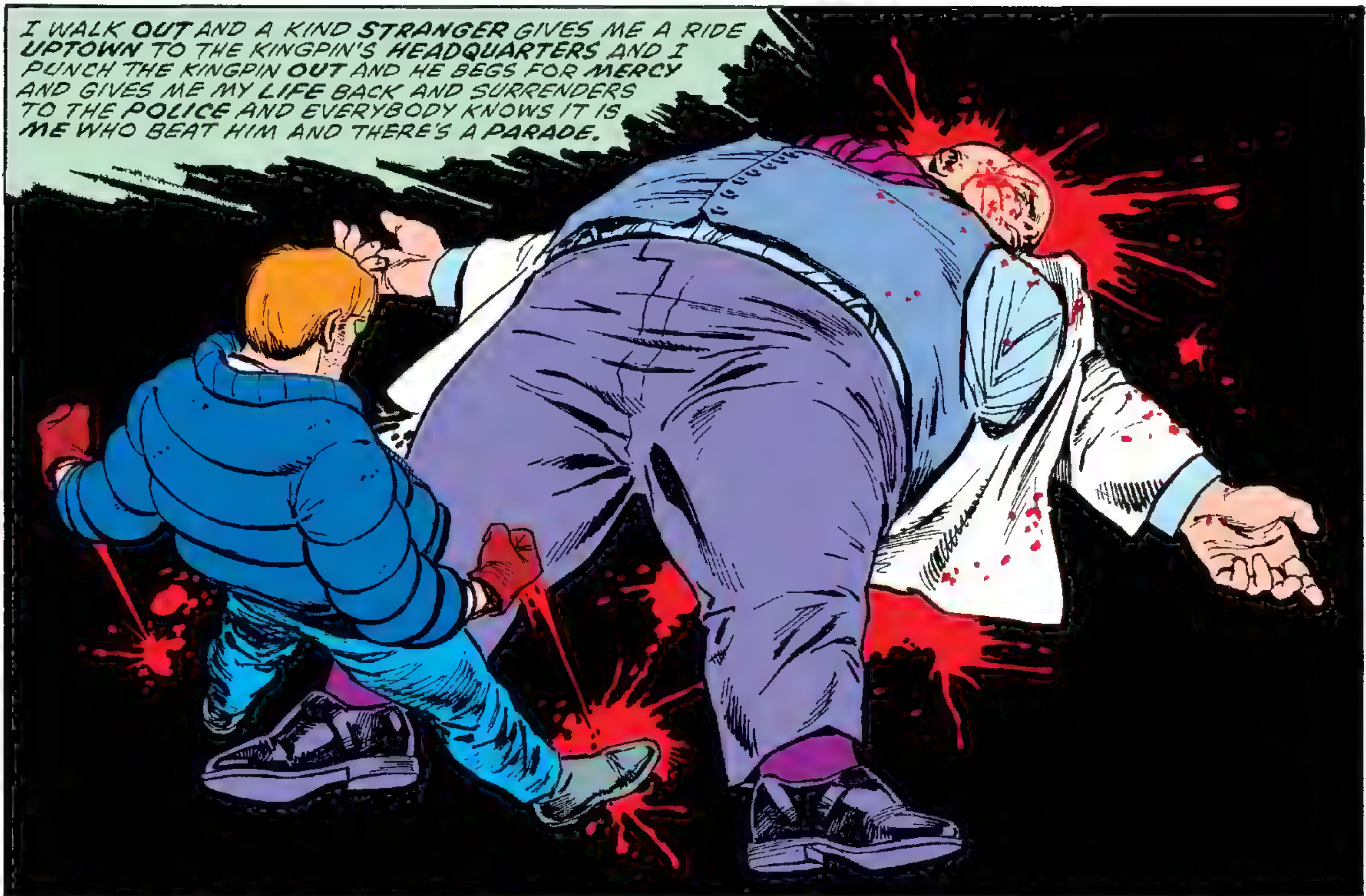


HE'D MAKE A GOOD PUNCHING BAG.

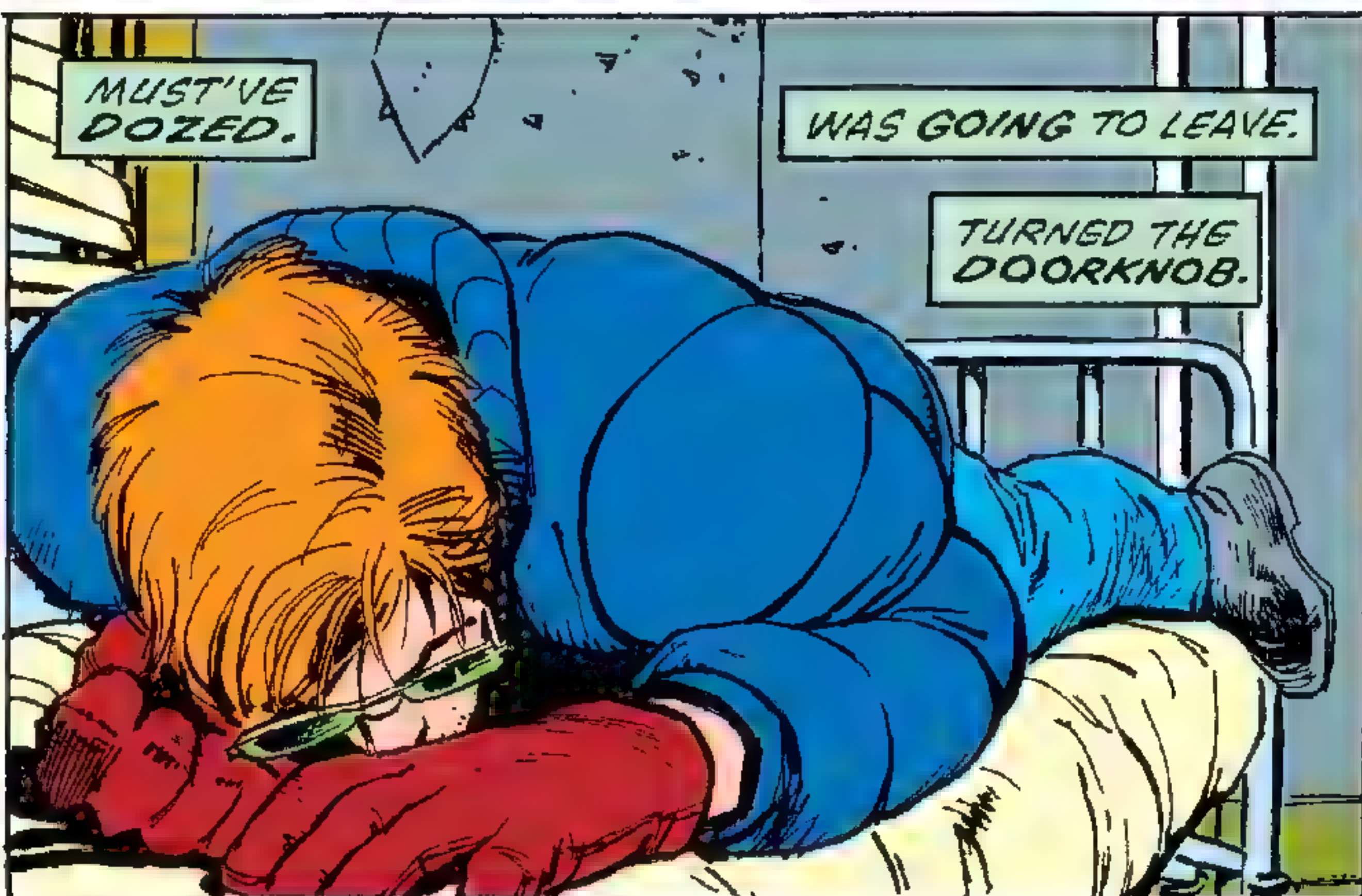
HE'S FAT ENOUGH.



WALK OUT THE DOOR.



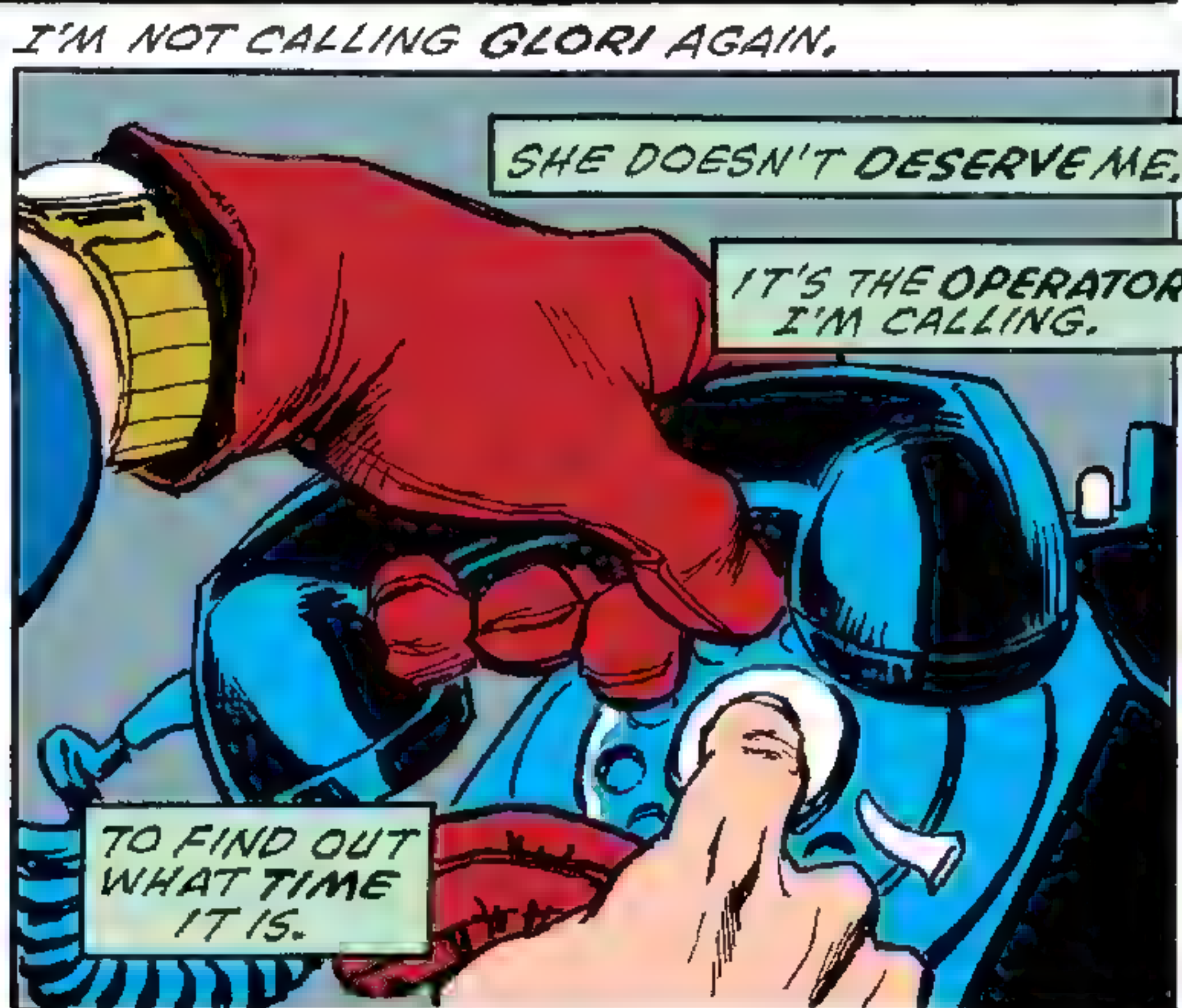
I WALK OUT AND A KIND STRANGER GIVES ME A RIDE UPTOWN TO THE KINGPIN'S HEADQUARTERS AND I PUNCH THE KINGPIN OUT AND HE BEGS FOR MERCY AND GIVES ME MY LIFE BACK AND SURRENDERS TO THE POLICE AND EVERYBODY KNOWS IT IS ME WHO BEAT HIM AND THERE'S A PARADE.



MUST'VE DOZED.

WAS GOING TO LEAVE.

TURNED THE DOORKNOB.

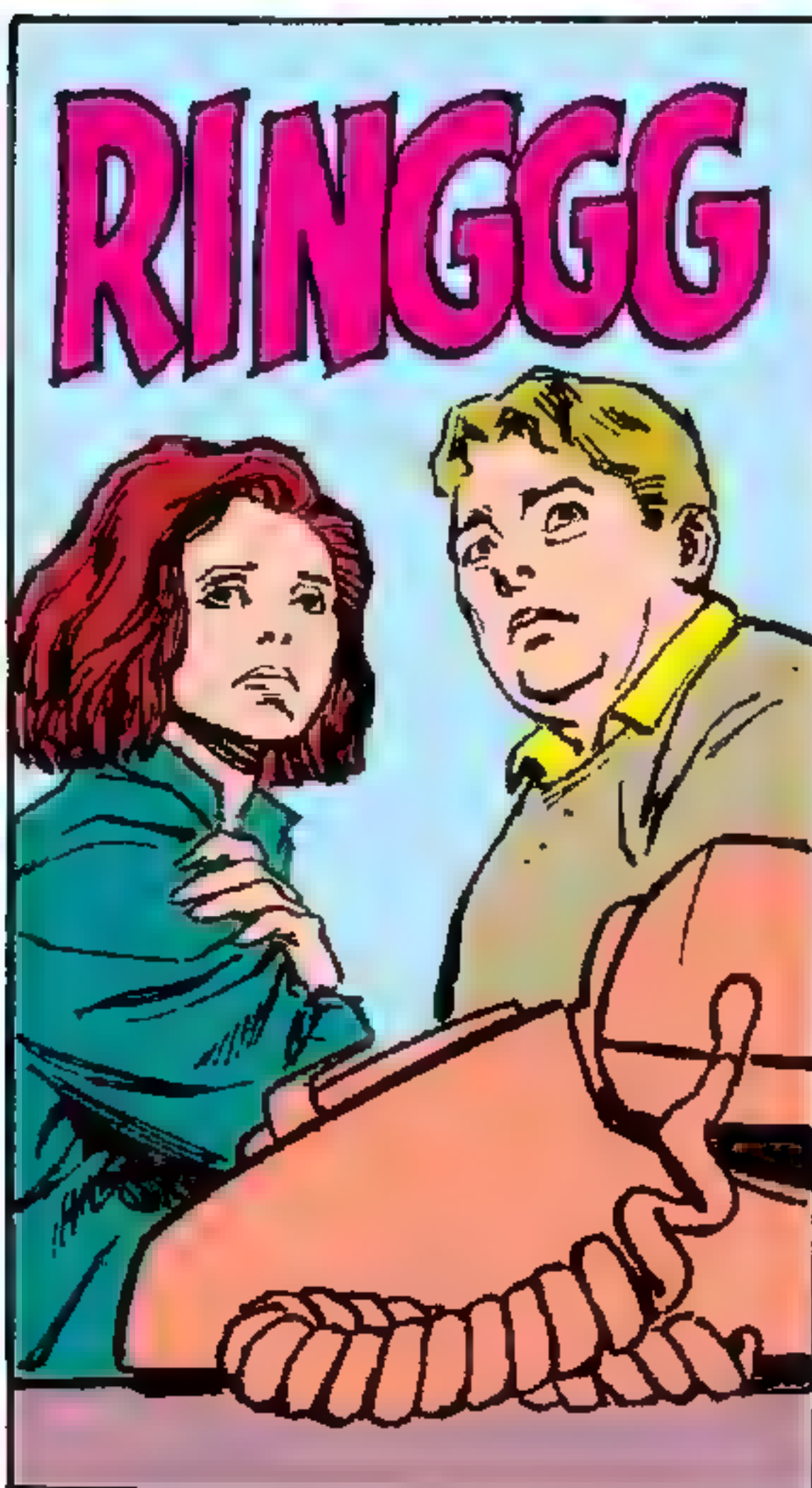


I'M NOT CALLING GLORI AGAIN.

SHE DOESN'T DESERVE ME.

IT'S THE OPERATOR I'M CALLING.

TO FIND OUT WHAT TIME IT IS.



RINGGGG



...NO, MATT... PLEASE... DON'T SAY SUCH THINGS...

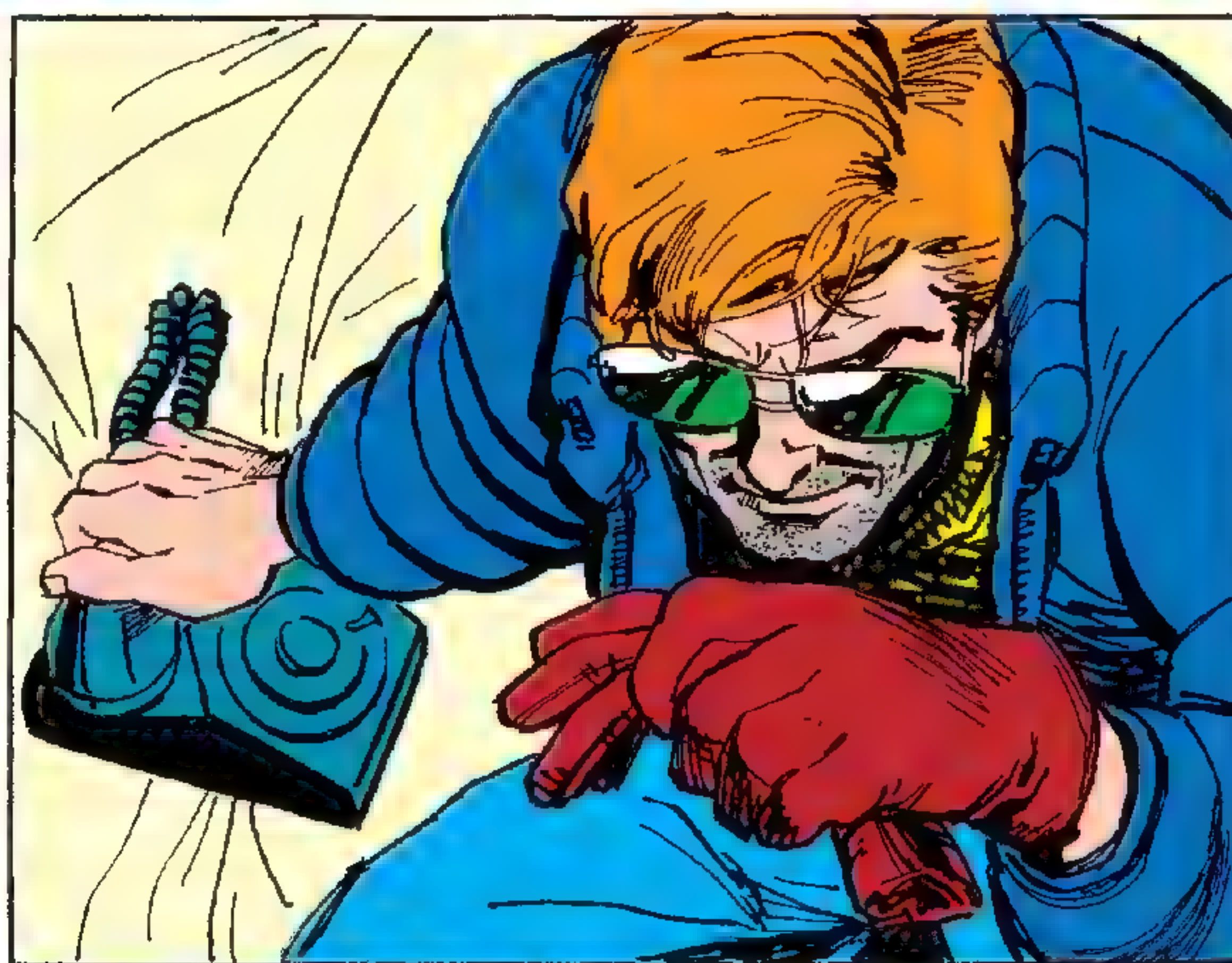
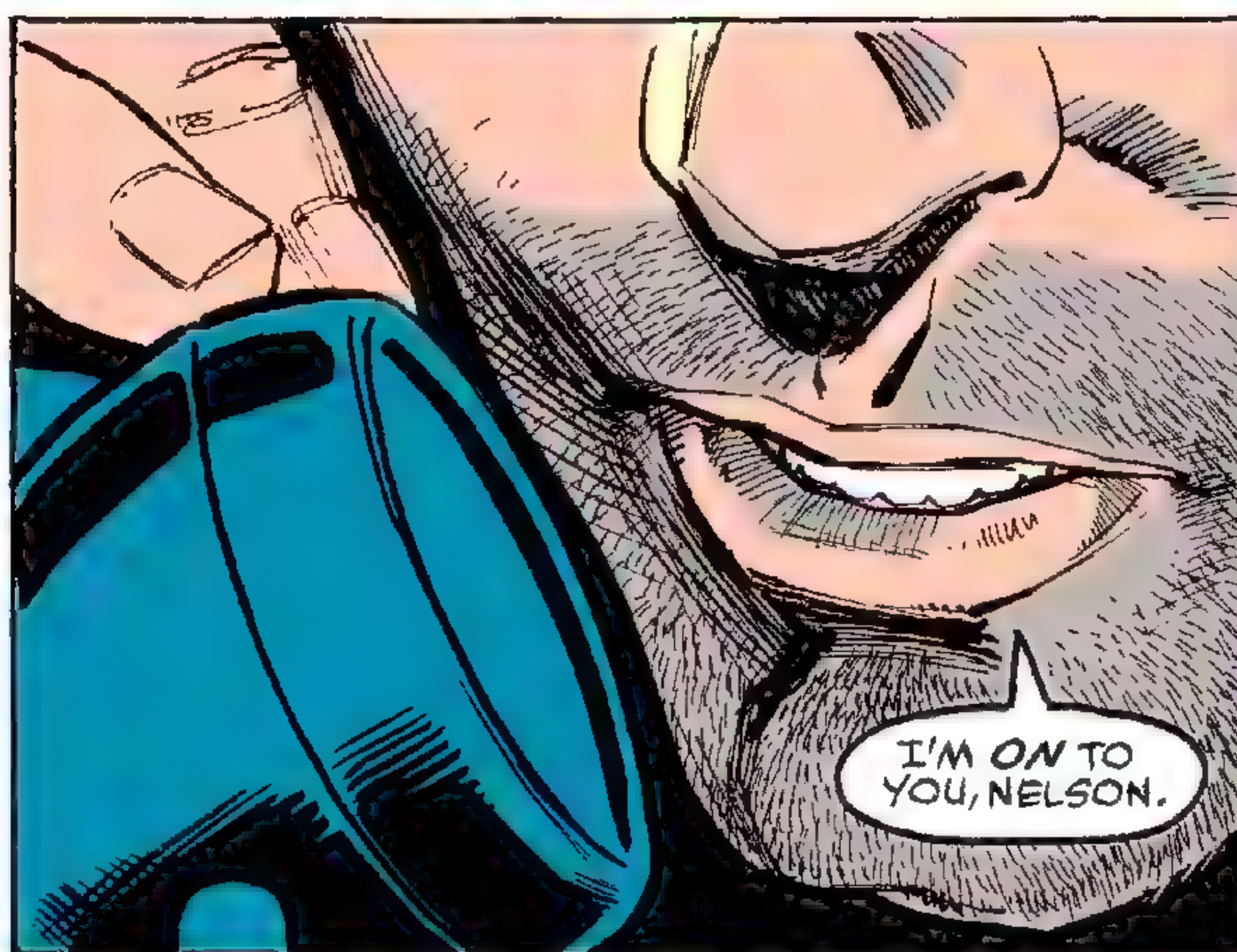
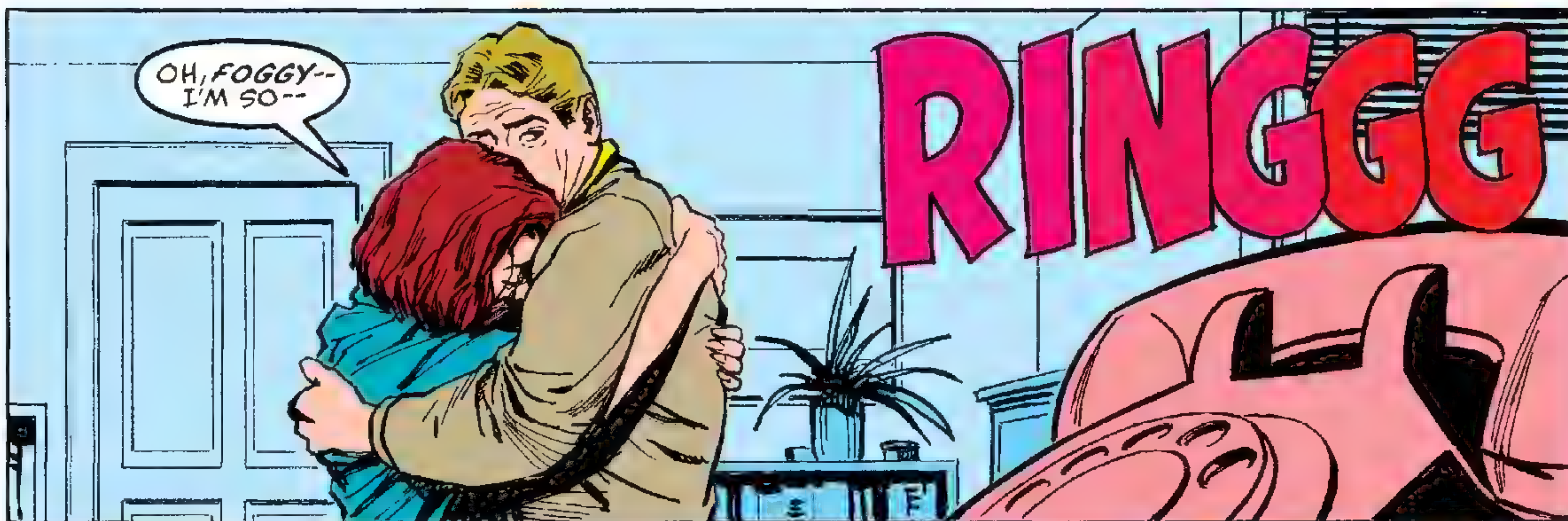
LET ME SPEAK TO HIM, GLORI.



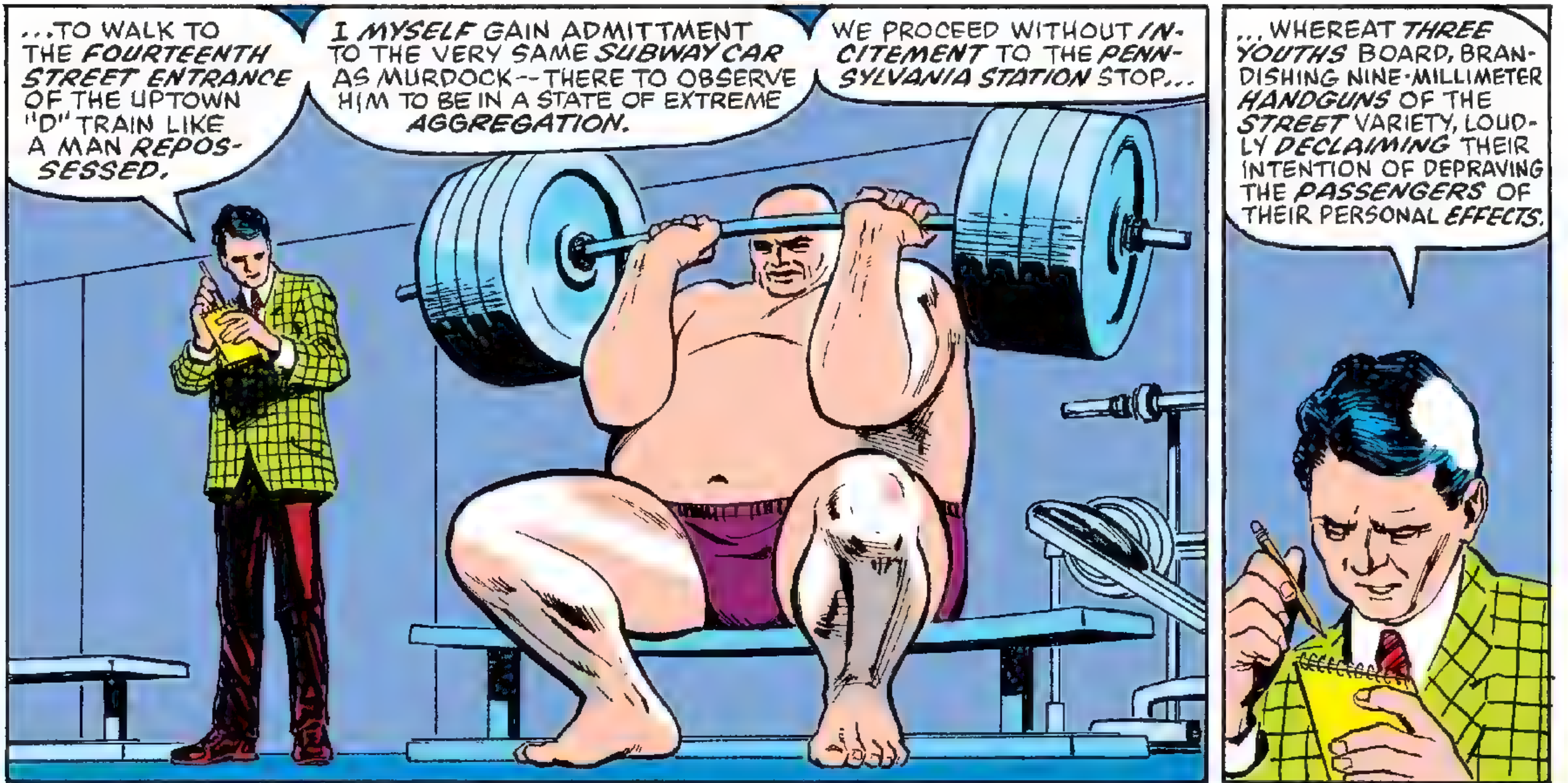
MATT, THIS IS FOGGY--

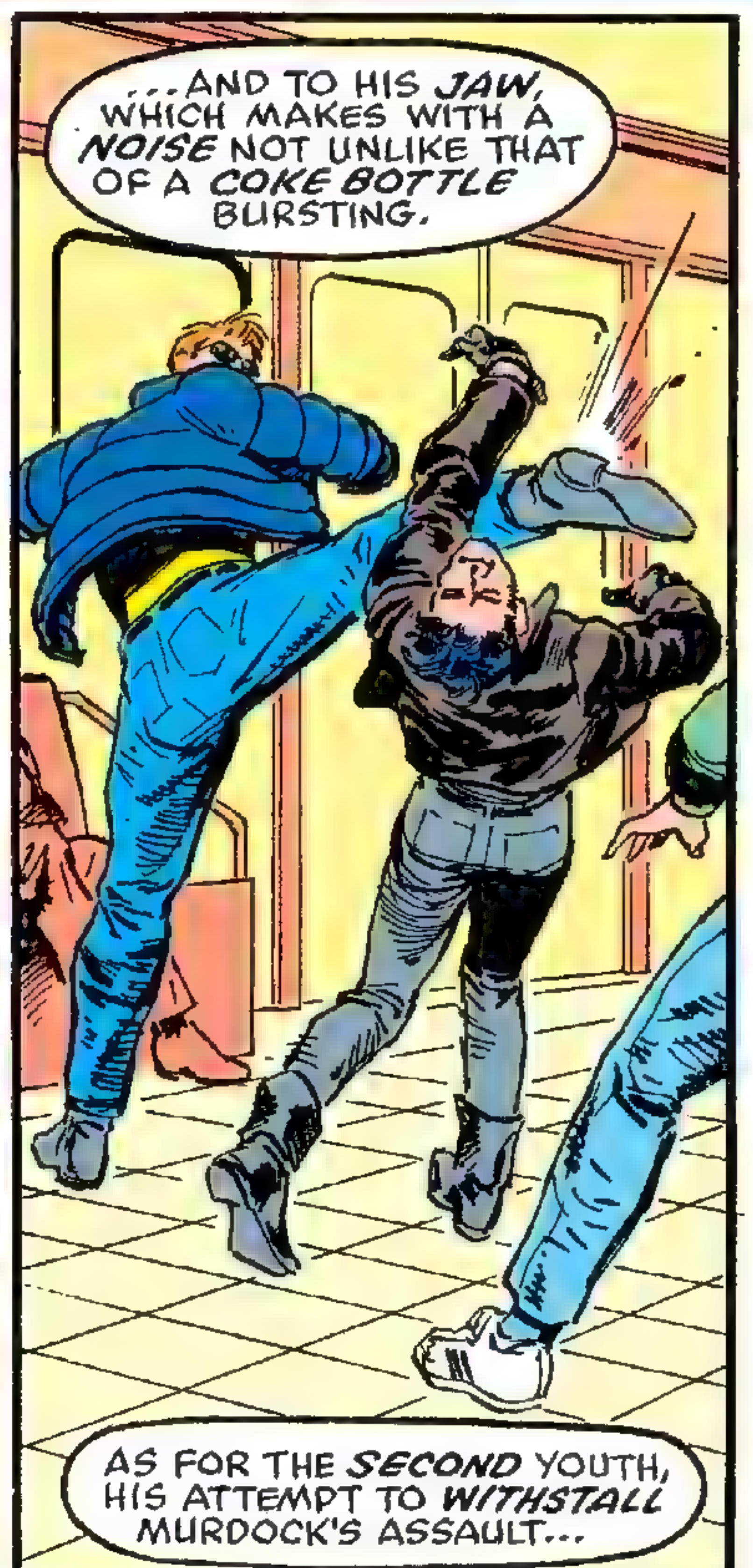
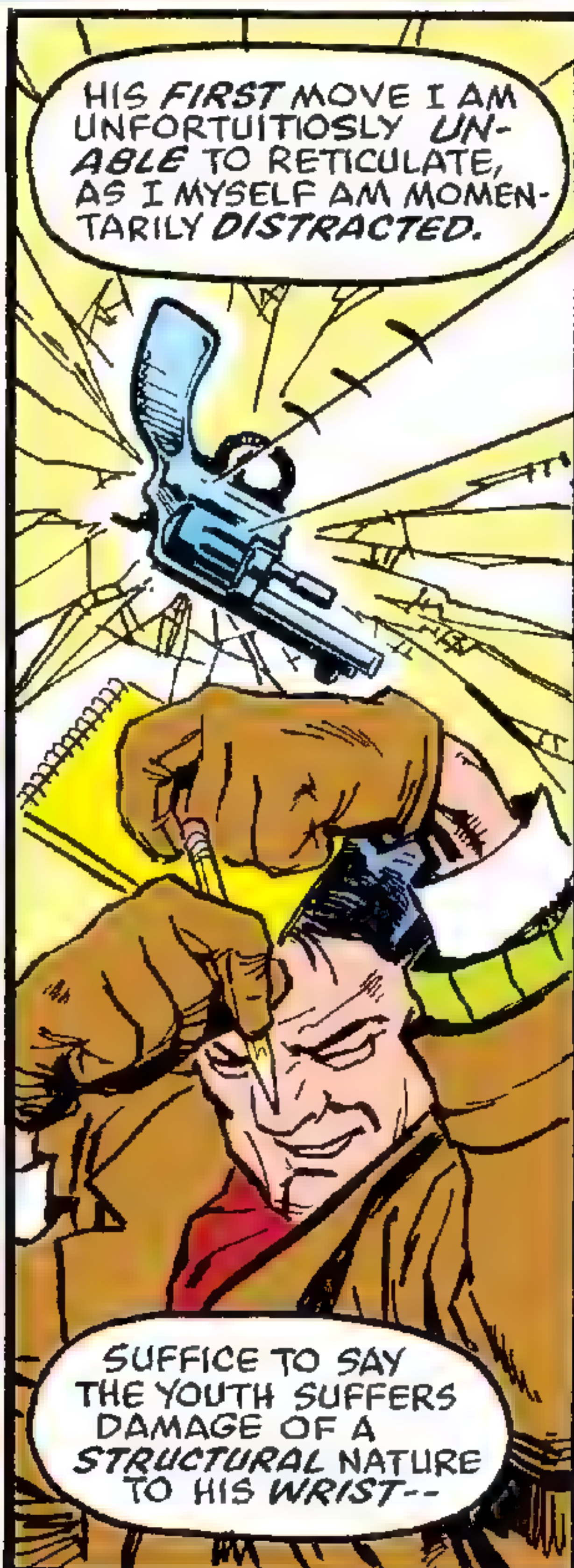
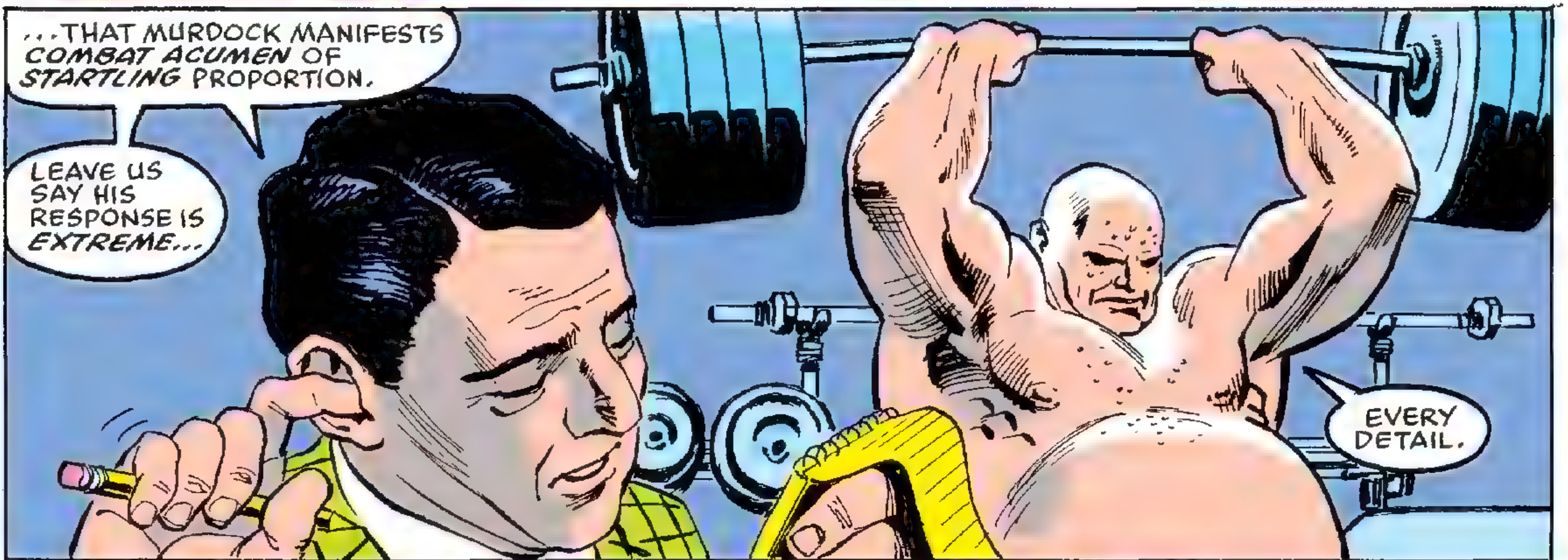
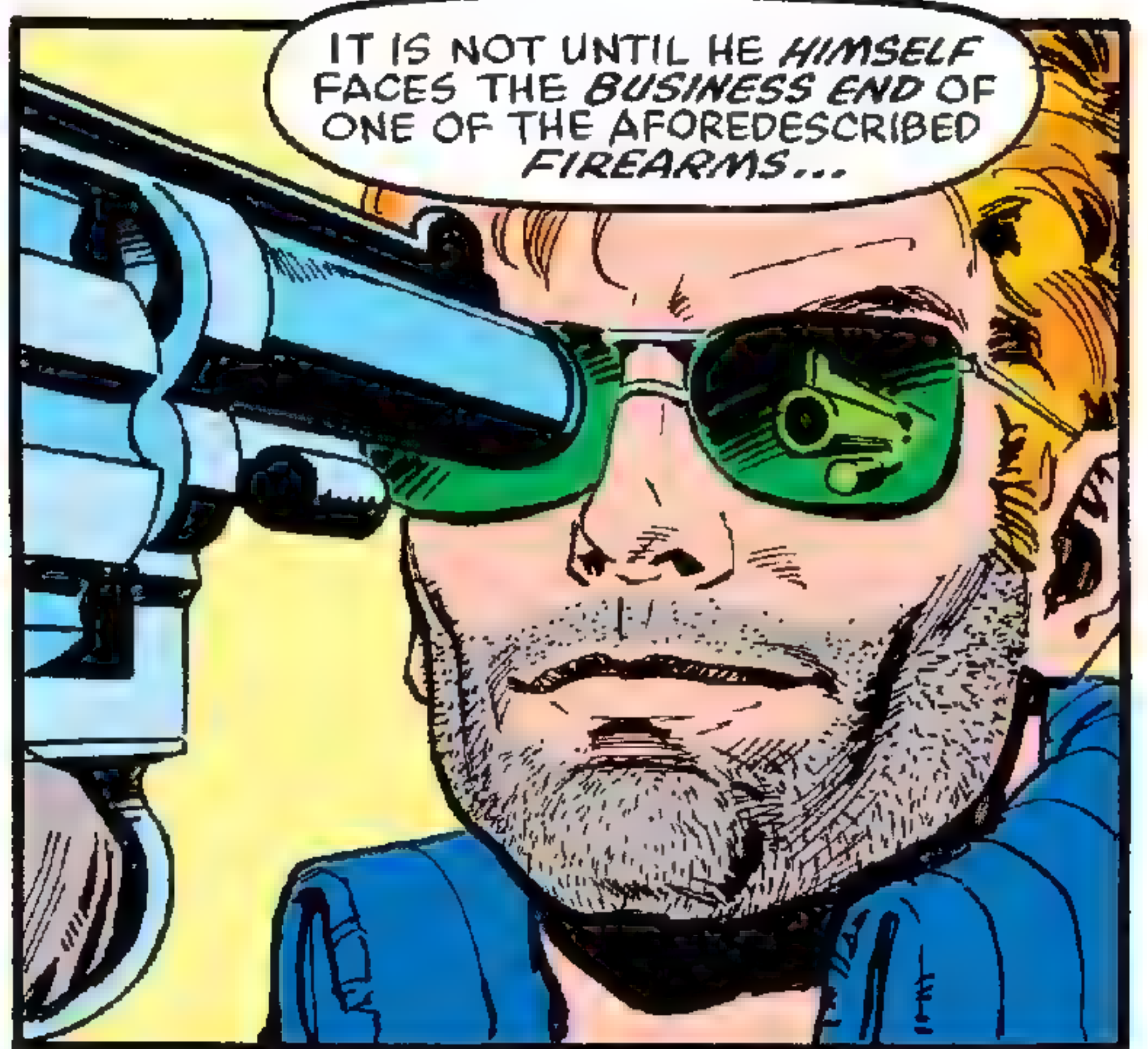


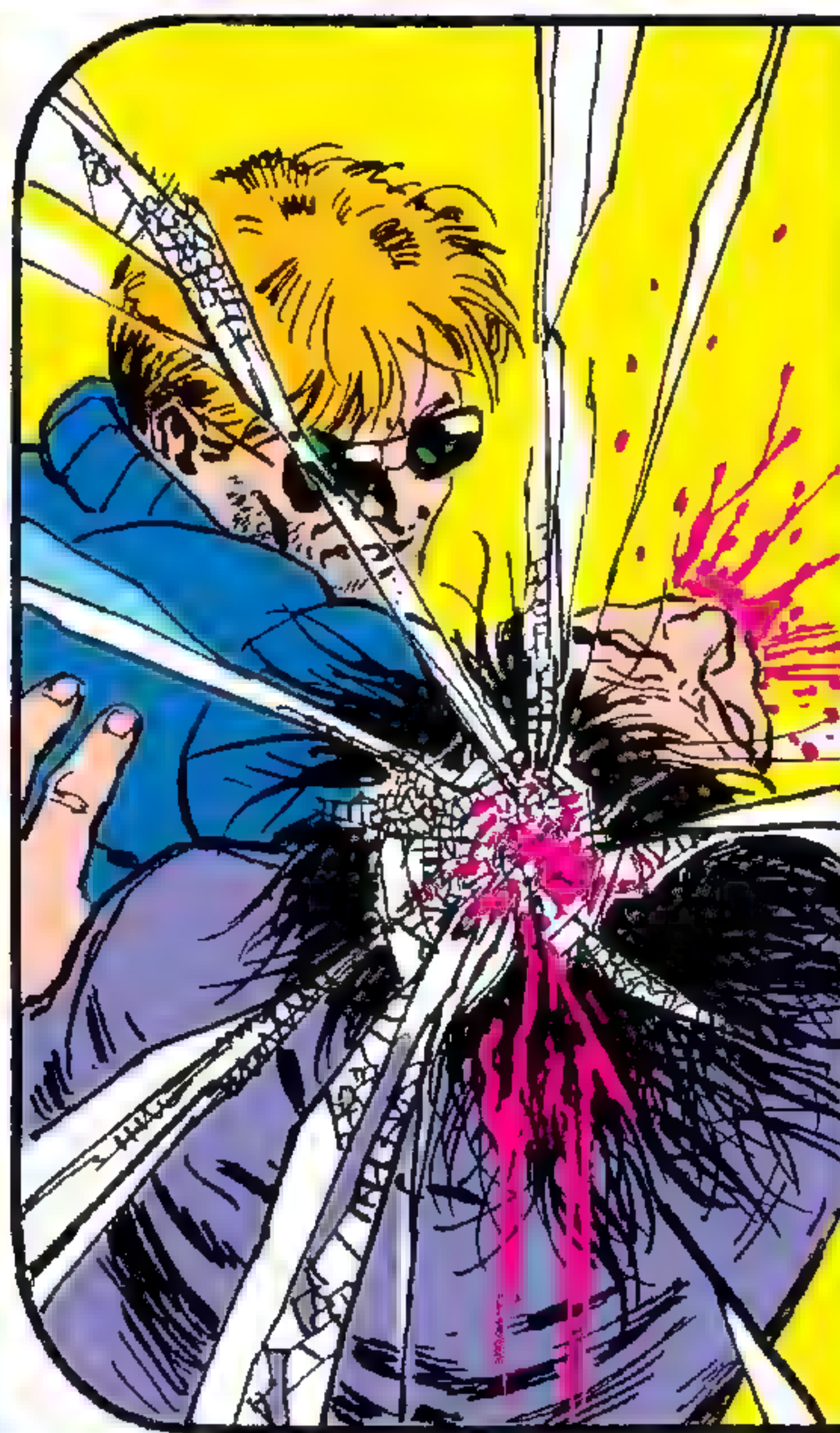
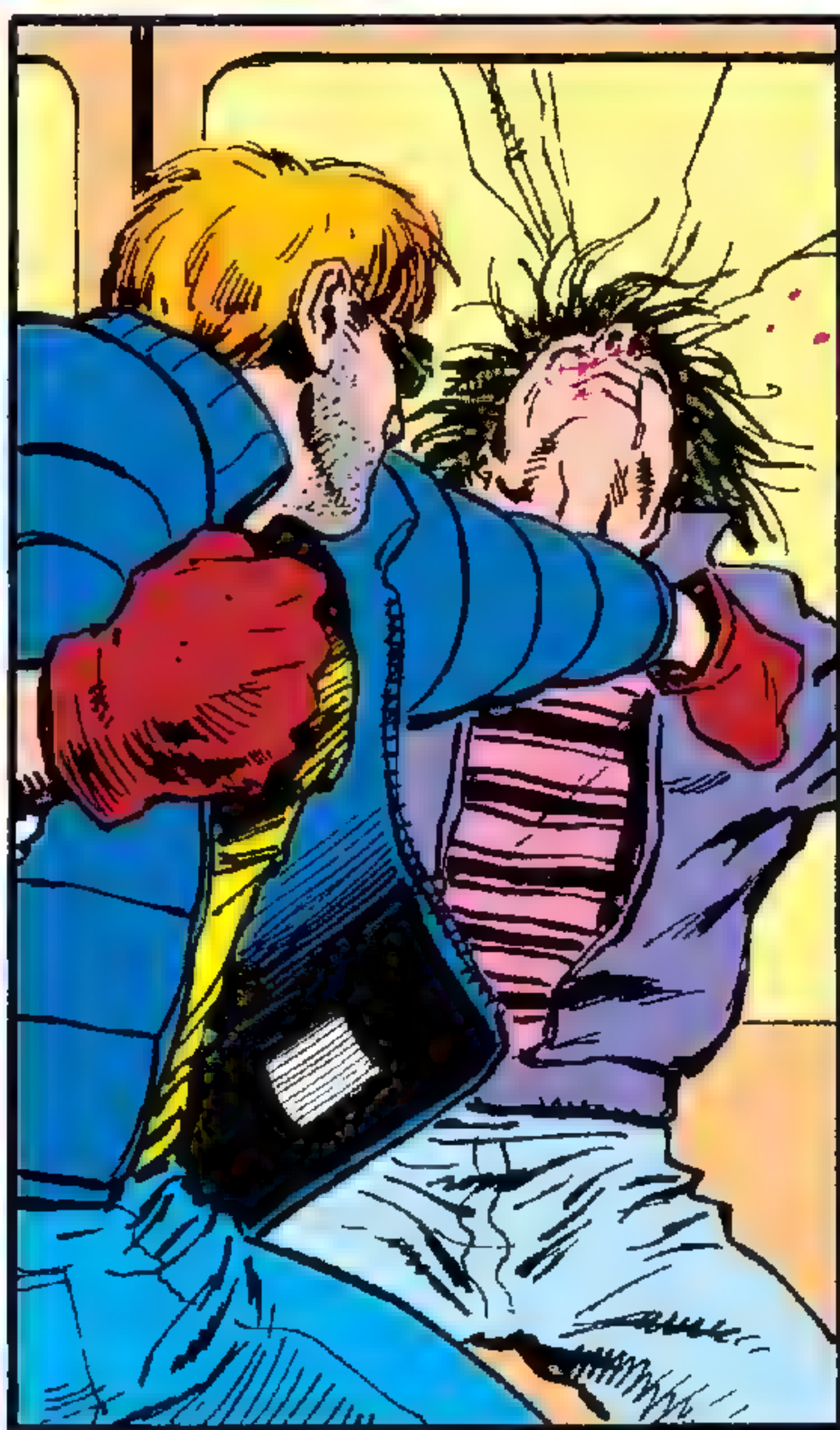
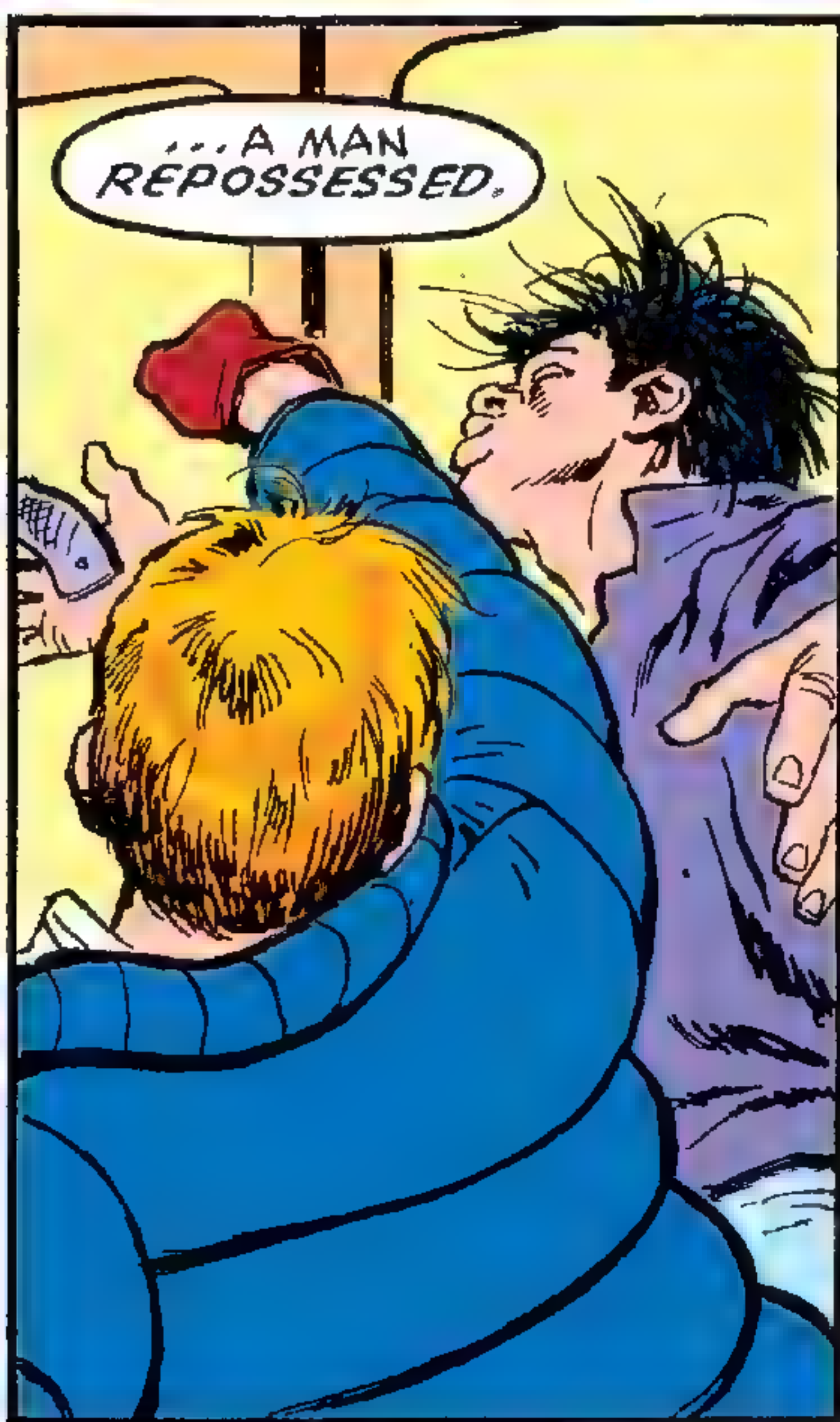
HE HUNG UP... WHAT THE DEVIL IS WRONG WITH HIM...?

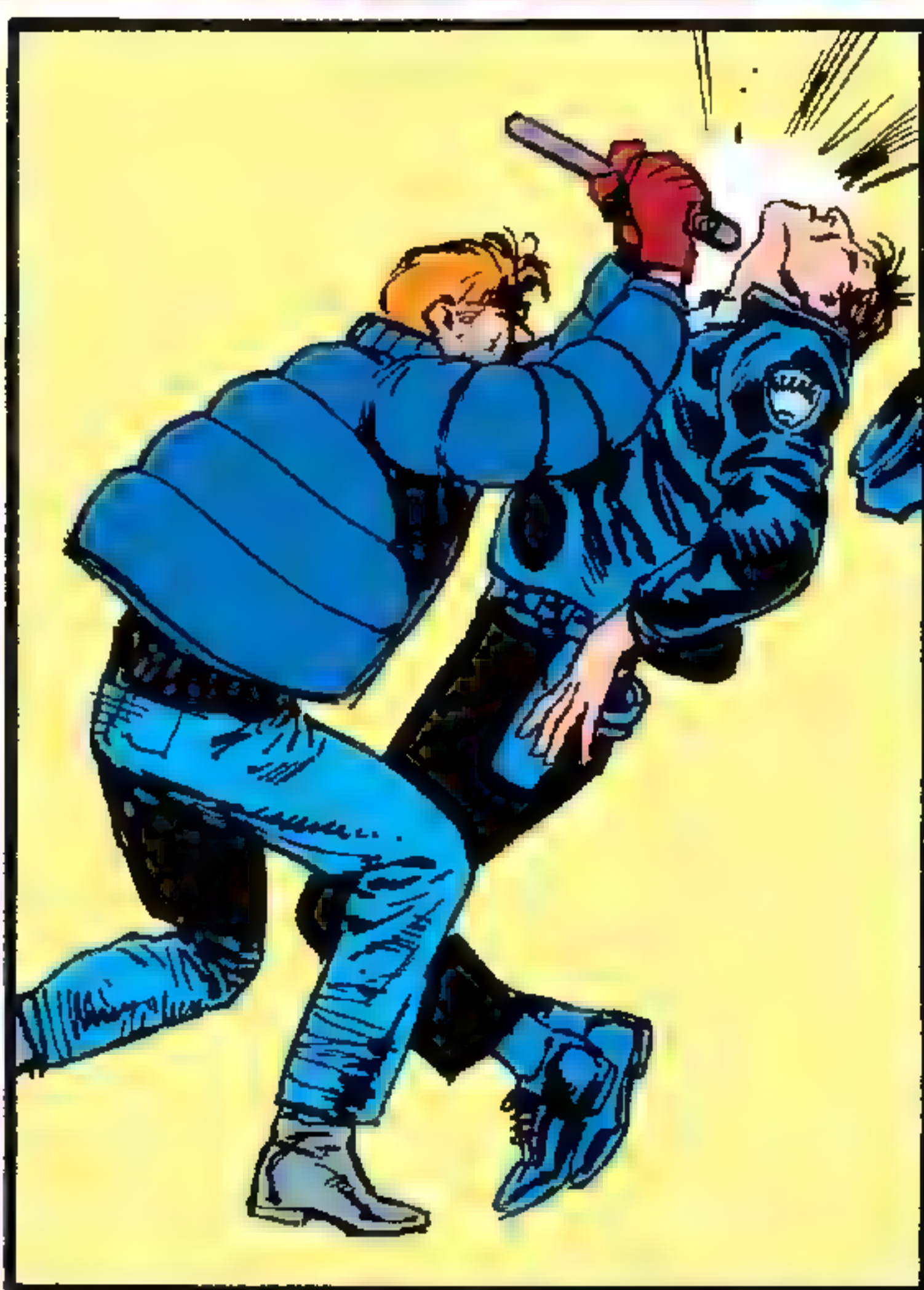
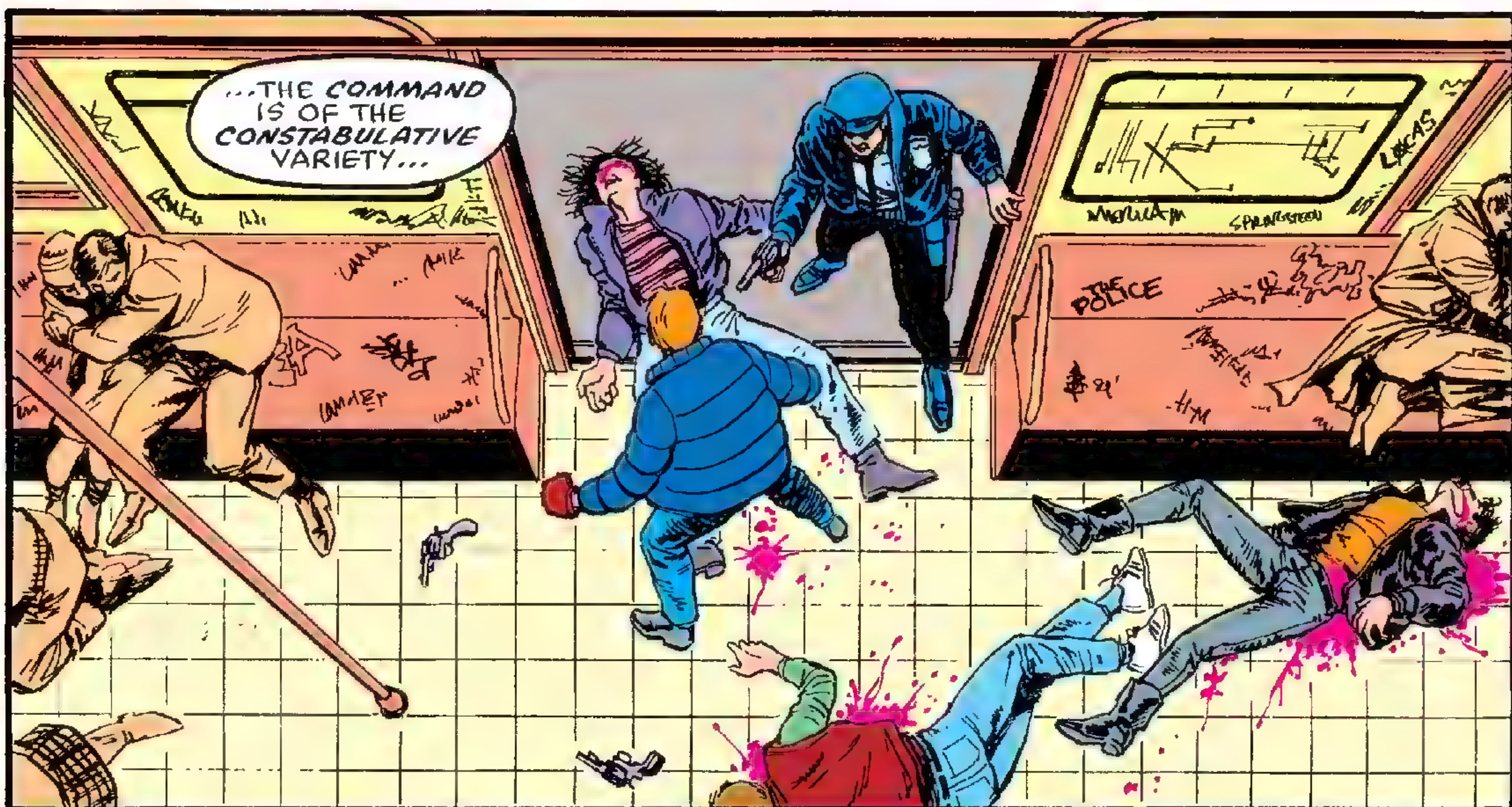














FOGGY? IT'S MATT--
NO, PLEASE DON'T
HANG UP... I... I
NEED YOUR *HELP*...

I THINK I'M
SICK, FOGGY.
SOMETHING...
THERE'S SOME-
THING WRONG
WITH MY *MIND*
... I JUST...

... I JUST
BEAT UP A
COP...



... YOU SEE, IT'S THE
KINGPIN. I KEEP
THINKING EVERYBODY'S
WORKING FOR HIM
AND...

... OH, YEAH. I KNOW
THAT. PRACTICALLY
EVERYBODY *IS* WORK-
ING FOR HIM. BUT THIS
WAS JUST A *COP* AND
THERE WAS NO
REASON TO...

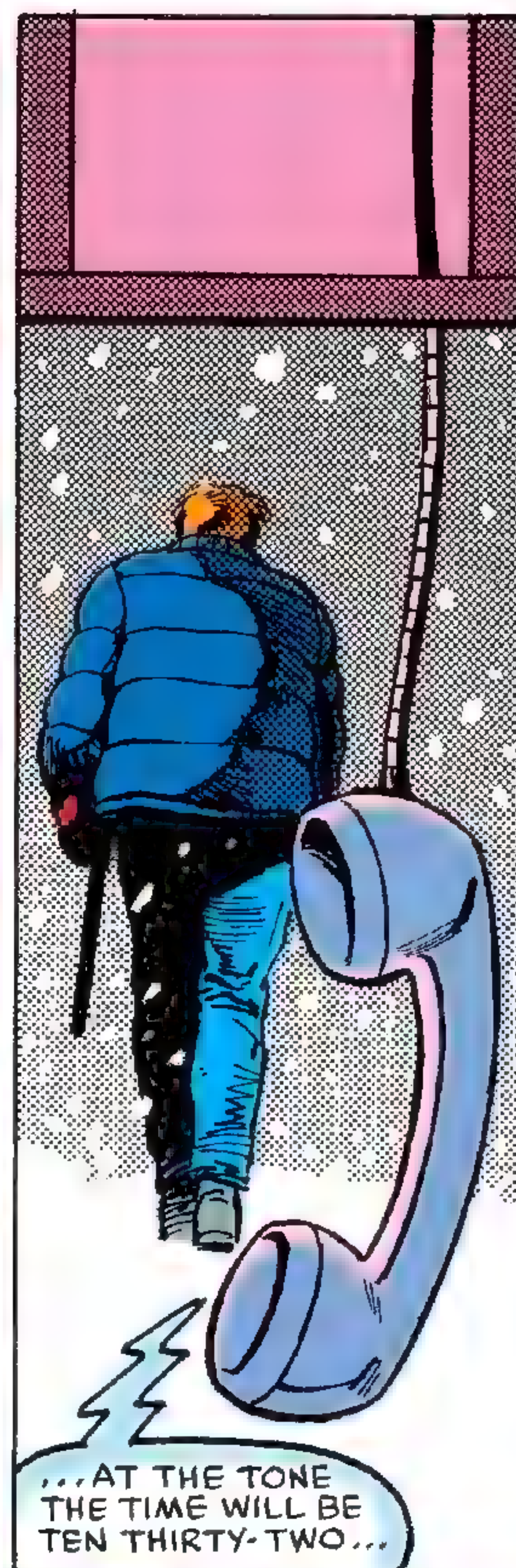
... WHAT?... OH
... YOU *SURE*?...



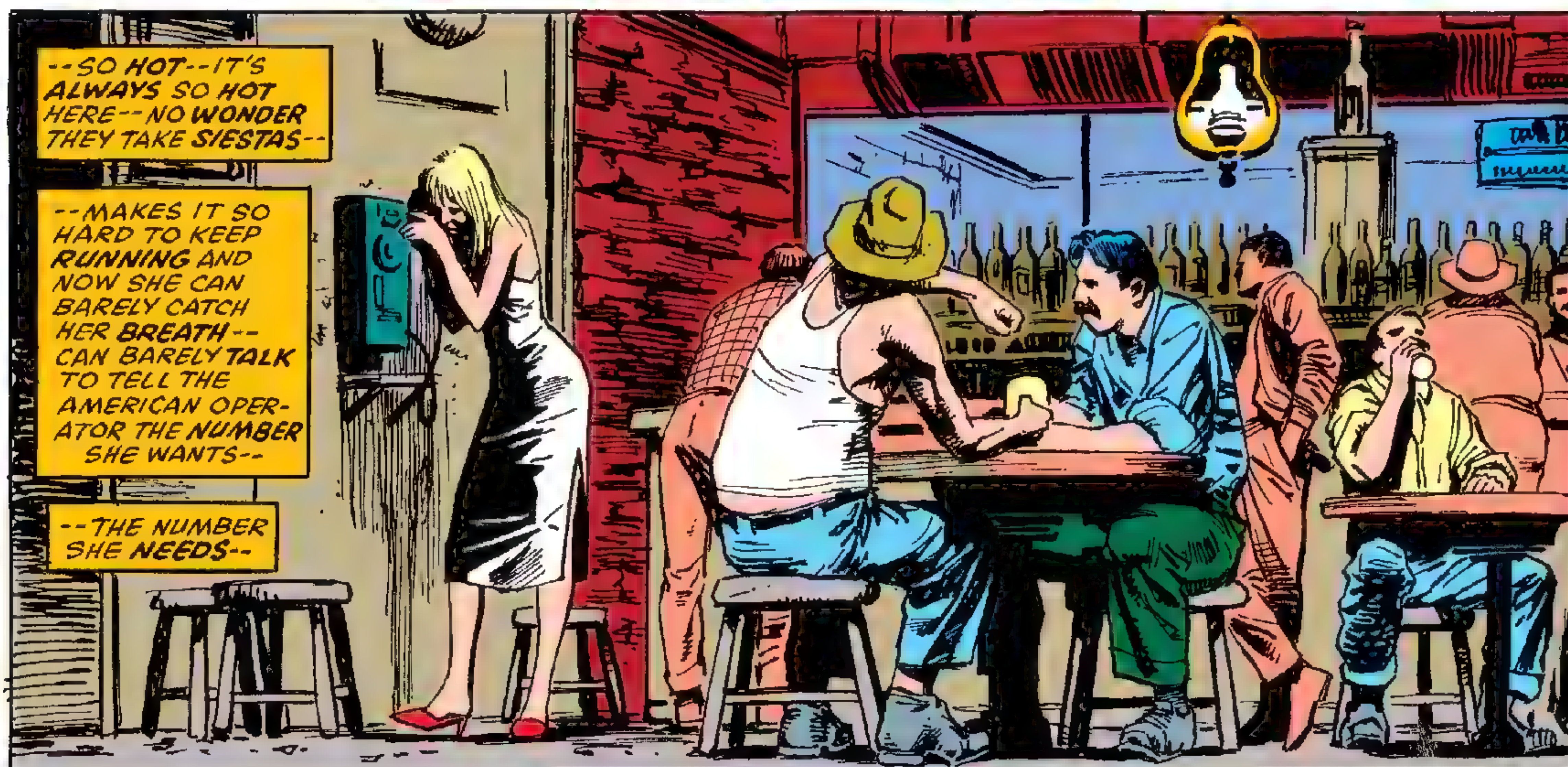
... OKAY, WELL MAYBE
THE *COP*. BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING *WRONG*
WITH ME, FOGGY. I...

... BUT IF I GO
THERE I'LL TRY TO
KILL THE *KINGPIN*.
I...

... BUT... BUT
I... OKAY, BUDDY.
I'LL GIVE IT MY
BEST SHOT.



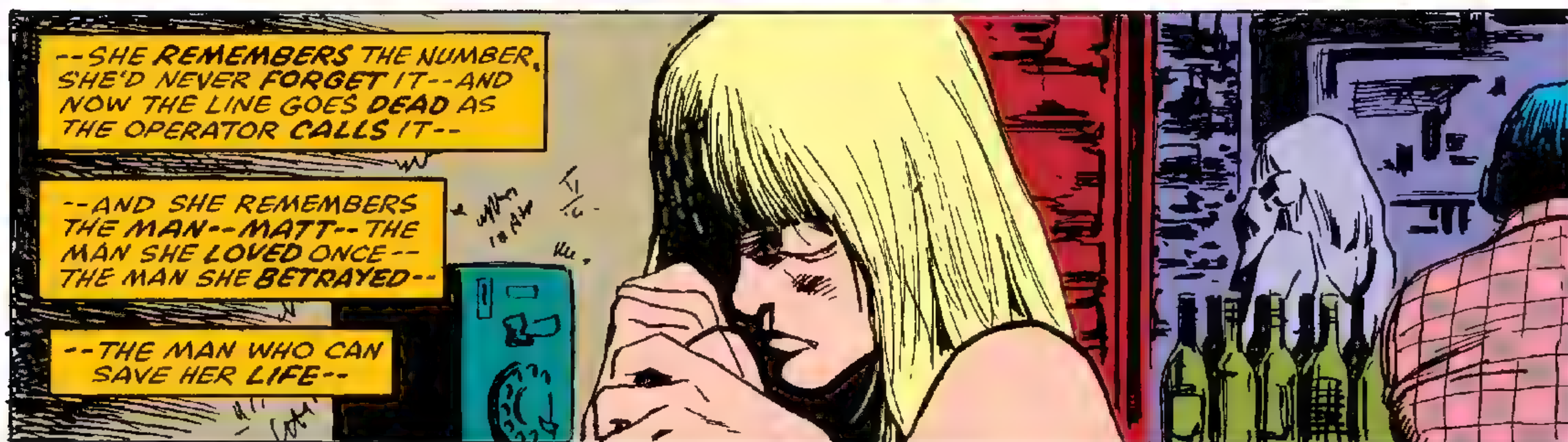
... AT THE TONE
THE TIME WILL BE
TEN THIRTY-TWO...



-- SO HOT-- IT'S
ALWAYS SO HOT
HERE-- NO WONDER
THEY TAKE *SIESTAS*--

-- MAKES IT SO
HARD TO KEEP
RUNNING AND
NOW SHE CAN
BARELY CATCH
HER *BREATH*--
CAN BARELY TALK
TO TELL THE
AMERICAN OPER-
ATOR THE NUMBER
SHE WANTS--

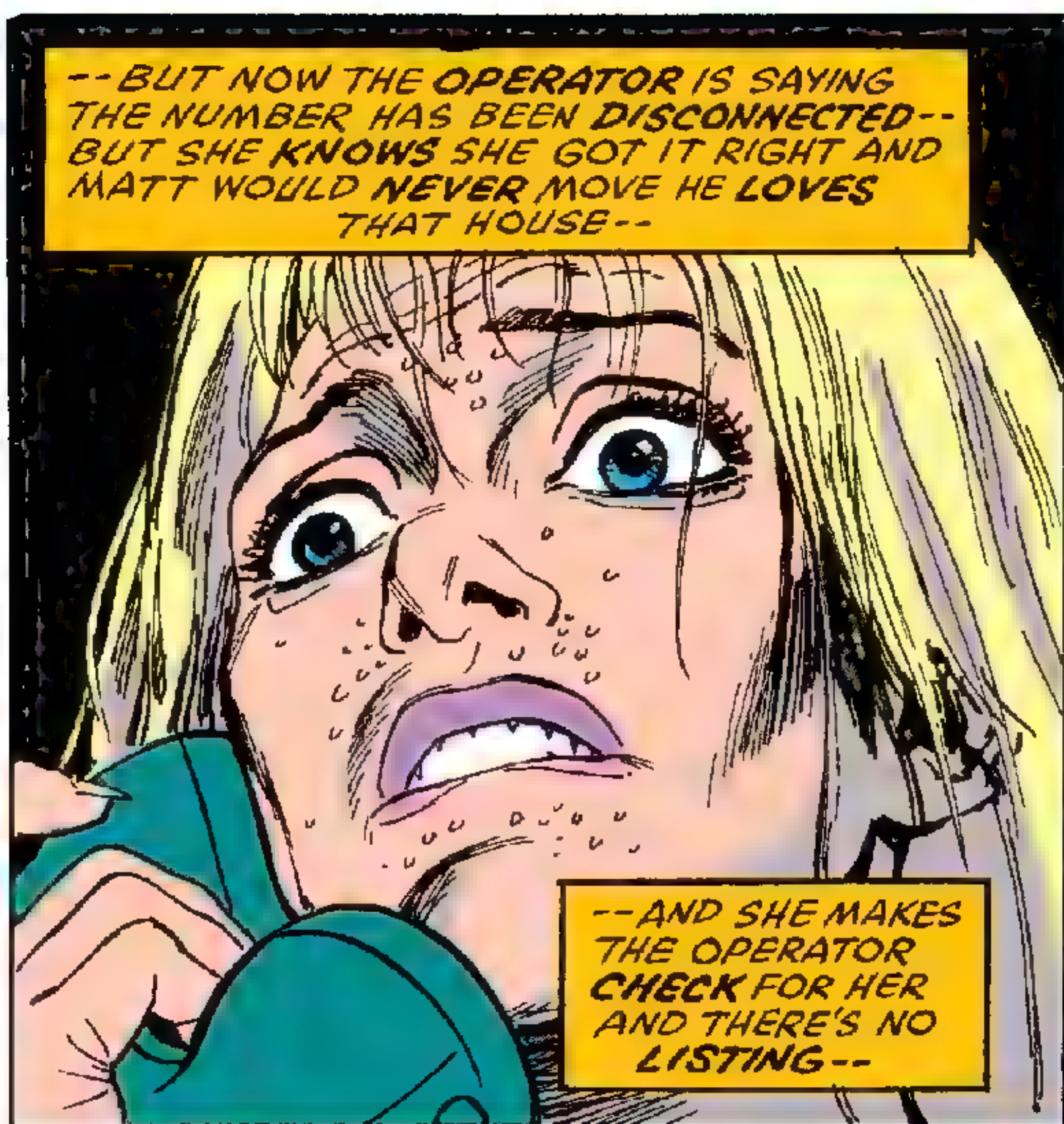
-- THE NUMBER
SHE NEEDS--



-- SHE REMEMBERS THE NUMBER,
SHE'D NEVER FORGET IT-- AND
NOW THE LINE GOES DEAD AS
THE OPERATOR CALLS IT--

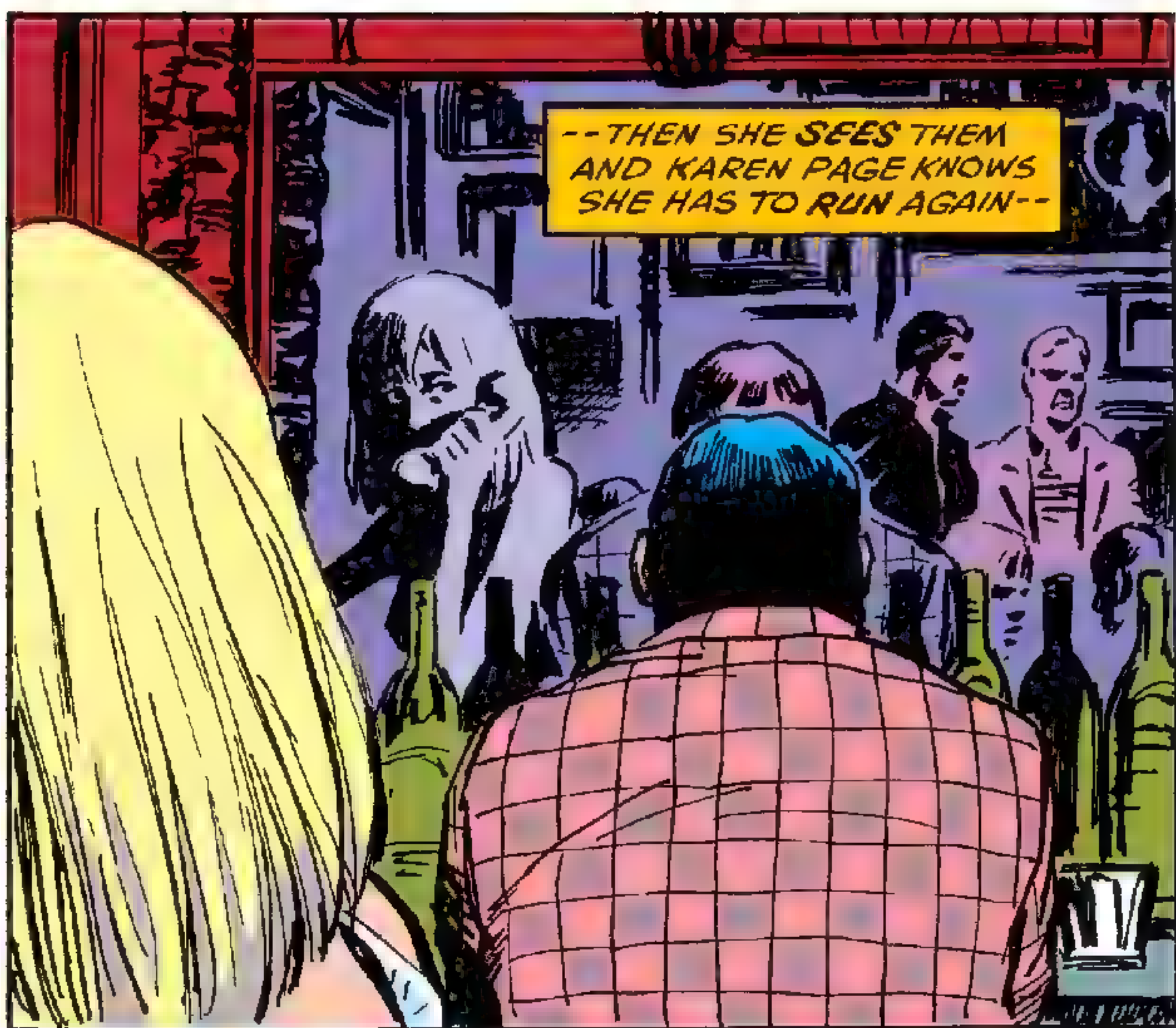
-- AND SHE REMEMBERS
THE MAN-- MATT-- THE
MAN SHE LOVED ONCE--
THE MAN SHE BETRAYED--

-- THE MAN WHO CAN
SAVE HER LIFE--

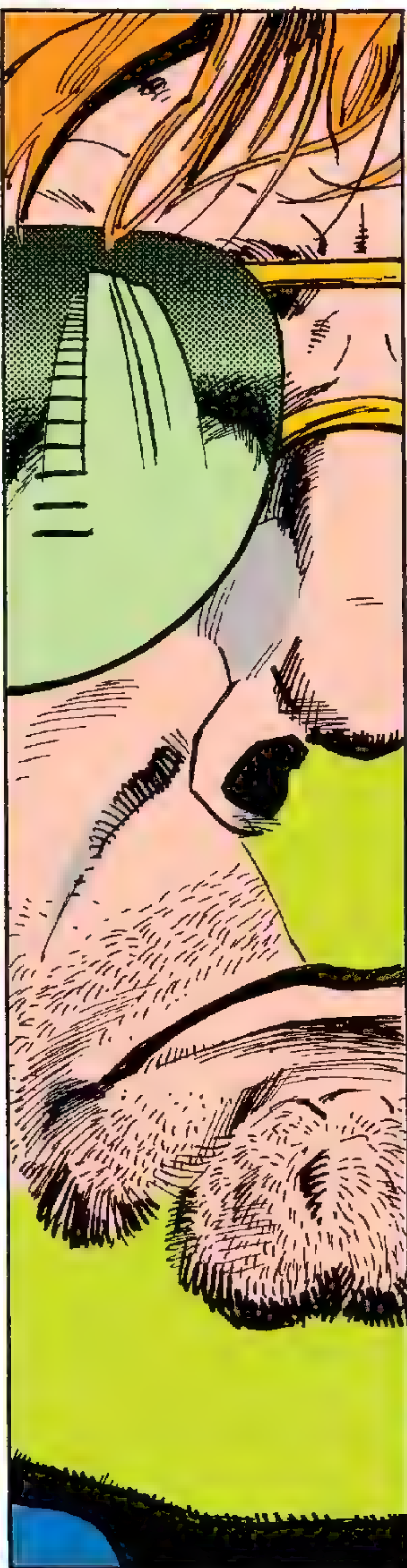


-- BUT NOW THE OPERATOR IS SAYING THE NUMBER HAS BEEN DISCONNECTED-- BUT SHE KNOWS SHE GOT IT RIGHT AND MATT WOULD NEVER MOVE HE LOVES THAT HOUSE--

-- AND SHE MAKES THE OPERATOR CHECK FOR HER AND THERE'S NO LISTING--



-- THEN SHE SEES THEM AND KAREN PAGE KNOWS SHE HAS TO RUN AGAIN--



YES, HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE! THAT'S WHY I KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN GOING ON HERE, JONAH!

LOOKED PRETTY CUT AND DRIED TO ME, URICH.

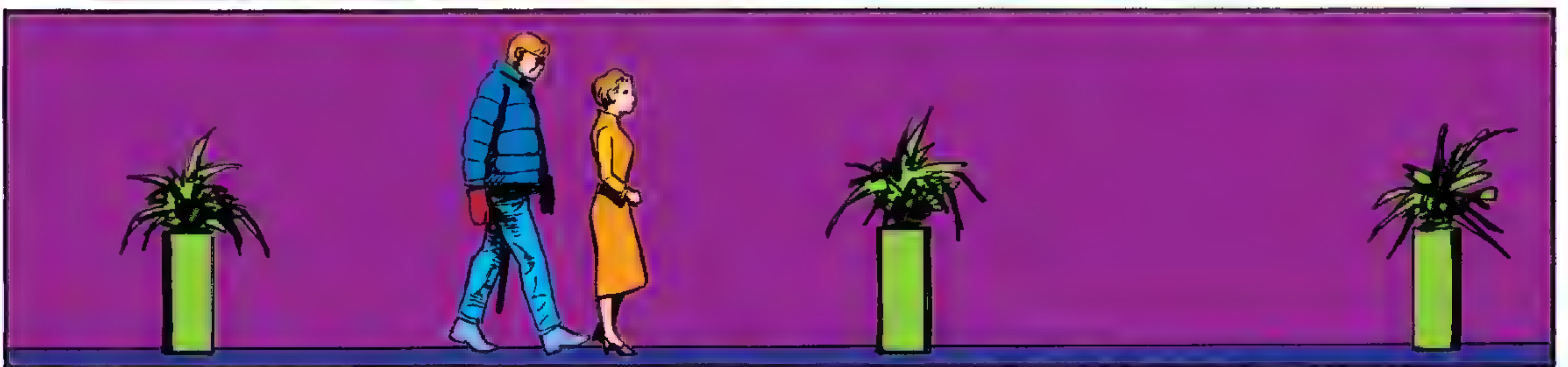
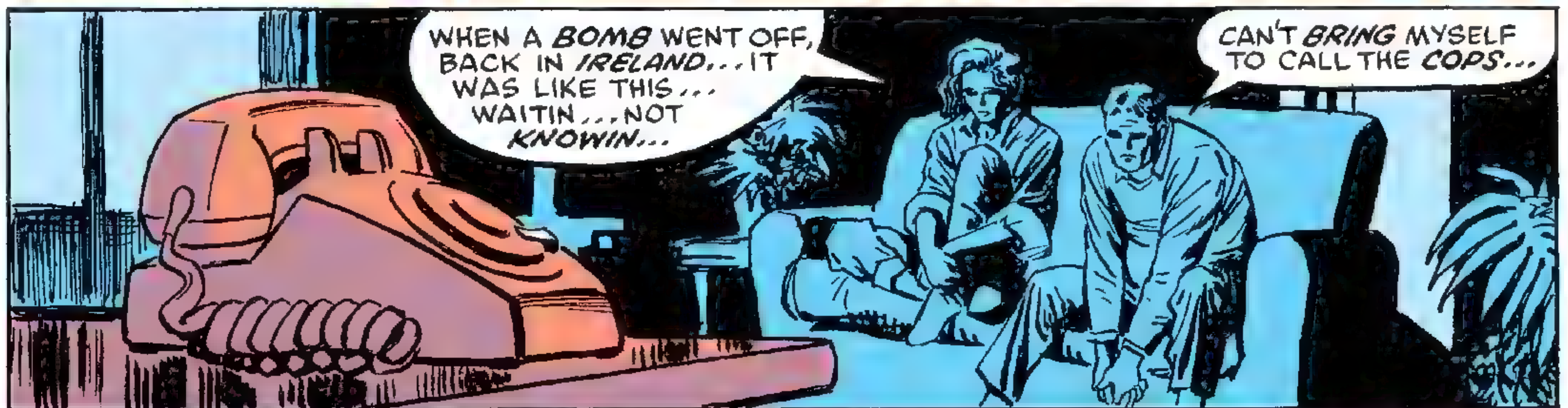
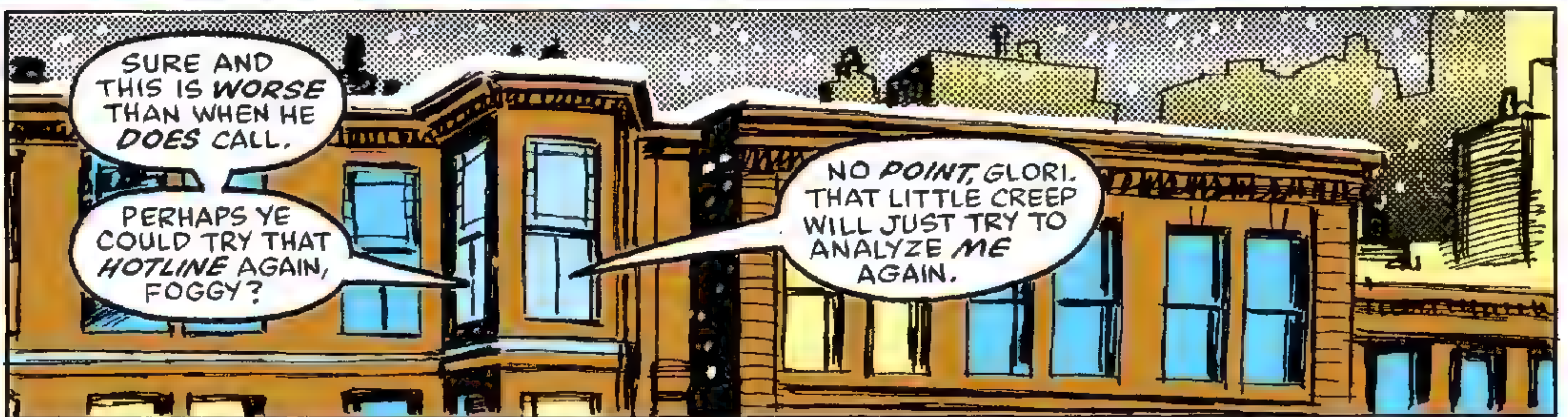
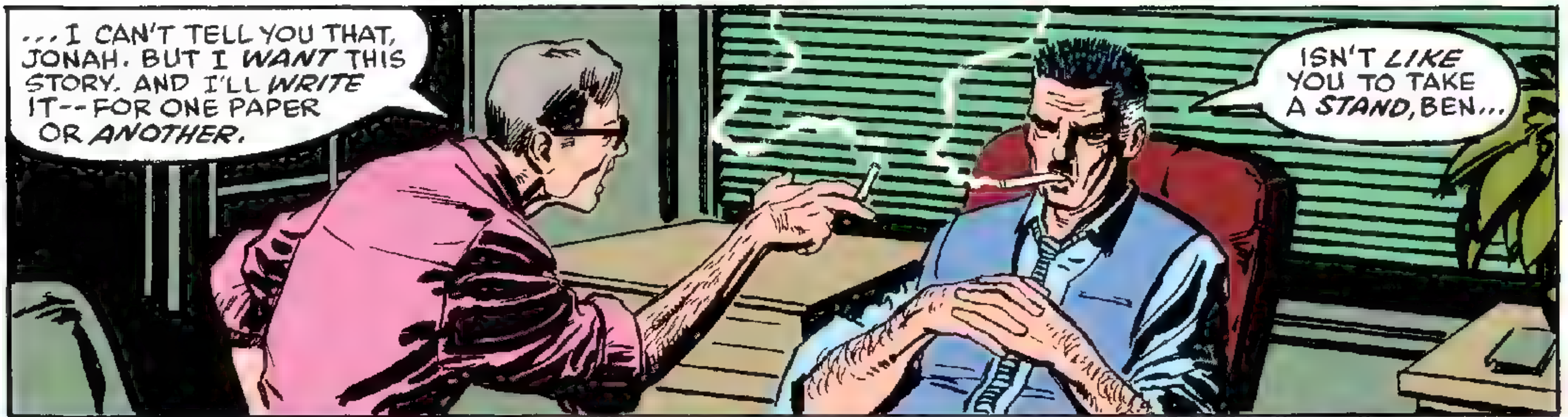
YOUR PAL MURDOCK GOT CAUGHT WITH HIS PANTS DOWN.

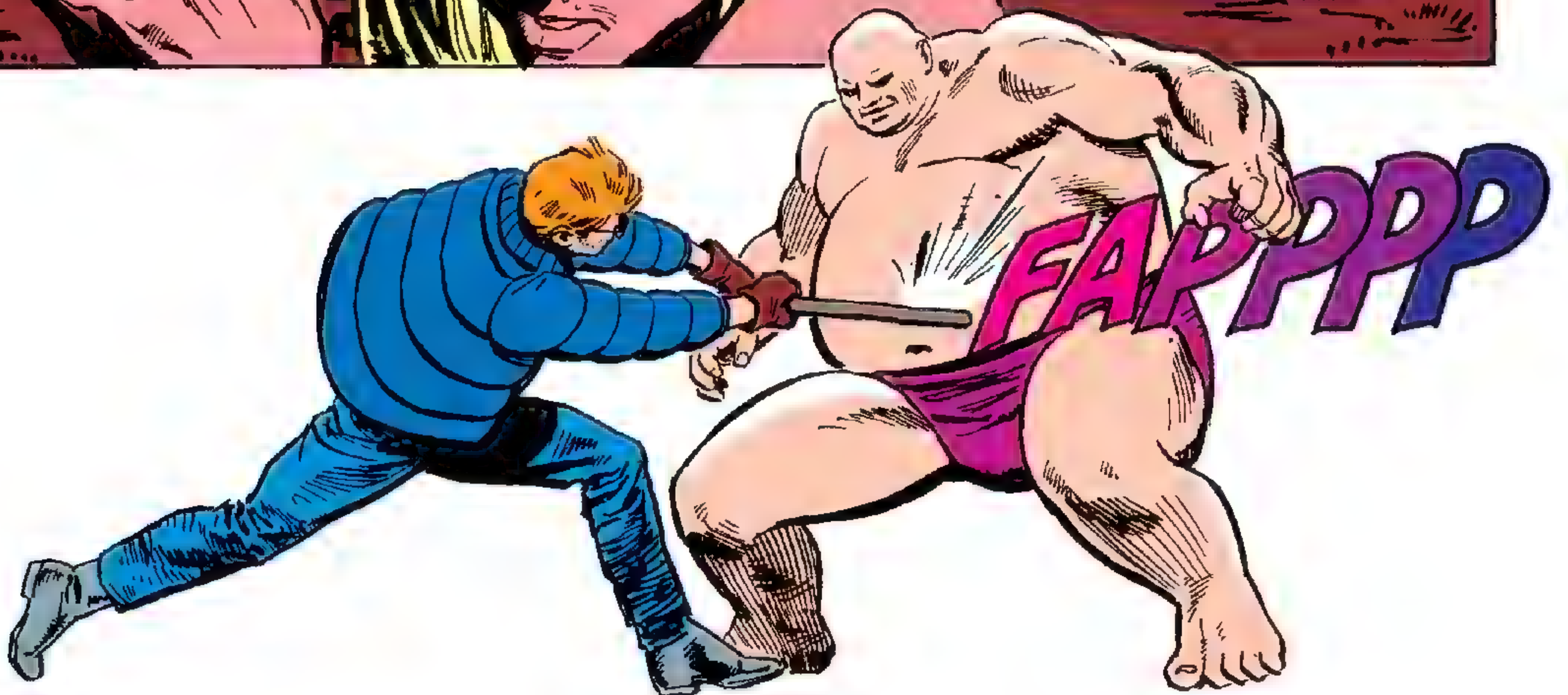
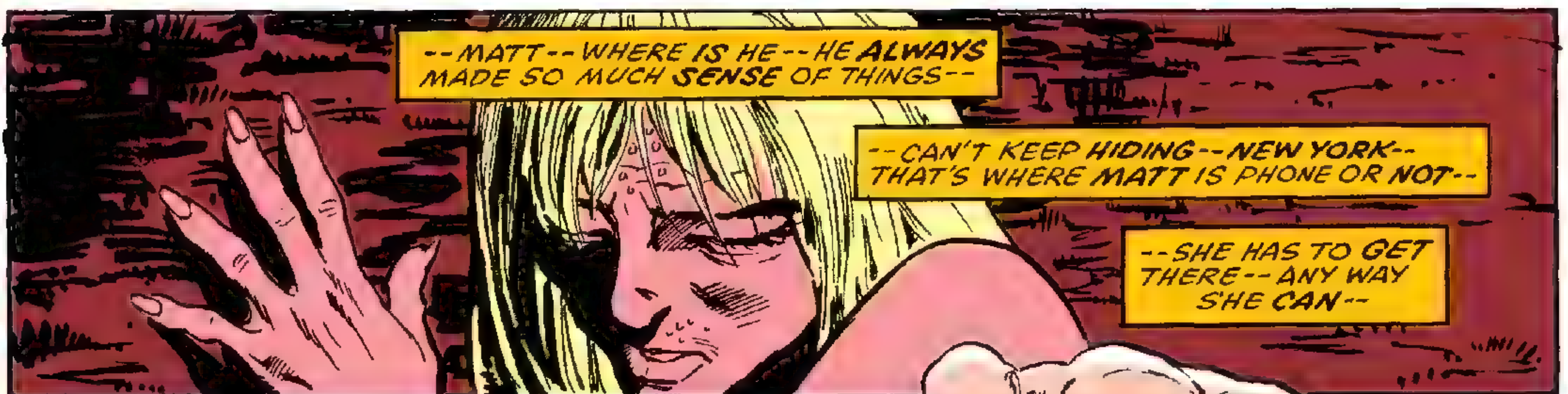
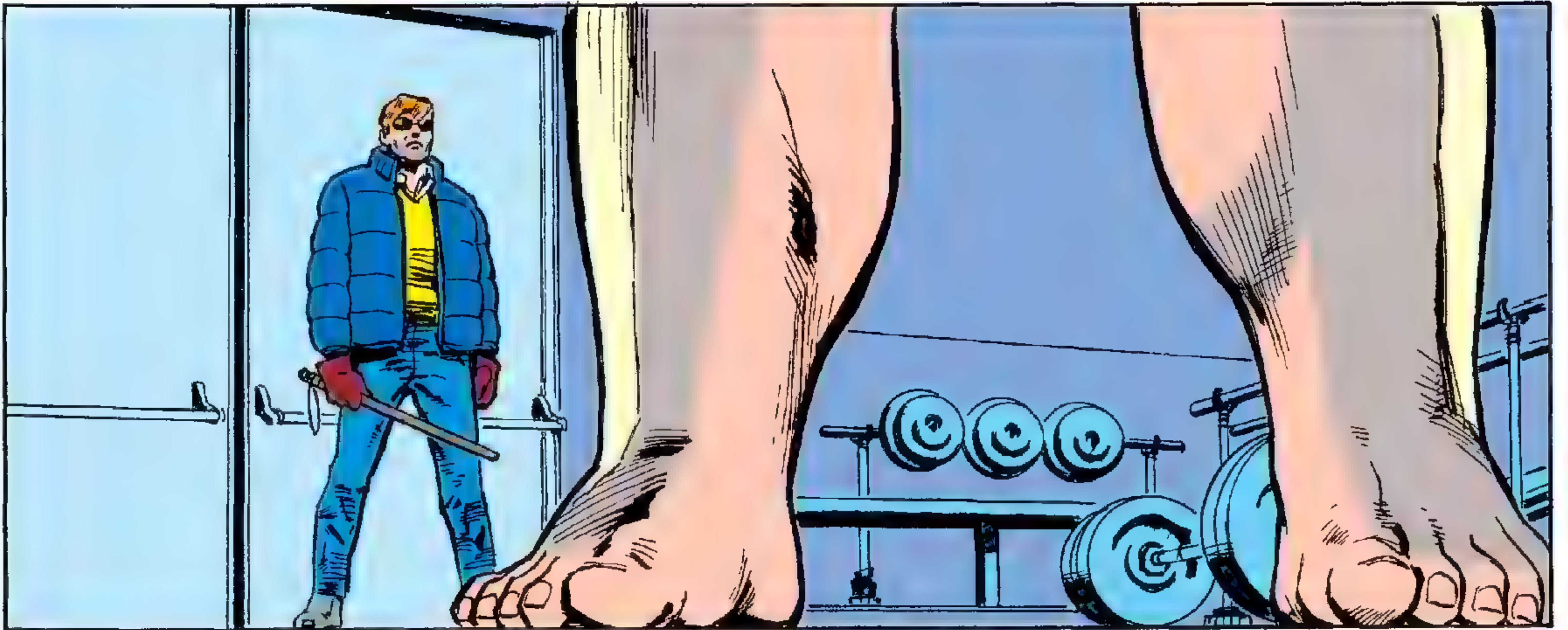


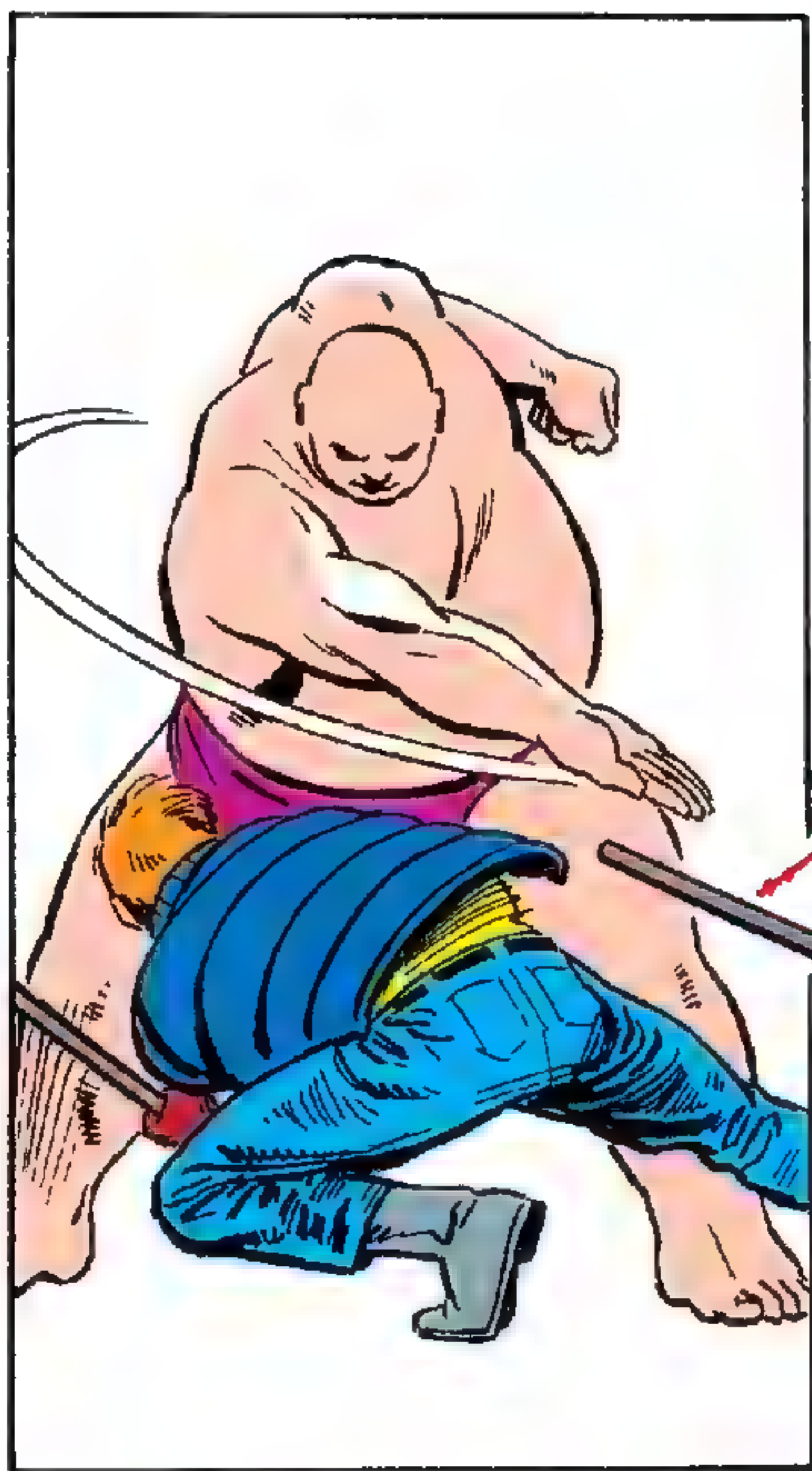
MATT'S STRAIGHT, JONAH. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW STRAIGHT. THIS IS A FRAME-- BY THE KINGPIN.

J JONAH JAMESON
PUBLISHER

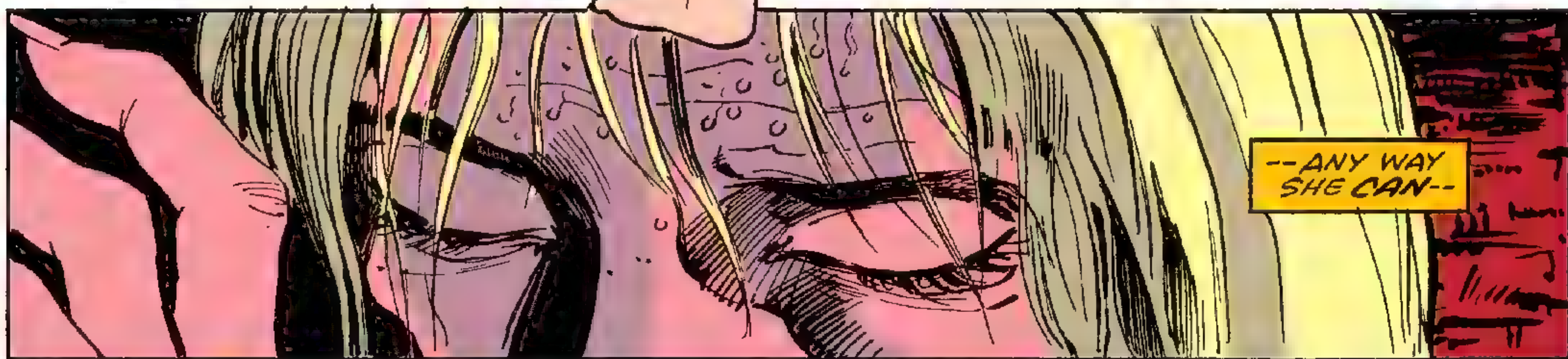
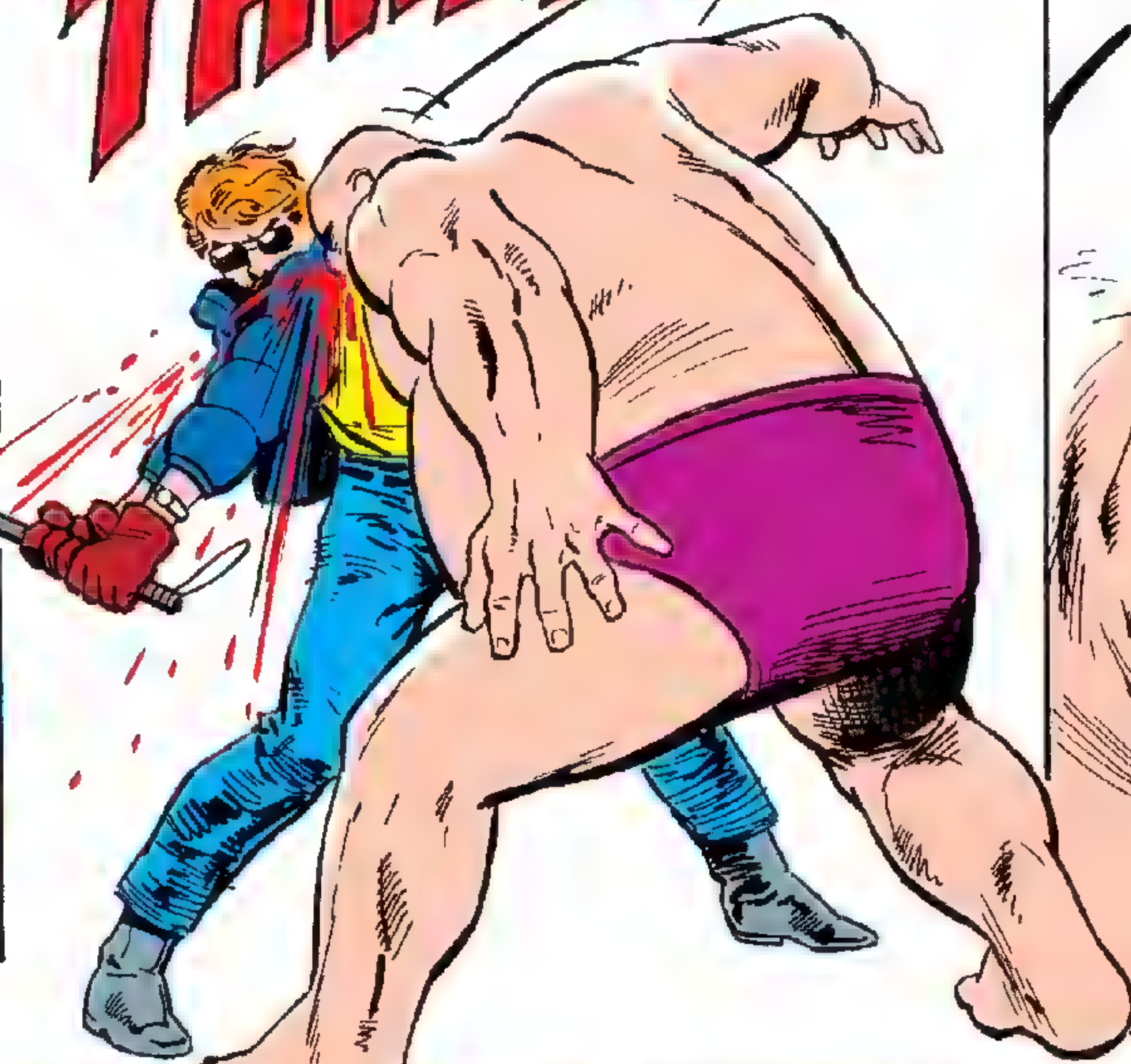
THE KINGPIN? WHAT THE DEVIL'S A BLIND LAWYER GOT TO DO WITH THE KINGPIN?



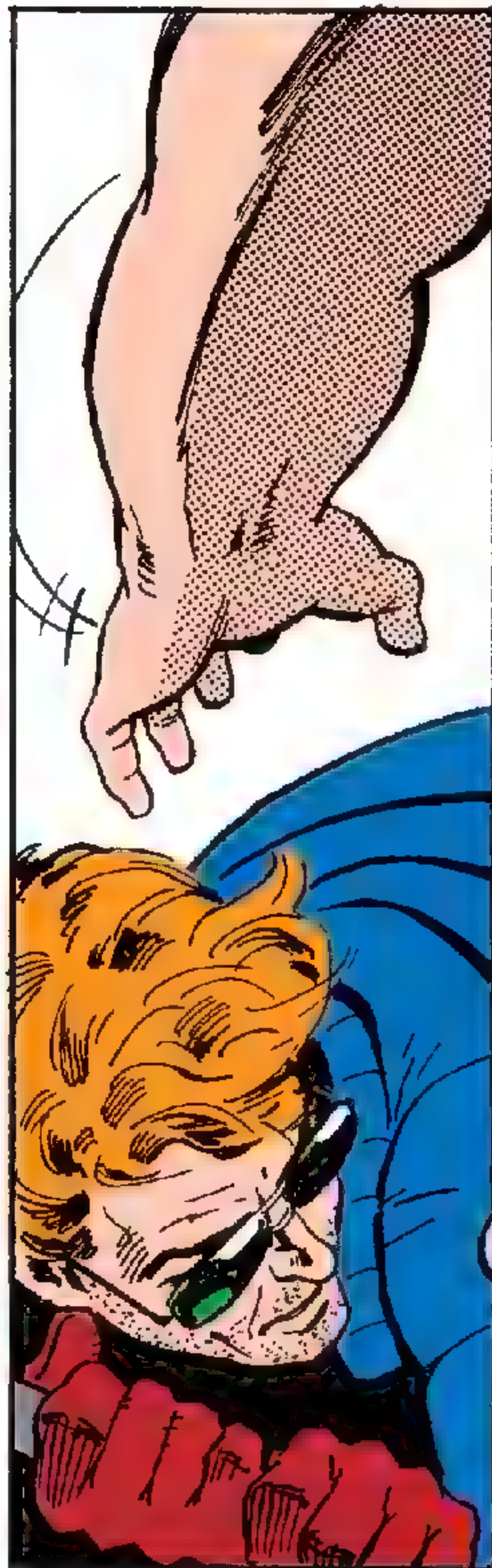
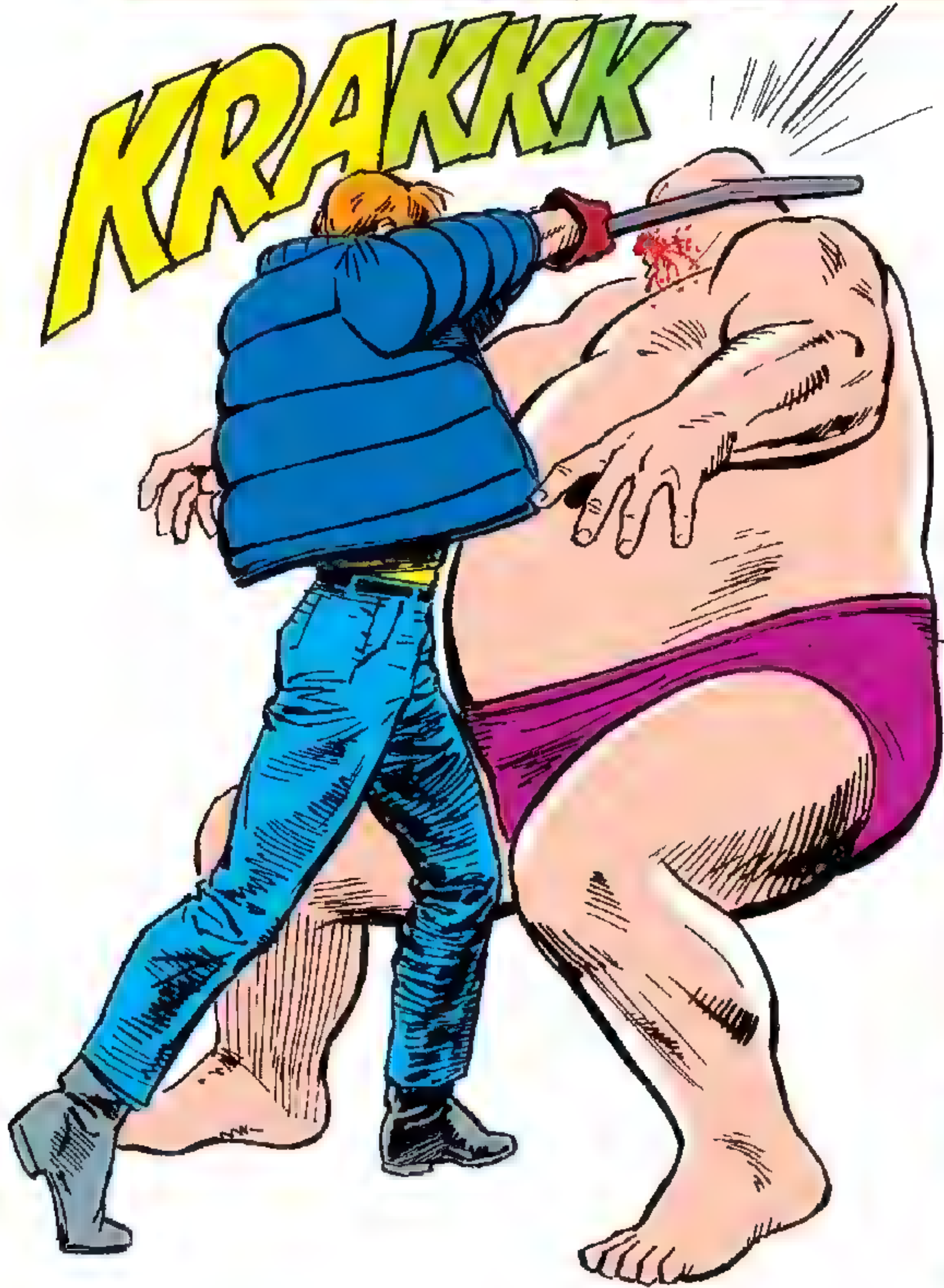




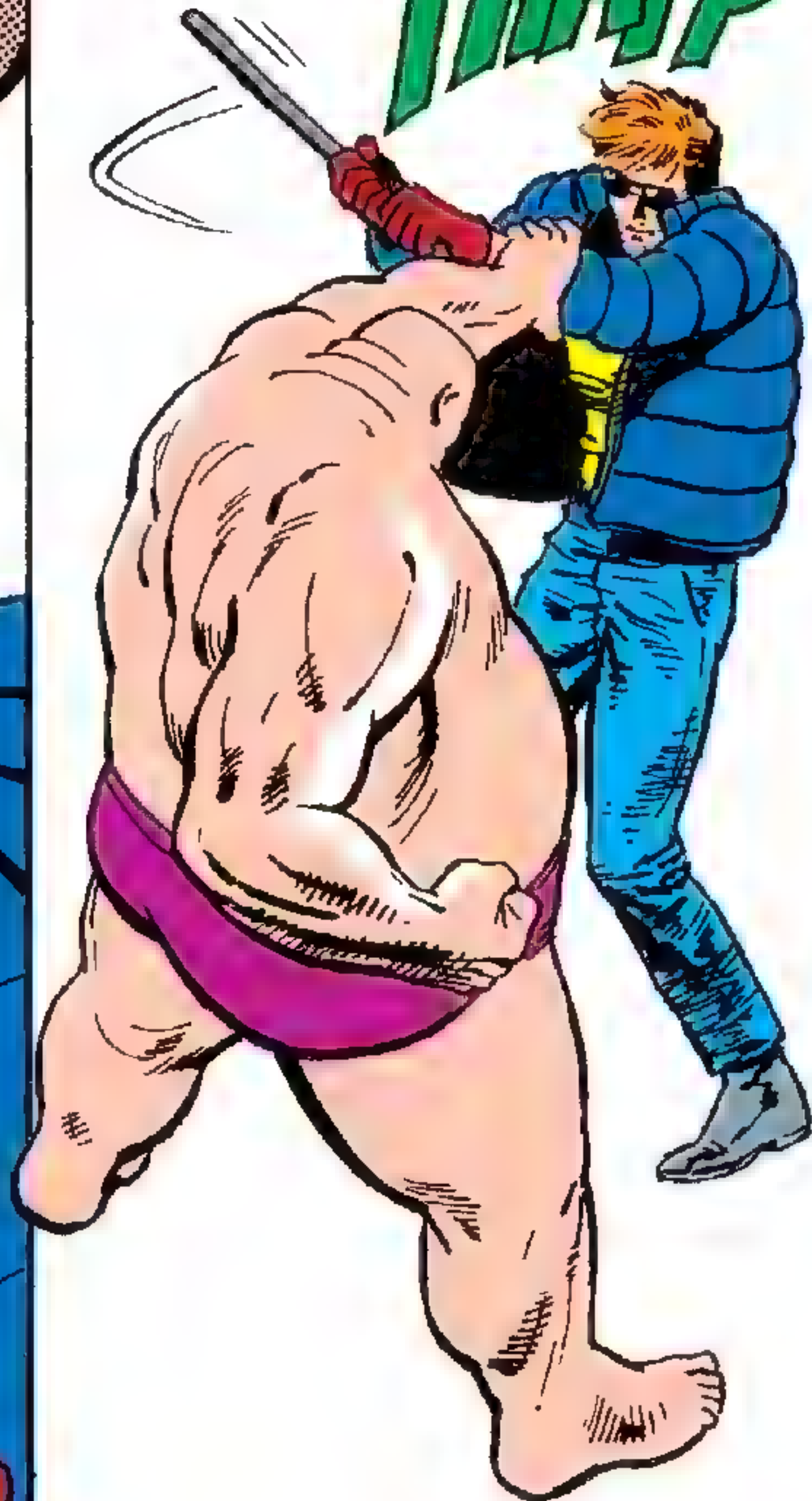
THWAKK

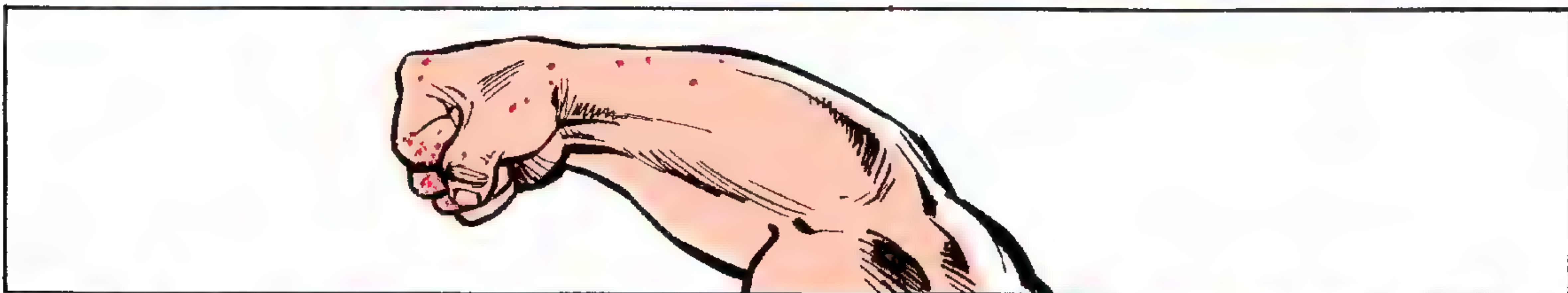
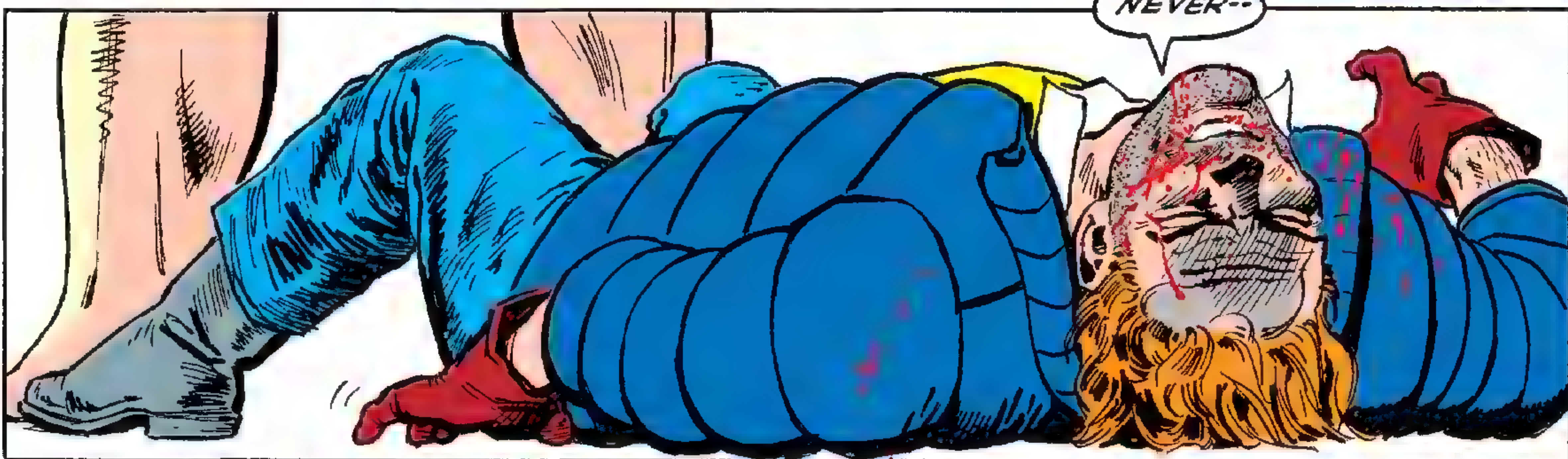
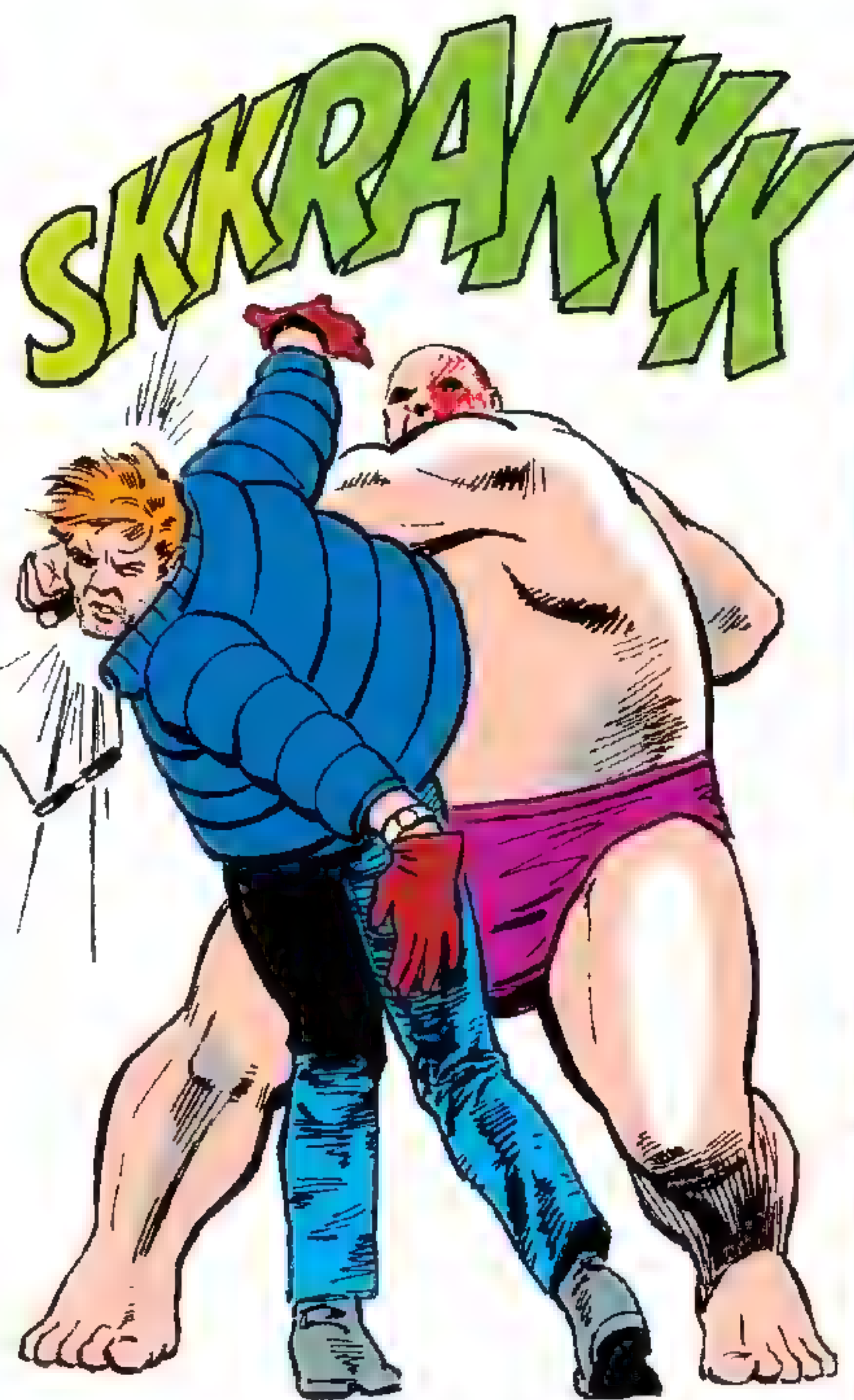
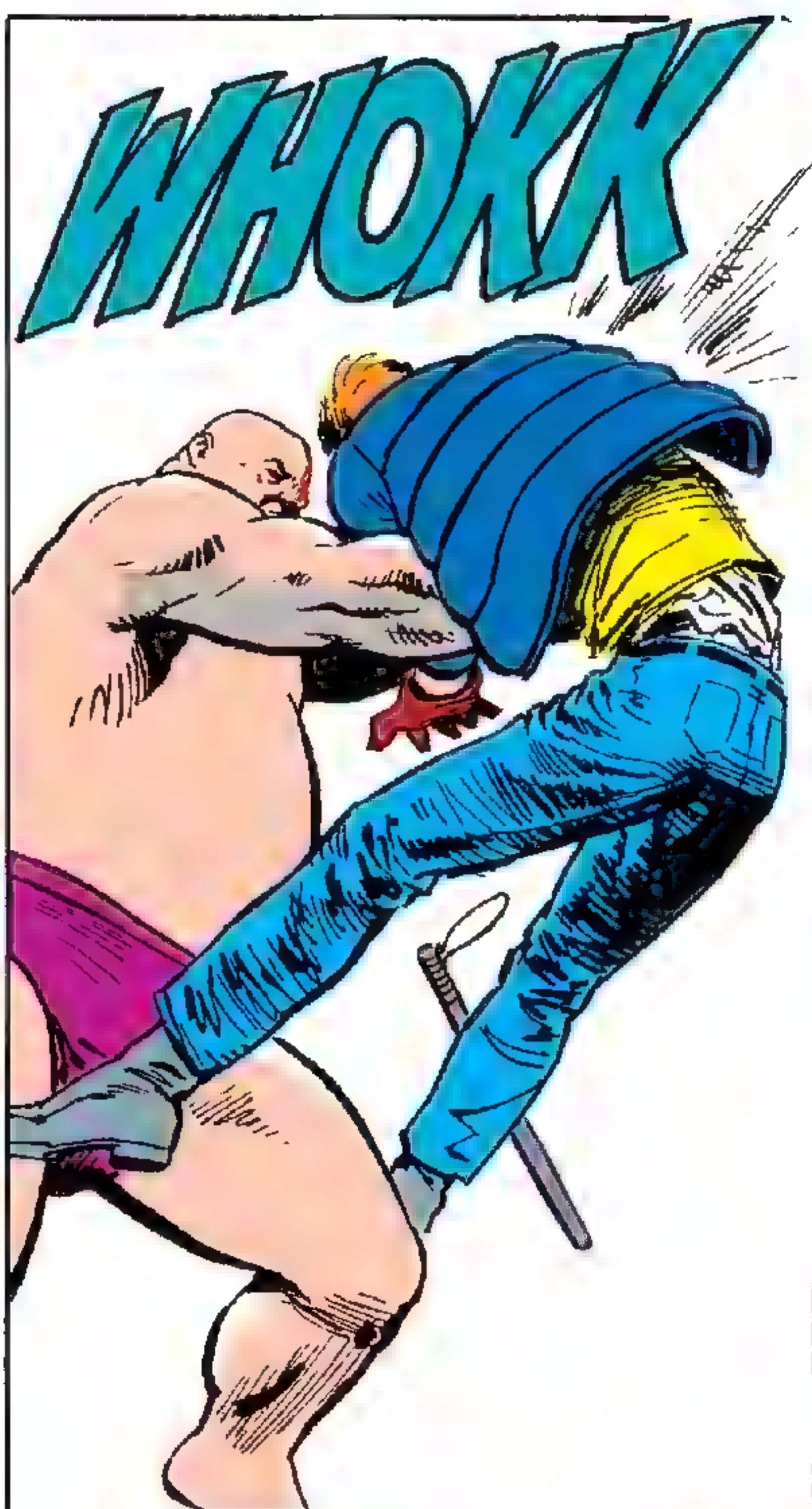


KRAK



THAPP



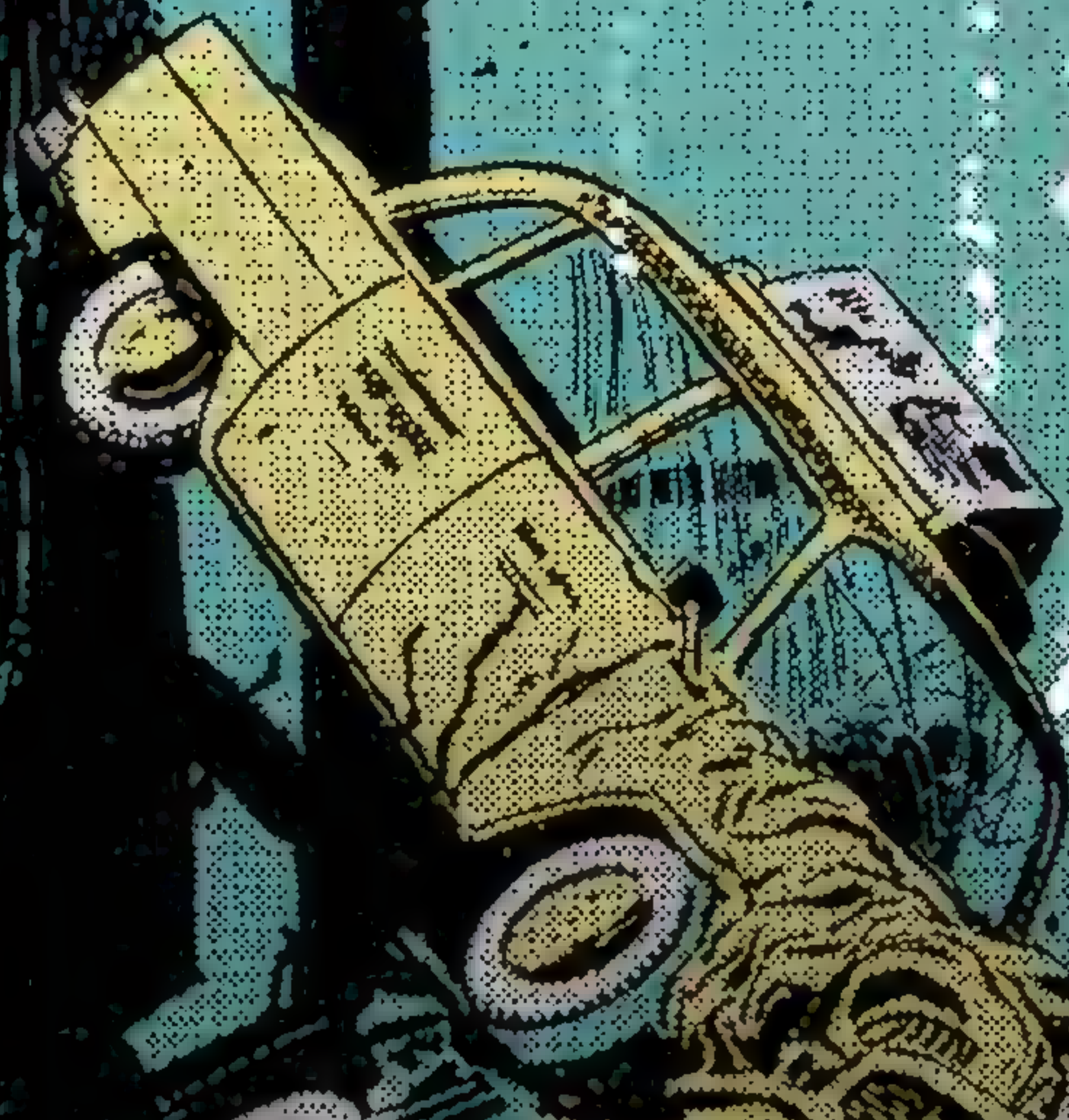


IT WOULD BE A JOY TO END IT THERE. SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN BRINGS TO THE KINGPIN A BLOODLUST HE HAS NOT FELT SINCE HIS YOUTH. IT TAKES AN EFFORT OF WILL TO RESTRAIN HIMSELF FROM TEARING MURDOCK LIMB FROM LIMB.

BUT THE KINGPIN IS A CAREFUL MAN. THERE ARE DETAILS TO CONSIDER.

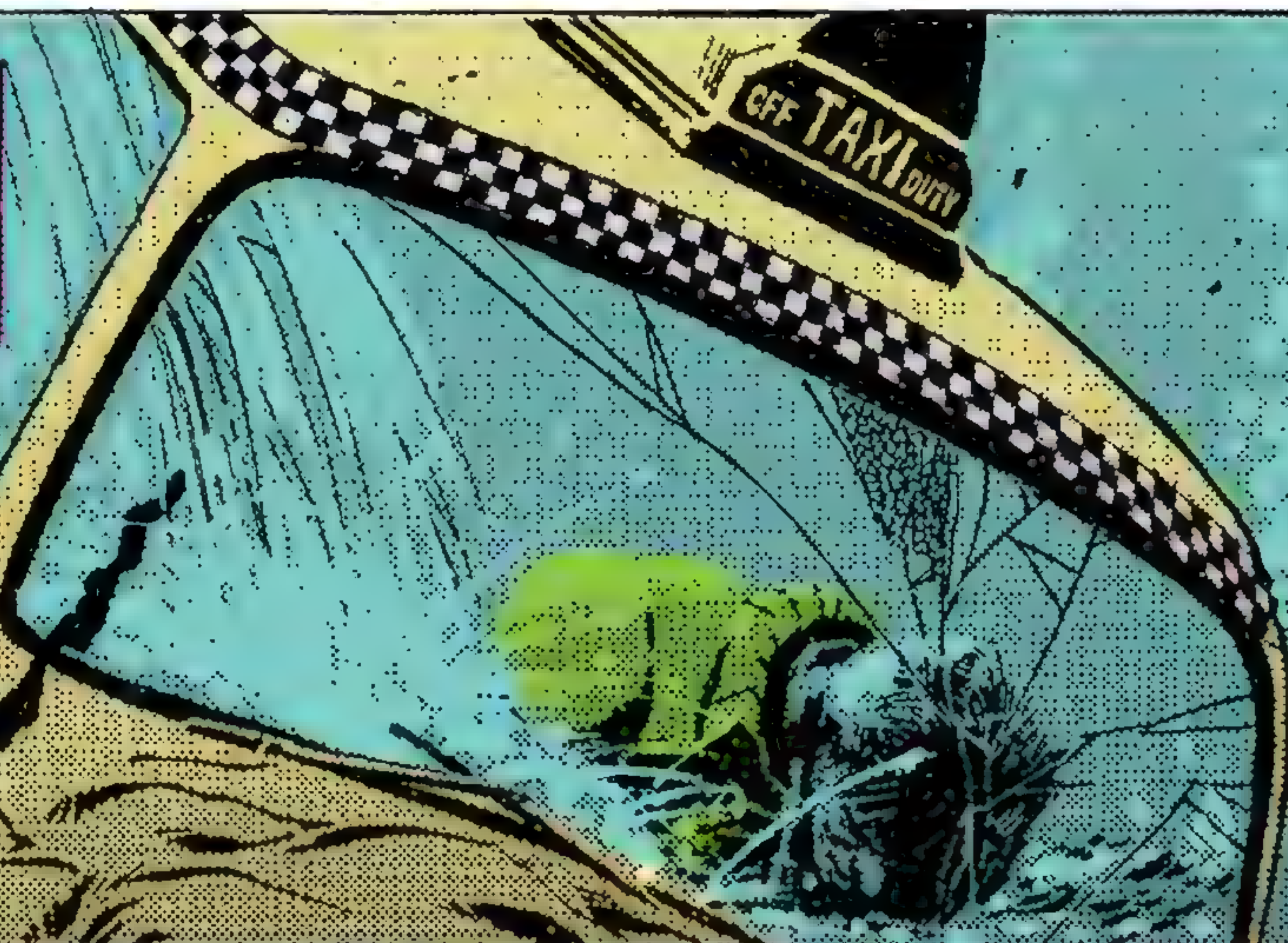
MURDOCK'S DEATH MUST BE NEITHER MYSTERIOUS NOR SUSPICIOUS. THERE MUST BE NO ROOM FOR QUESTIONS. NO CAUSE FOR INVESTIGATION.

UNCONSCIOUS BUT LIVING, MURDOCK IS PLACED IN A STOLEN CHECKER CAB...



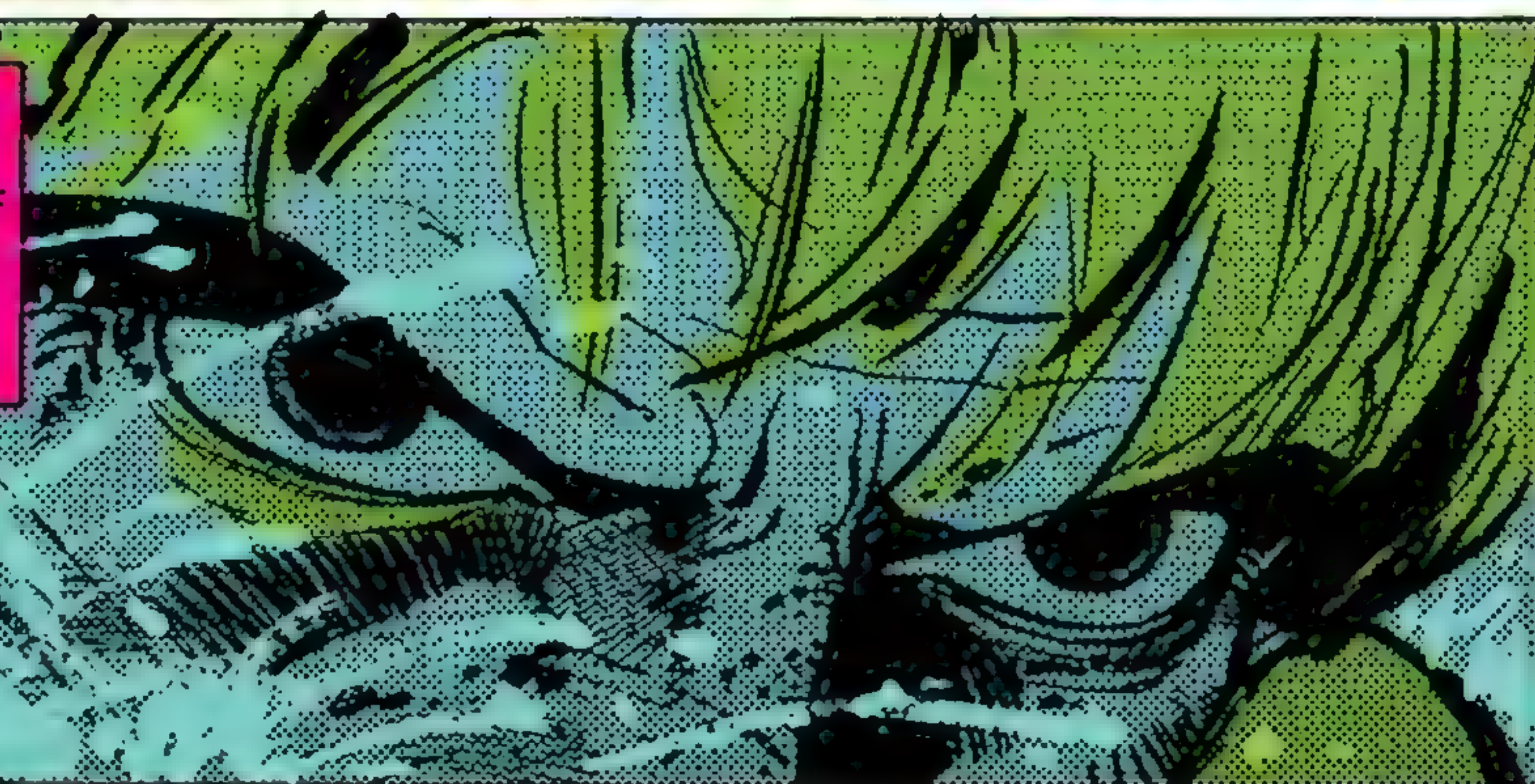
...THE CAB IS DRIVEN OFF PIER 41 INTO THE EAST RIVER. ITS SAFETY BELT AND DOORS ARE CORRODED SHUT BY A CHEMICAL PROCESS THAT IS IDENTICAL TO RUST. MURDOCK IS DRENCHED IN WHISKEY, A BOTTLE, OPEN, IS LAID IN HIS LAP.

THE OWNER OF THE CAB IS BEATEN TO DEATH BY MURDOCK'S STOLEN BILLY CLUB.



DAYS PASS INTO WEEKS, STILL MURDOCK IS NEVER FAR FROM THE CRIMELORD'S THOUGHTS. HE IMAGINES ONE LAST, TERRIBLE MOMENT OF REALIZATION... OF MURDOCK THRASHING WILDLY, DESPERATELY, HATEFULLY... SCREAMING SOUNDLESSLY INTO THE POISONED WATER...

...THE KINGPIN SHUDDERS AT THE THOUGHT, IN PLEASURE...

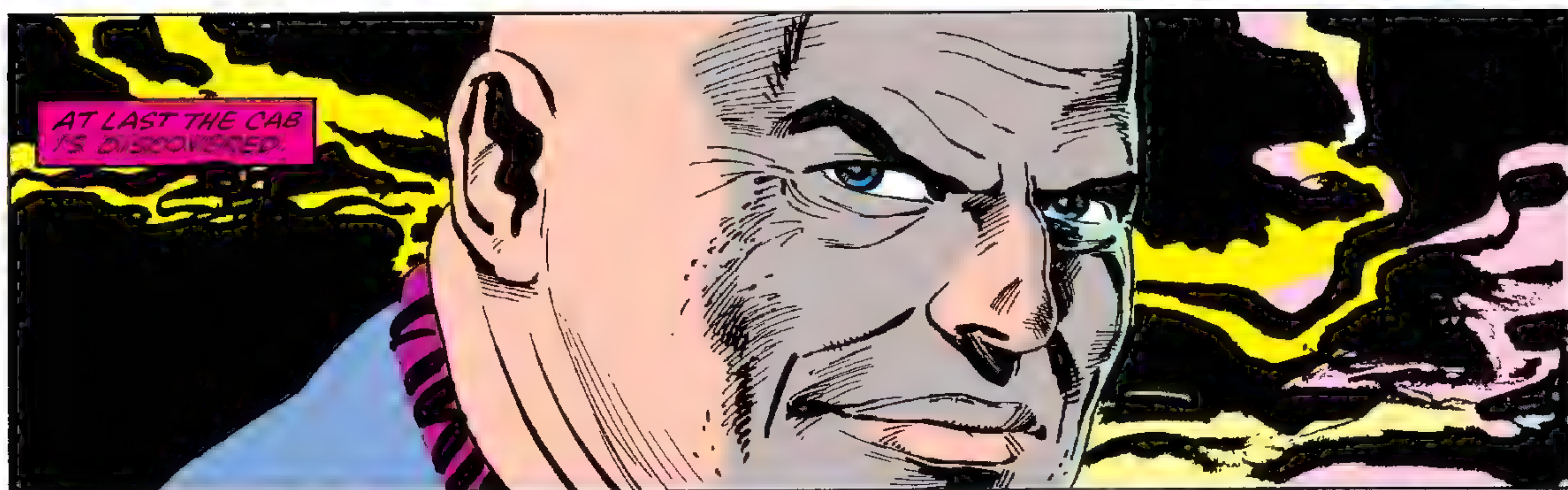




THE WORLD SEEMS FLOODED
WITH SUNLIGHT. DAILY
BUSINESS BECOMES A
JOYOUS, CHILDLIKE GAME.

HE HAS DISGRACED,
DESTROYED AND
MURDERED THE ONLY
GOOD MAN HE HAS
EVER KNOWN.

THIS IS HIS
TRIUMPH OF
THE SPIRIT.



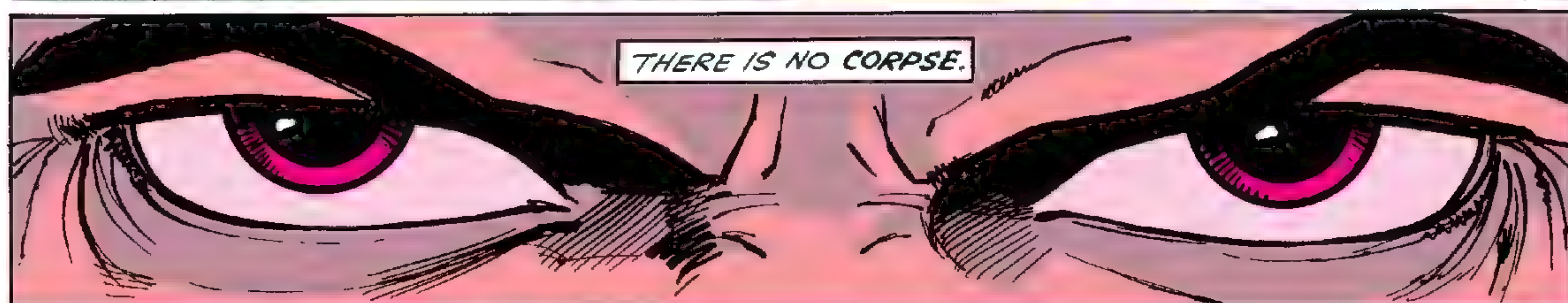
AT LAST THE CAB
IS DISCOVERED.



THERE IS BLOOD, AND
BLOODY EVIDENCE OF
A STRUGGLE.

THERE IS A SHATTERED
WINDSHIELD... A SAFETY
BELT SEVERED BY THE
WINDSHIELD'S GLASS AND
WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN
A HIDEOUS EFFORT OF
WILL.

THERE IS NO CORPSE.



THERE IS NO CORPSE.



THERE IS NO CORPSE.



NEXT: PARIAH!

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PARIAH!

DM

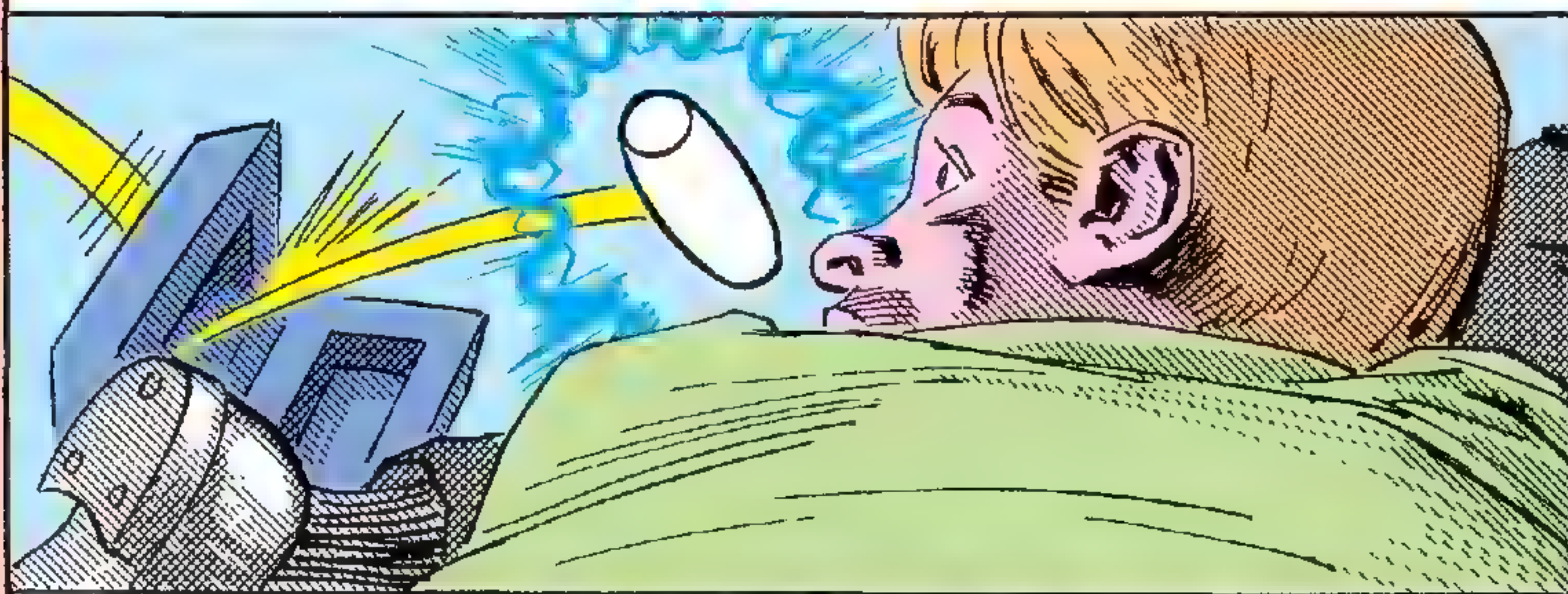
I NEVER BELIEVED...THAT
BUSINESS OF YOUR LIFE
FLASHING IN FRONT OF
YOU BEFORE YOU DIE...

...NEVER THOUGHT...
THERE COULD BE
ENOUGH TIME...
THERE'S TOO MUCH
TO LIFE...

...BUT THERE'S REALLY
...HORRIBLY LITTLE...
THAT COUNTS...

...A SUNNY DAY...
BRIGHT AND PRETTY...

THE LAST DAY...
I WILL EVER SEE...



-- BRAVEST
THING I EVER SAW!
BUT HIS FACE--
HIS EYES...

THAT THING
THAT FELL FROM
THE TRUCK--IS IT--

LOOK AT
HIS FACE--

--THAT THING--
IS IT--

--IS IT
RADIOACTIVE?

YES...



...YES. IT COURSES
THROUGH MY BLOOD.
IT CHANGES ME.

MY BLOOD...
IT BURNS...

...IT SPURTS FROM A HEART
THAT'S POUNDING SO LOUDLY
IT'S TRYING TO BURST FROM
MY CHEST--

-- MY BLOOD--IT GUSHES
THROUGH HIGH POWER HOSES
AND SLAMS AGAINST THE
BASE OF MY SKULL.

EVERYTHING HURTS.

I DON'T KNOW
WHERE I AM.

SANDPAPER SCRAPES MY SKIN EVERY
TIME I MOVE--NO--NOT SANDPAPER--
SHEETS-- STARCHED SHEETS--

--I'M IN A BED--
SOMEWHERE--

--AND THE SMELLS...

... CHEMICAL SMELLS.
DISINFECTANTS.

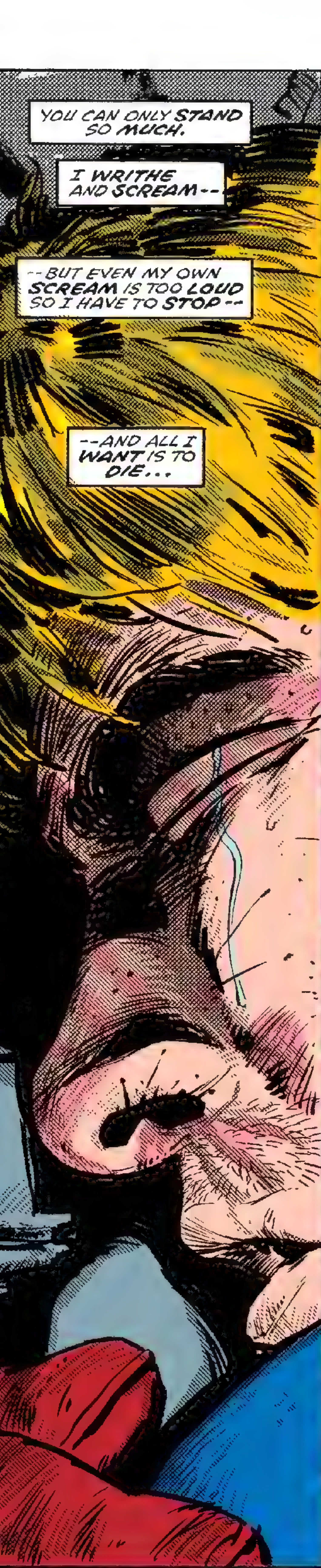
HOSPITAL. I'M IN
A HOSPITAL.

THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN ON SCREAM-
ING HINGES. PEOPLE COME AND GO,
SMELLING LIKE BATHTUBS FULL OF
SWEAT--SMELLING LIKE EATEN FOOD
--LIKE ITALIAN SAUCES AND HALF-
DIGESTED EGGS--

--THEY STAB ME WITH LONG SHARP
NEEDLES. THEY FILL ME WITH DRUGS.
BUT THE DRUGS DON'T FOOL ME.
I KNOW THEY CUT MY FACE.

I CAN FEEL IT YOU IDIOTS--
CAN'T YOU SEE THERE'S NOTHING
YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME FROM
FEELING IT?

EVERYTHING HURTS.



YOU CAN ONLY STAND
SO MUCH.

I WRITHE
AND SCREAM--

--BUT EVEN MY OWN
SCREAM IS TOO LOUD
SO I HAVE TO STOP--

--AND ALL I
WANT IS TO
DIE...

... BUT I DON'T DIE,
SO I HAVE TO MAKE DO.

AFTER A TIME I SOMEHOW
SHUT OUT JUST ENOUGH...
AFTER A TIME IT'S ONLY
AGONY.

THEN, PAST THE FUMES OF
WHATEVER IT IS THEY USE
TO CLEAN THE FLOOR, THERE
COMES A WAVE OF WHISKEY
--A MEGAPHONE VOICE...

SON?

CAN YOU
HEAR ME, SON?

HEAR YOU--WHAT DO YOU
EXPECT--YOU'RE SHOUTING--

THE DOCTORS...THEY
SAY YOU'LL BE FINE, SON.


--LIKE ALL THE REST--BREATHES
LIKE HE'S A HUNDRED FEET TALL...

YOU'RE A HERO, BOY.

...SO BIG...IT'S LIKE
I'M IN HIM...IT'S...

YOU JUST REST NOW.

...IS THAT MY FATHER?



DAD'S ANXIETY PAINTS
THE WORLD RED. HE
FINALLY LEAVES AND IT'S
ANOTHER NIGHT OF
TERROR AND THE ENDLESS
COUGHING OF SOMEONE
DOWN THE HALL.

THEN... SOFT STEPS
... A SOFT WOMAN'S
SCENT...

... A SOFT VOICE...

WHY DOES
IT HURT?

SO LOUD...
SO SMELLY...
EVERYTHING...

I
SEE...

SHE BREATHES. DOWN THE
HALL THE COUGHING SUBSIDES.

WHEN SHE SPEAKS AGAIN
IT'S A GENTLE WHISPER.

THIS... MAY
NOT BE A BAD
THING. WHAT YOU
COULD DO WITH
IT...

DO...
WITH IT?

JUST THINK OF IT.
IT'S A BLESSING,
MATT.

IT'S YOURS.
YOURS.

AND IT'S OUR
SECRET. DON'T
TELL ANYONE.

PROMISE
ME NOW...

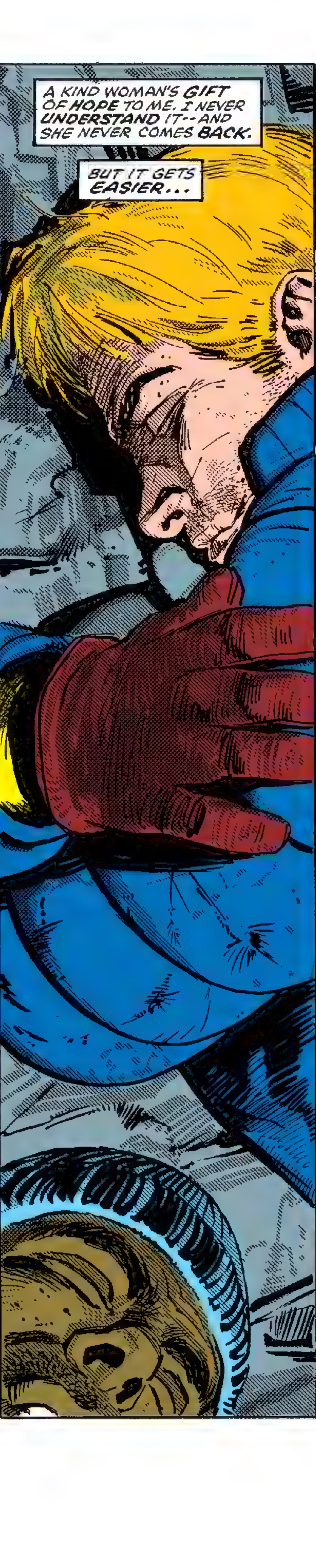
WHO ARE
YOU?

LIPS, WARM... KISS-
ING MY FOREHEAD...
LOVING...

... AND SOMETHING HARD,
DANGLING FROM HER NECK...

IT'S A CROSS...
MADE OF GOLD...

PROMISE
ME...



A KIND WOMAN'S GIFT
OF HOPE TO ME. I NEVER
UNDERSTAND IT-- AND
SHE NEVER COMES BACK.

BUT IT GETS
EASIER...

IT'S OKAY,
DAD. I'M
AWAKE.

SON...HOW'D
YOU KNOW I
WAS HERE?

COULD HEAR
YOU A MILE OFF.
SIT DOWN, DAD.

WE HAVE TO
TALK, MATT.
MAN TO MAN.

I'M ALL
EARS, DAD.

IT'S ABOUT THE
ACCIDENT, SON. YOU
WERE HIT BY SOME-
THING SOME CORPORA-
TION WAS DRIVING
THROUGH TOWN. RIGHT
THROUGH TOWN.

THEY WON'T SAY IF IT
WAS RADIOACTIVE. THEY
WON'T EVEN TALK TO ME.

IT MESSED YOU UP PRETTY
BADLY, MATT. YOUR FACE...
WELL, I'M AMAZED WHAT THEY
WERE ABLE TO DO WITH IT.
YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK
GOOD AS NEW, BUT...

...IT'S YOUR
EYES, SON.
THEY...

I KNOW I'M BLIND,
DAD. THERE AREN'T ANY
BANDAGES ON MY EYES--
AND I'VE NEVER HEARD OF
A HOSPITAL WITHOUT
LIGHTS.

YOU...YOU'RE
TAKING IT WELL,
SON...

YES...

...I PROMISED...

...I KEEP MY HEIGHTENED
SENSES SECRET...EVEN
FROM DAD...

...I FIND A TEACHER
WHO HELPS ME
MASTER THEM...

...AND DAD IS
MURDERED AND I
BECOME DAREDEVIL
AND FIGHT CRIME...

...AND OTHER
THINGS HAPPEN.
A HOME. A
CAREER...

...BUT THE OTHER
THINGS ARE GONE
NOW SO THEY DON'T
MATTER...

...GONE...THE KINGPIN
TOOK THEM AWAY. FOUND
OUT MY SECRET IDENTITY
AND TOOK EVERYTHING
AWAY...

...AND I ATTACKED
HIM...

...AND HE
KILLED ME.

Stan Lee
presents

PARIAH!

by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

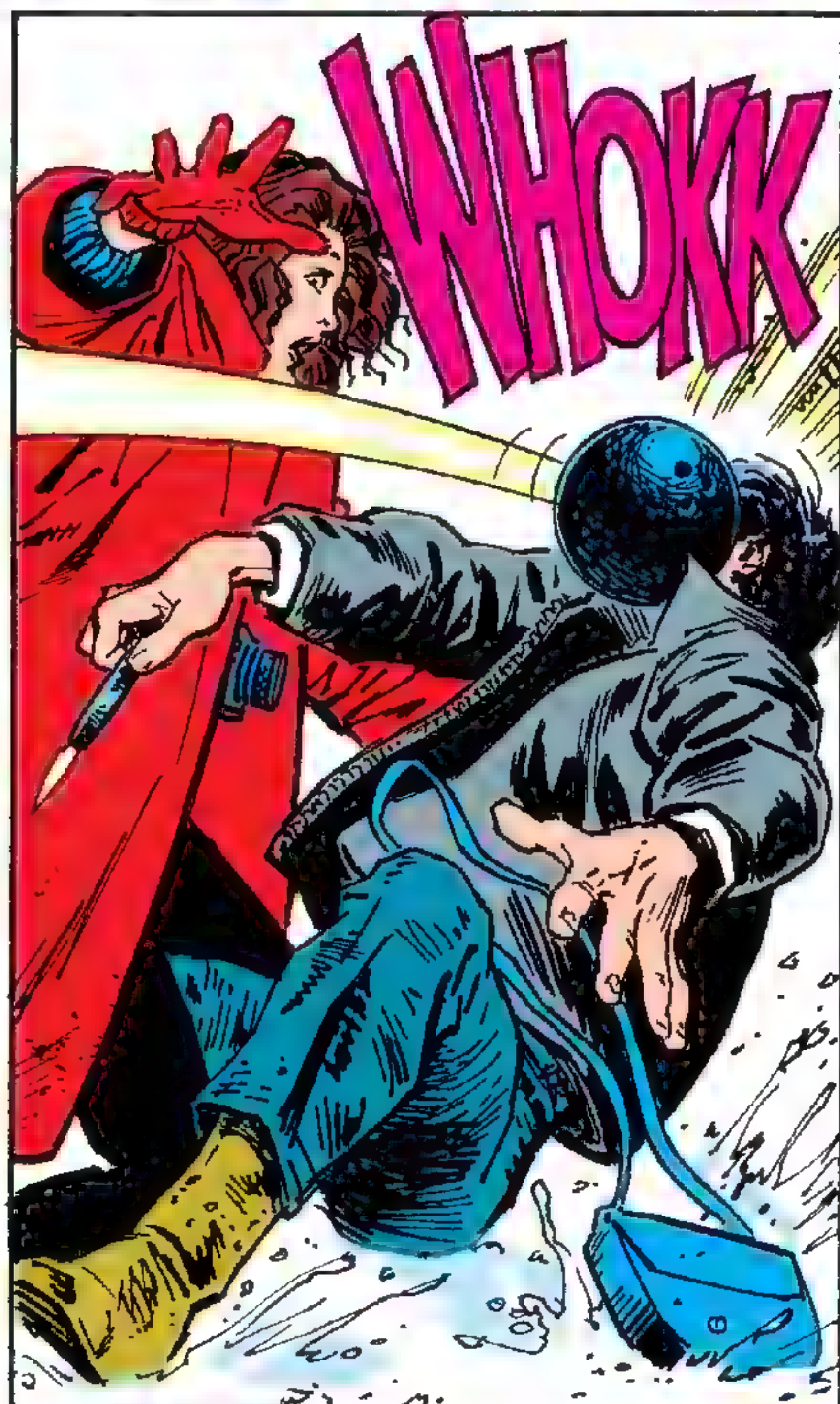
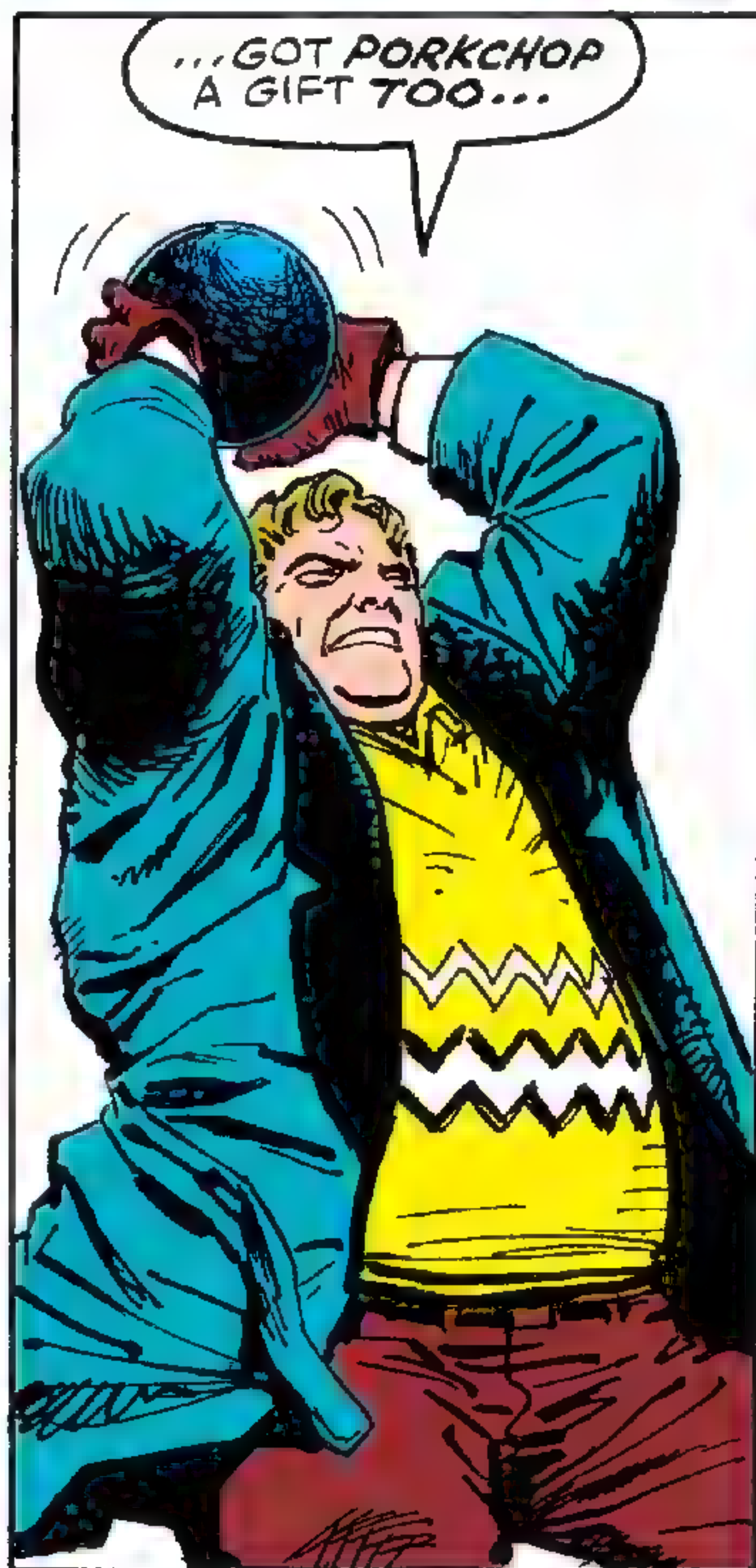
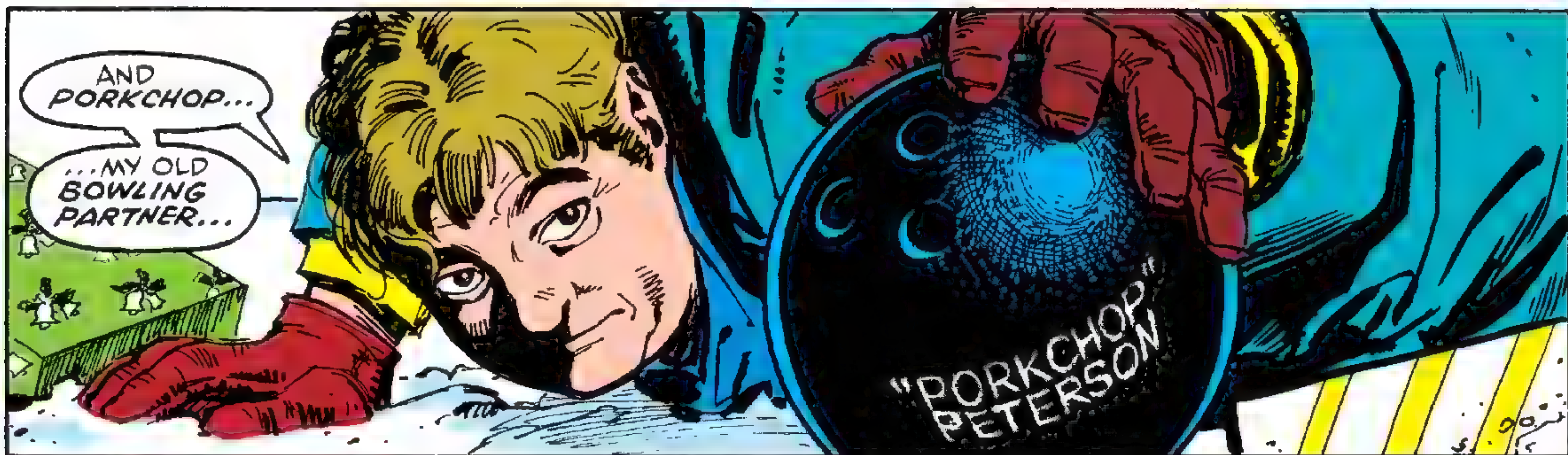
CHRISTIE SCHEELE
COLORS

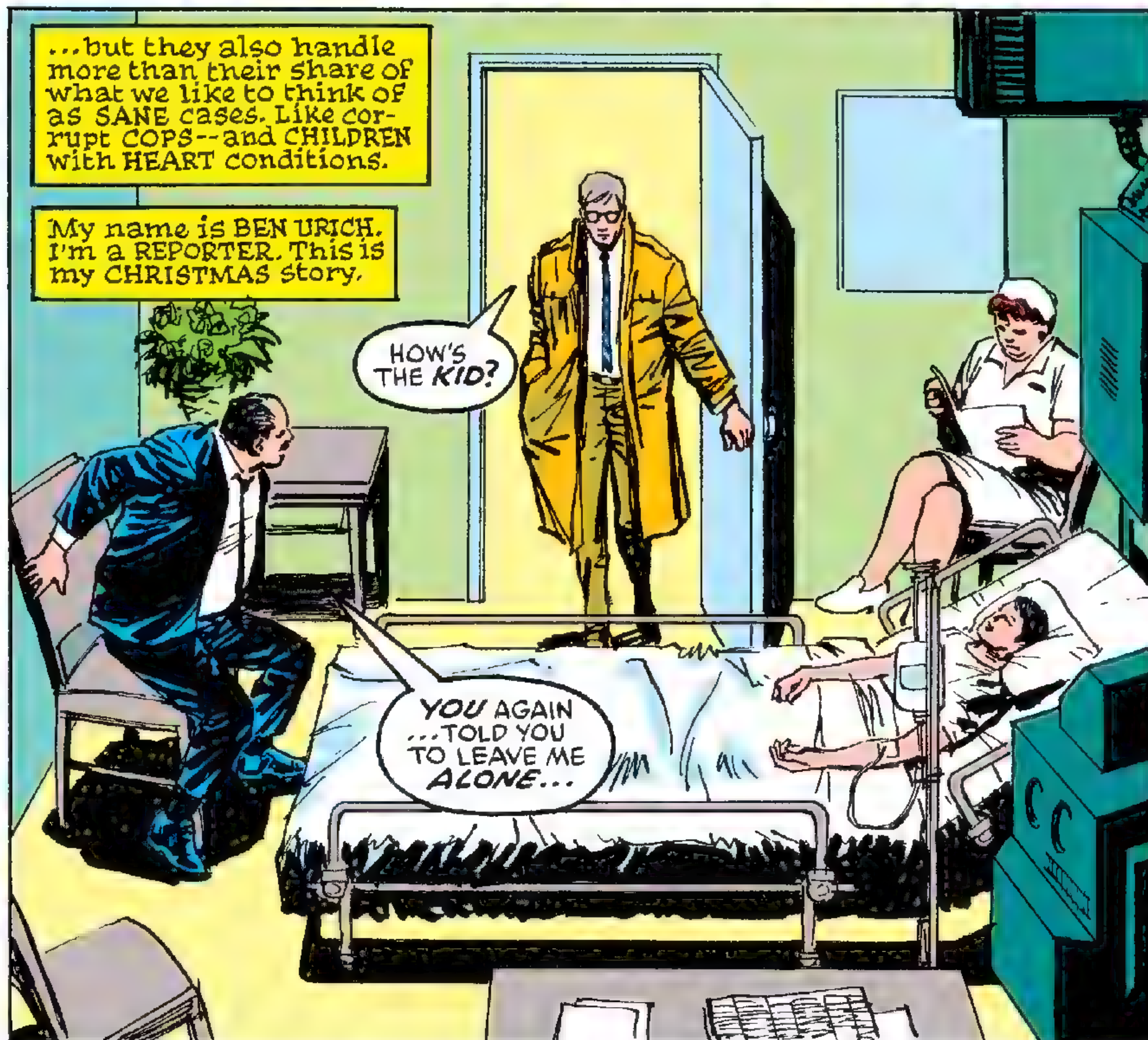
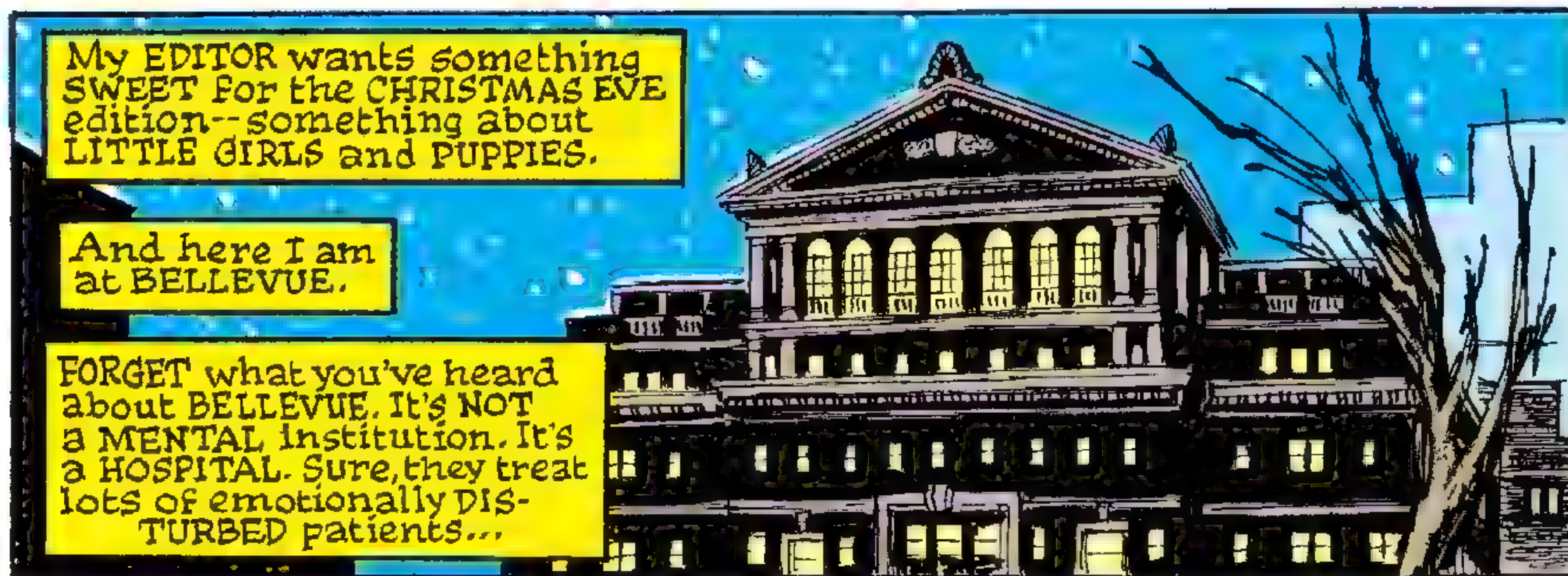
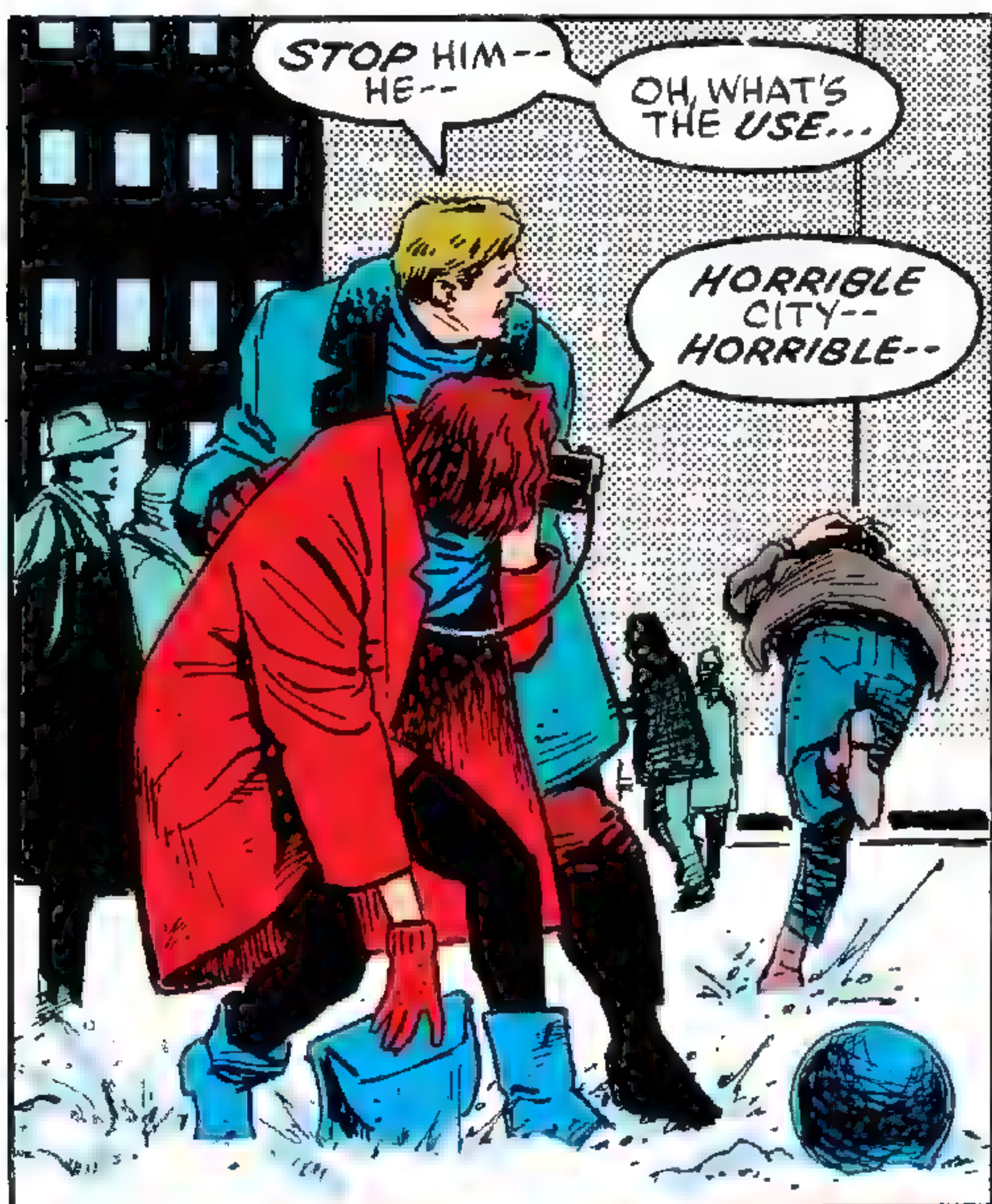
JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF











CHRISTMAS EVE--HOW CAN IT
BE CHRISTMAS EVE WHEN IT'S
SO HOT--

--CHRISTMAS IS
SNOW AND FIRE-
PLACES AND LOVED
ONES AND PRESENTS--

--IT ISN'T THE MEXICAN
SUN AND QUAKING
FROM HEAD TO TOE
FROM HEROIN WITH-
DRAWAL--



--IT ISN'T ROBBING A
BLIND MAN--THE SECOND
I'VE ROBBED, THINKS
KAREN PAGE--

--MATT--I ROBBED MATT
TOO--SOLD HIS SECRET
IDENTITY FOR A FIX--

--AND NOW I NEED ANOTHER FIX
AND I NEED TO GET TO NEW YORK
AND I NEED MATT TO SAVE ME FROM
MEN WHO ARE TRYING TO KILL ME--
I NEED MONEY--

--THE SECOND BLIND MAN I'VE
ROBBED-- BUT THIS ONE CATCHES ME--



--SCREAMS
AND WON'T STOP
SCREAMING--



--KEEP MOVING--

--DON'T THINK--

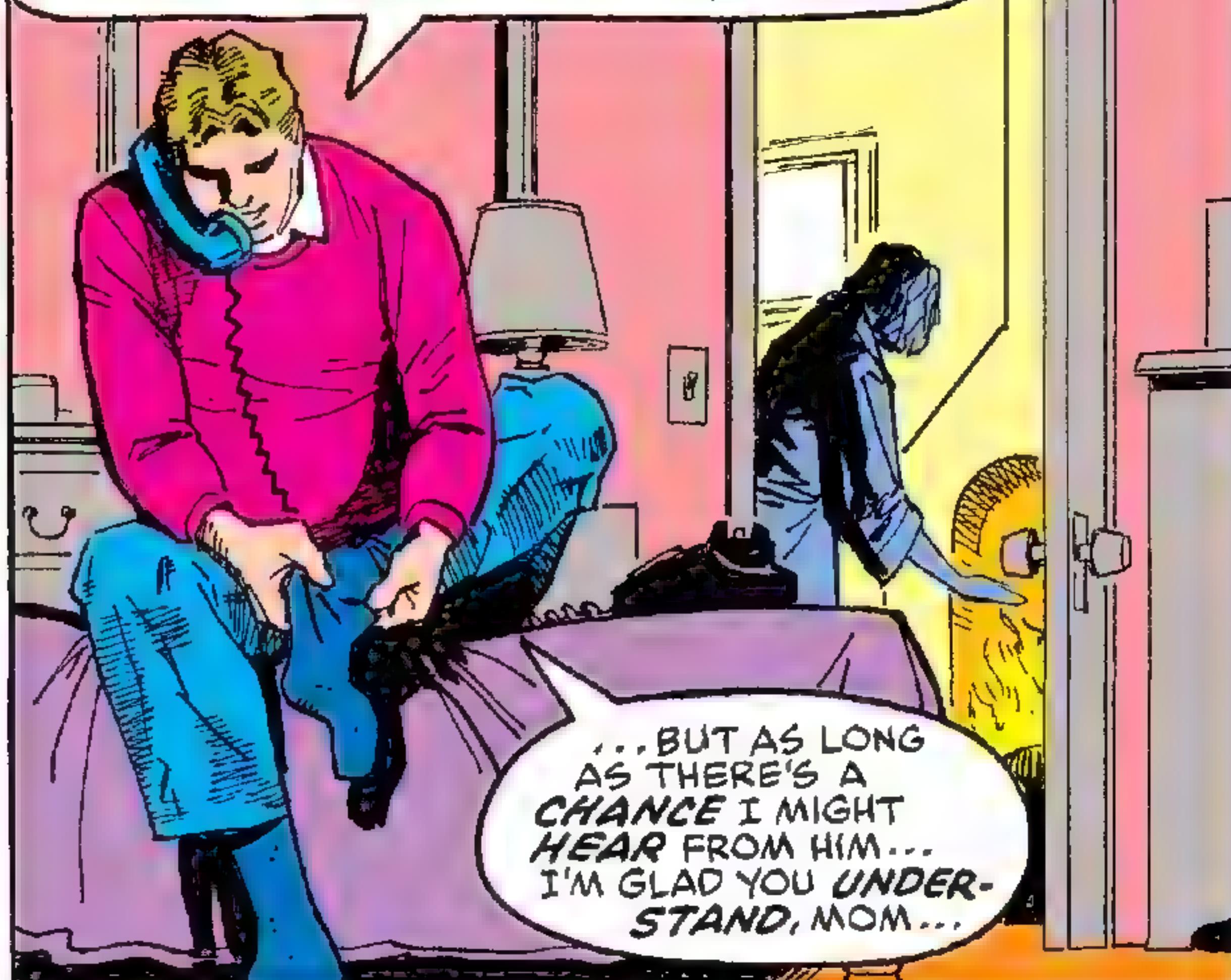
--THE KILLERS CAN'T
BE FAR BEHIND--





KEEP
MOVING...

I MISS YOU **TOO**, MOM. IT'S... WELL, IT'S **MATT**--
YOU KNOW, MY **PARTNER**--OR AT LEAST HE
USED TO BE MY PARTNER-- HE'S IN A LOT OF
TROUBLE. IT'S KIND OF HARD TO **EXPLAIN**...



...BUT AS LONG
AS THERE'S A
CHANCE I MIGHT
HEAR FROM HIM...
I'M GLAD YOU **UNDER-**
STAND, MOM...

...OH, THINGS ARE GOING **REAL**
WELL. I'VE GOTTEN SEVERAL
JOB OFFERS... YES, I KNOW YOU
SAID I WOULD. ONE IN PARTICULAR
LOOKS QUITE **GOOD**. ALMOST
TOO GOOD... NO, I DON'T KNOW
WHAT I MEANT BY THAT...



...AND, WELL, IT'S
NOT JUST **THAT**.
MOM. YOU SEE, I'VE
MET A **GIRL**...
SHE'S **REAL NICE**...



JEEZ, TURK.
I MEAN WE
COULD'VE
BOUGHT
THE SUITS.

WITH **WHAT**? WE
BEEN **TAPPED** SINCE
THE **KINGPIN** FROZE
US OUT OF WORK.

HURRY UP AND
GET **DRESSED**.
GROTTO.



I DON'T
KNOW.
I MEAN,
SANTA
CLAUS...

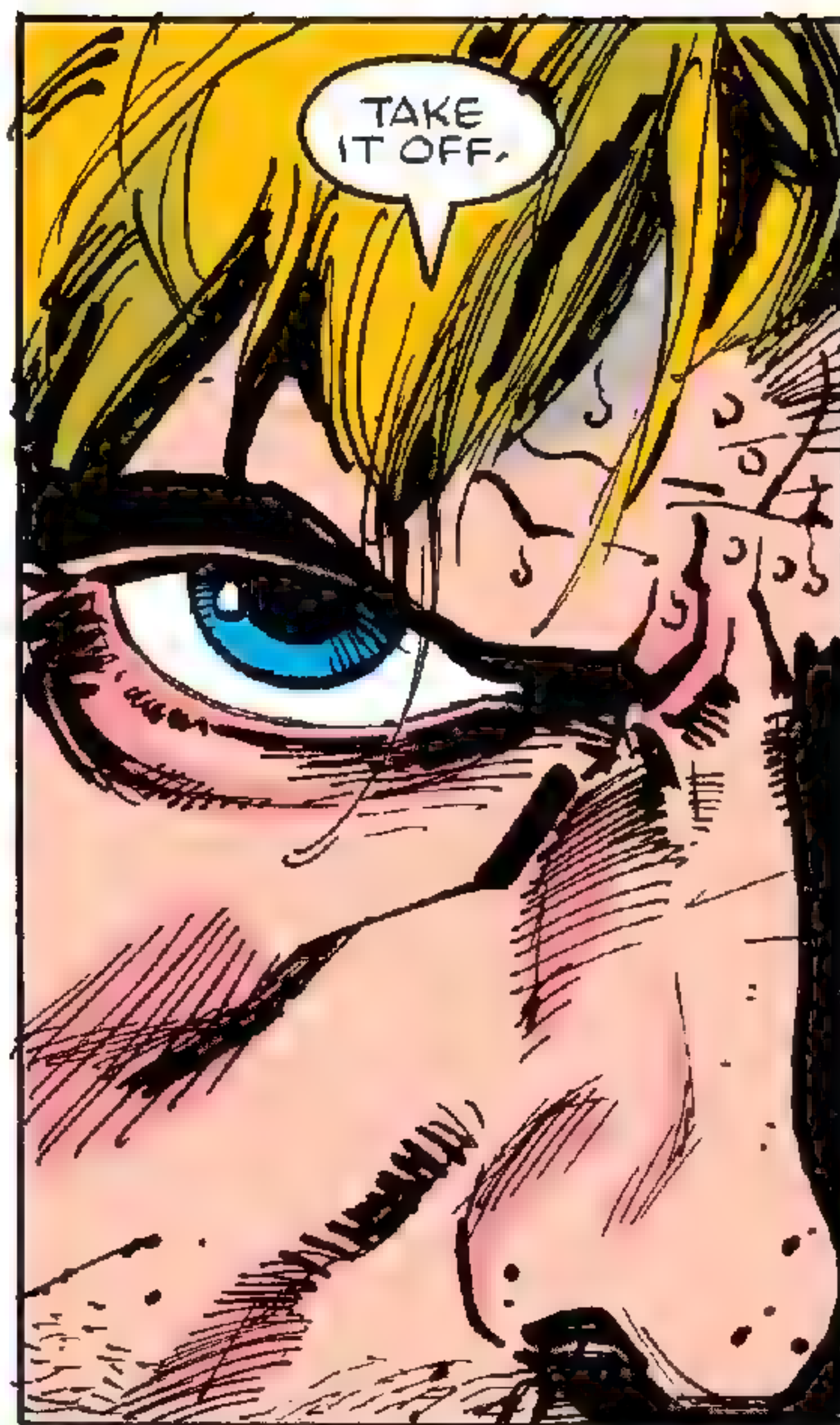
SHUT UP. NOW WE SHLEP
TO THE **UPPER EAST**
SIDE. THE **RICH** ONES
GIVE US **MONEY**--AND
THEY FEEL BETTER
ABOUT BEING **RICH**--
AND WE FEEL BETTER
ALL **AROUND**.

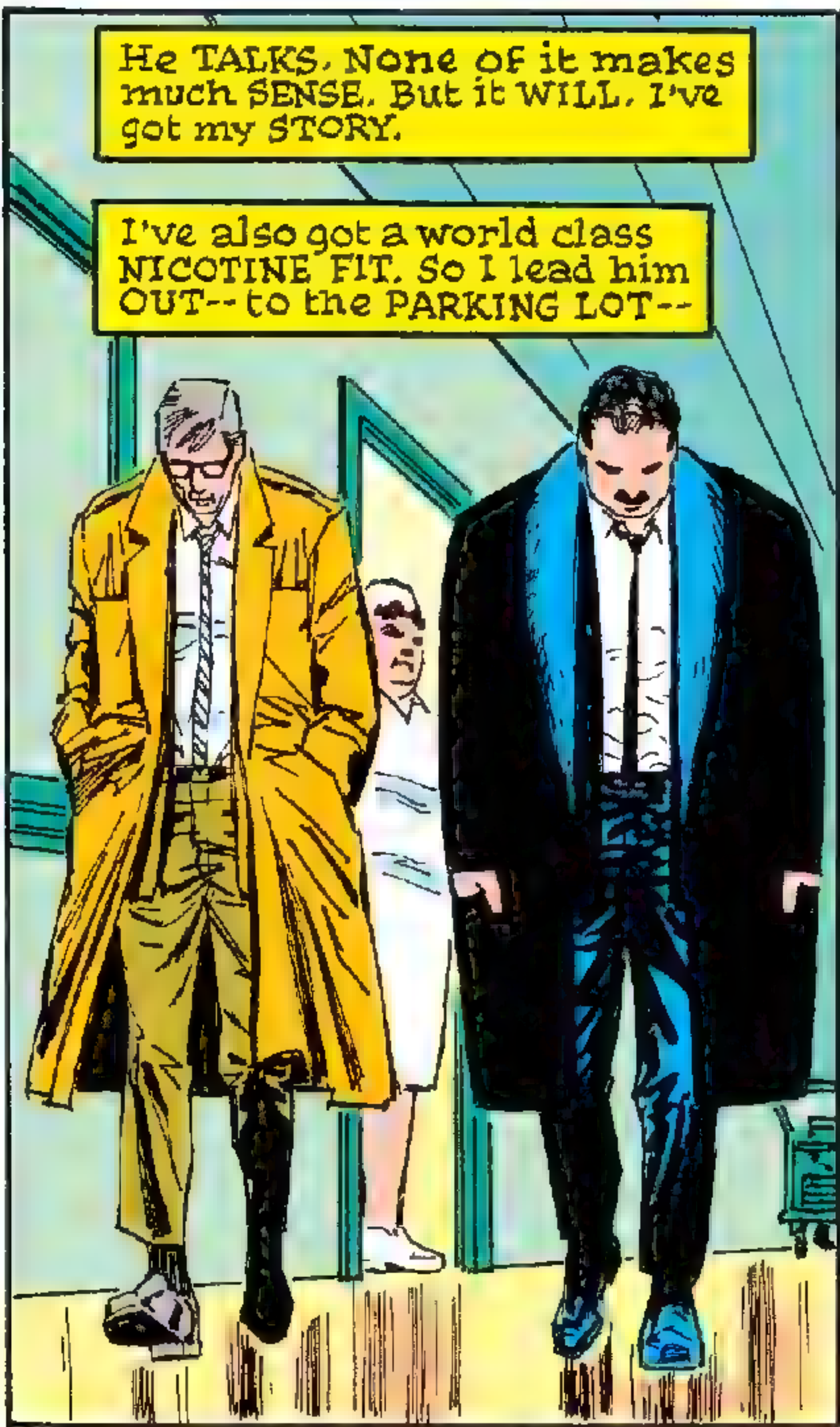
IT'S THE
CHRISTMAS
SPIRIT.

TAKE...



...TAKE
IT OFF.



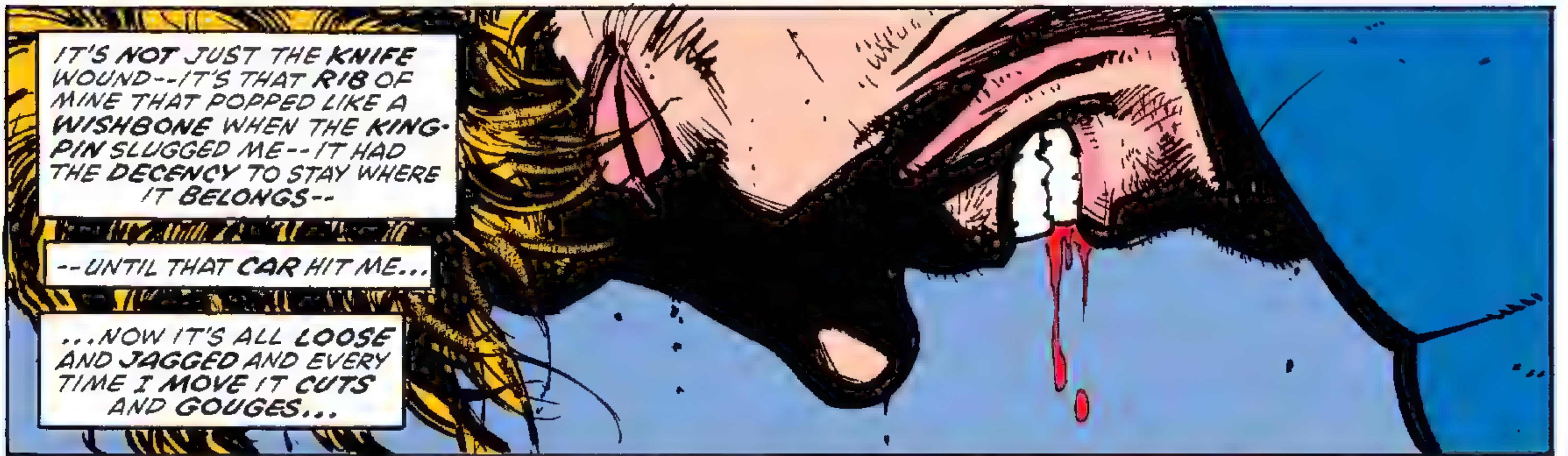


He TALKS. None of it makes much SENSE. But it WILL. I've got my STORY.

I've also got a world class NICOTINE FIT. So I lead him OUT-- to the PARKING LOT--



-- where I don't EXPECT to have to Face any grouchy NURSES.



IT'S NOT JUST THE KNIFE WOUND--IT'S THAT RIB OF MINE THAT POPPED LIKE A WISHBONE WHEN THE KING-PIN SLUGGED ME--IT HAD THE DECENCY TO STAY WHERE IT BELONGS--

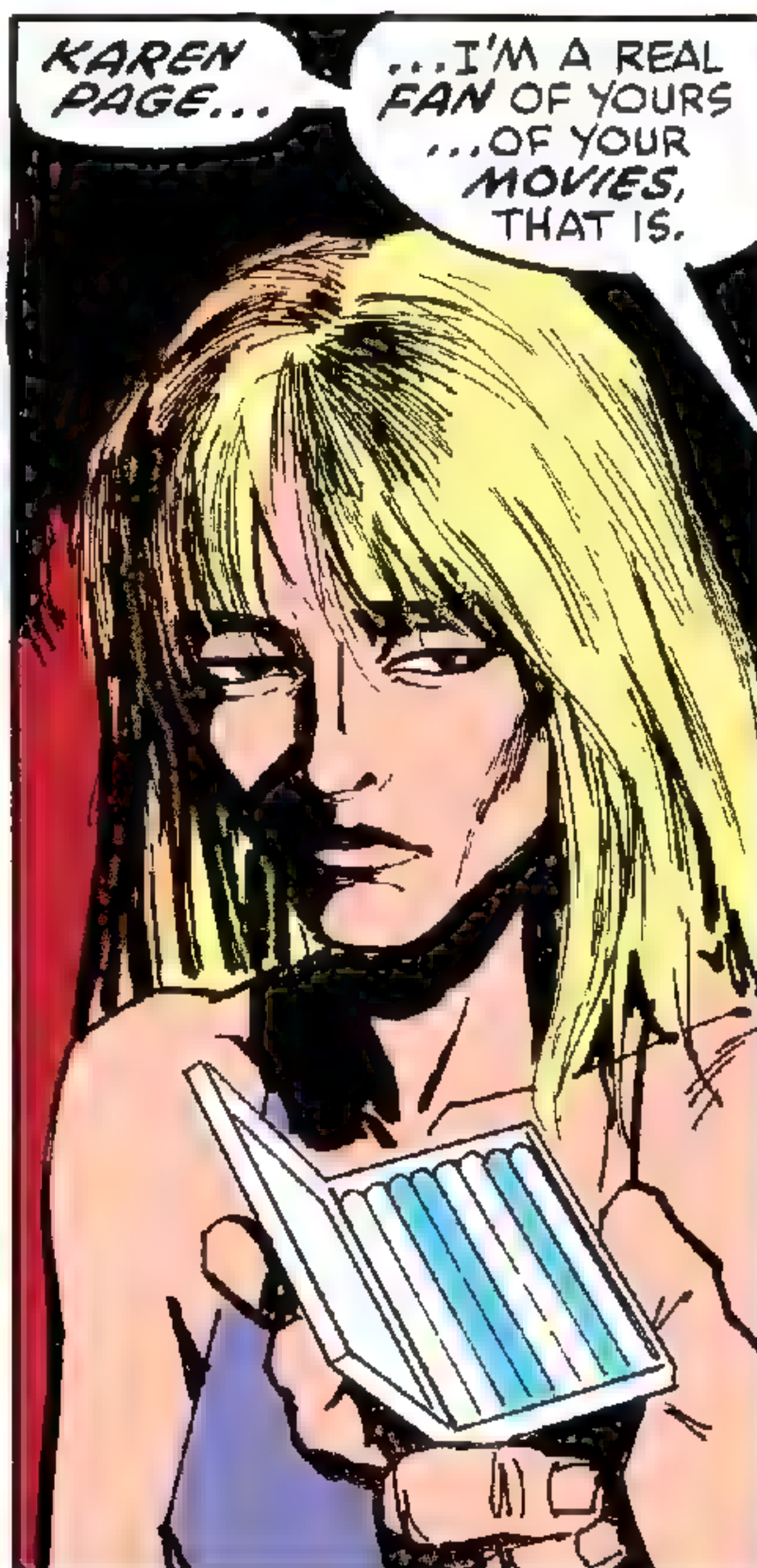
--UNTIL THAT CAR HIT ME...

...NOW IT'S ALL LOOSE AND JAGGED AND EVERY TIME I MOVE IT CUTS AND GOUGES...



...I KEEP WALKING...

...JUST BECAUSE IT'S HARD TO...



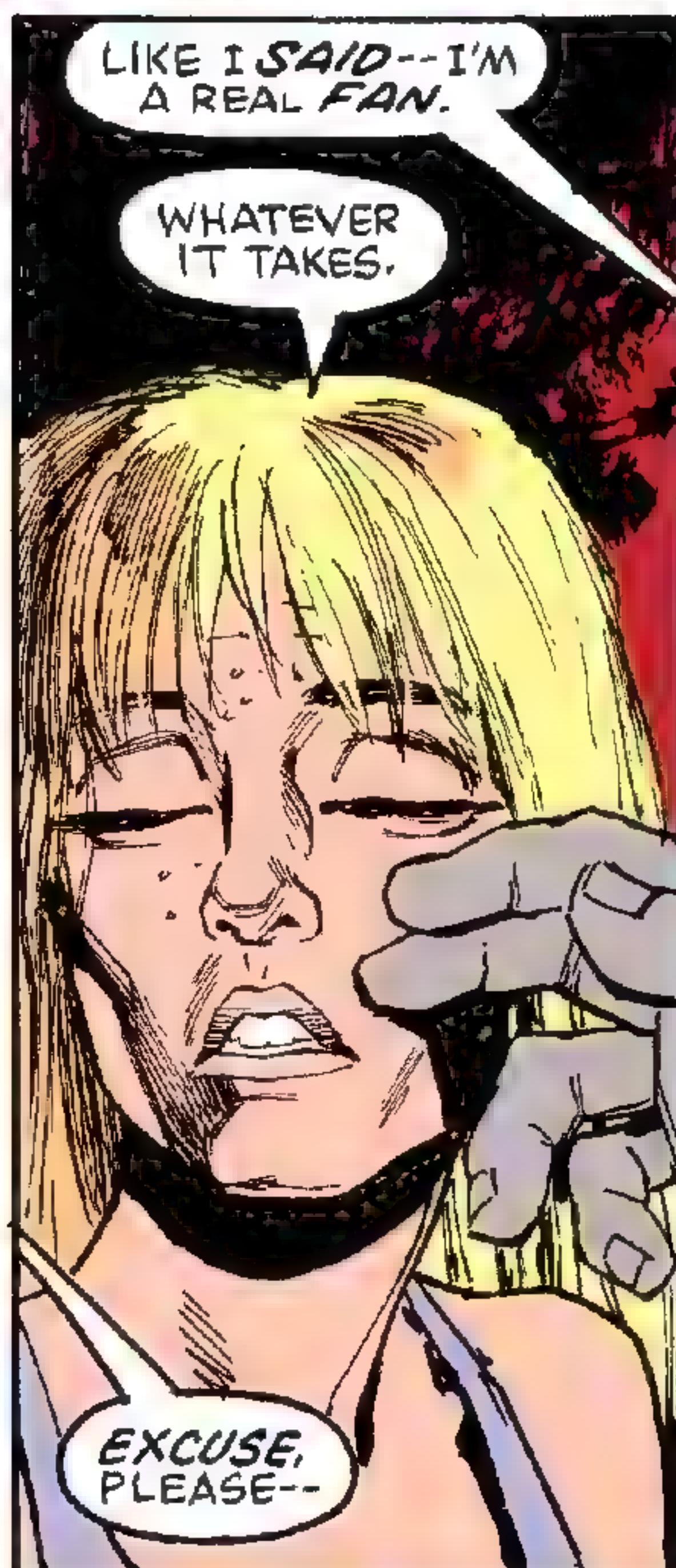
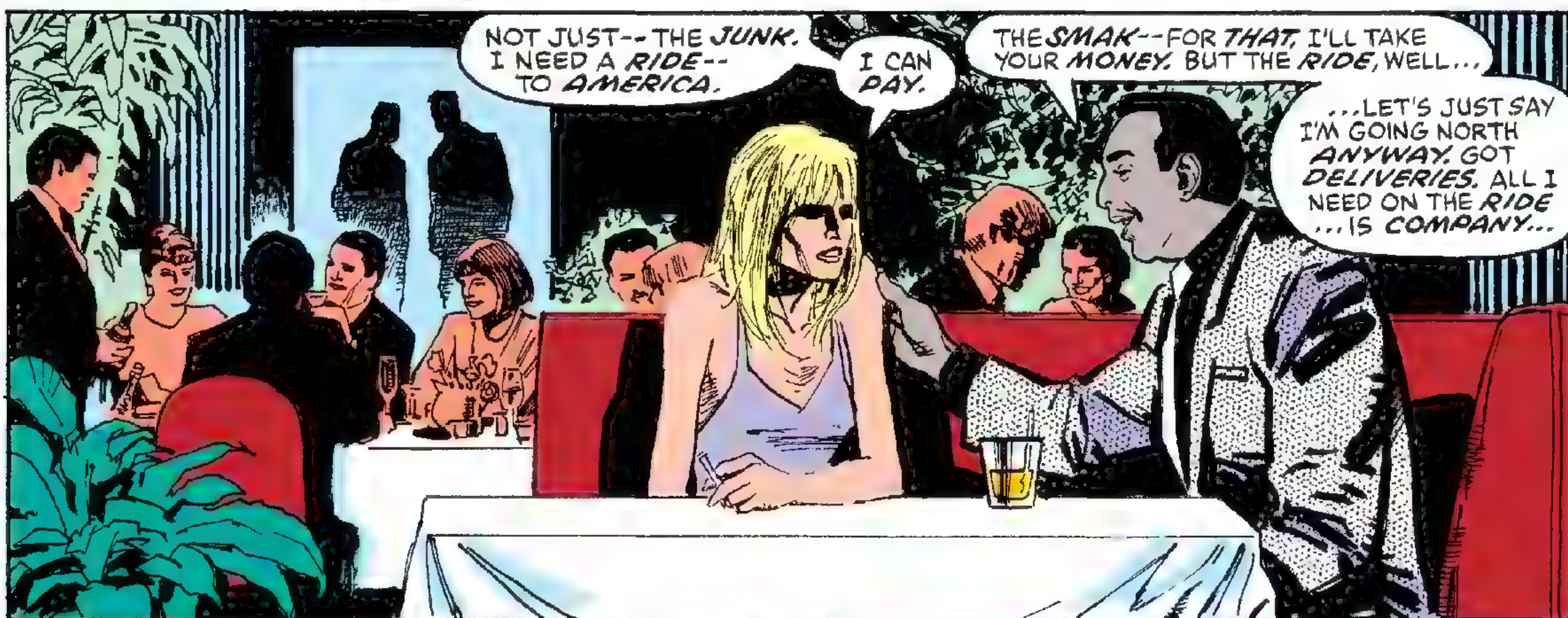
KAREN PAGE...

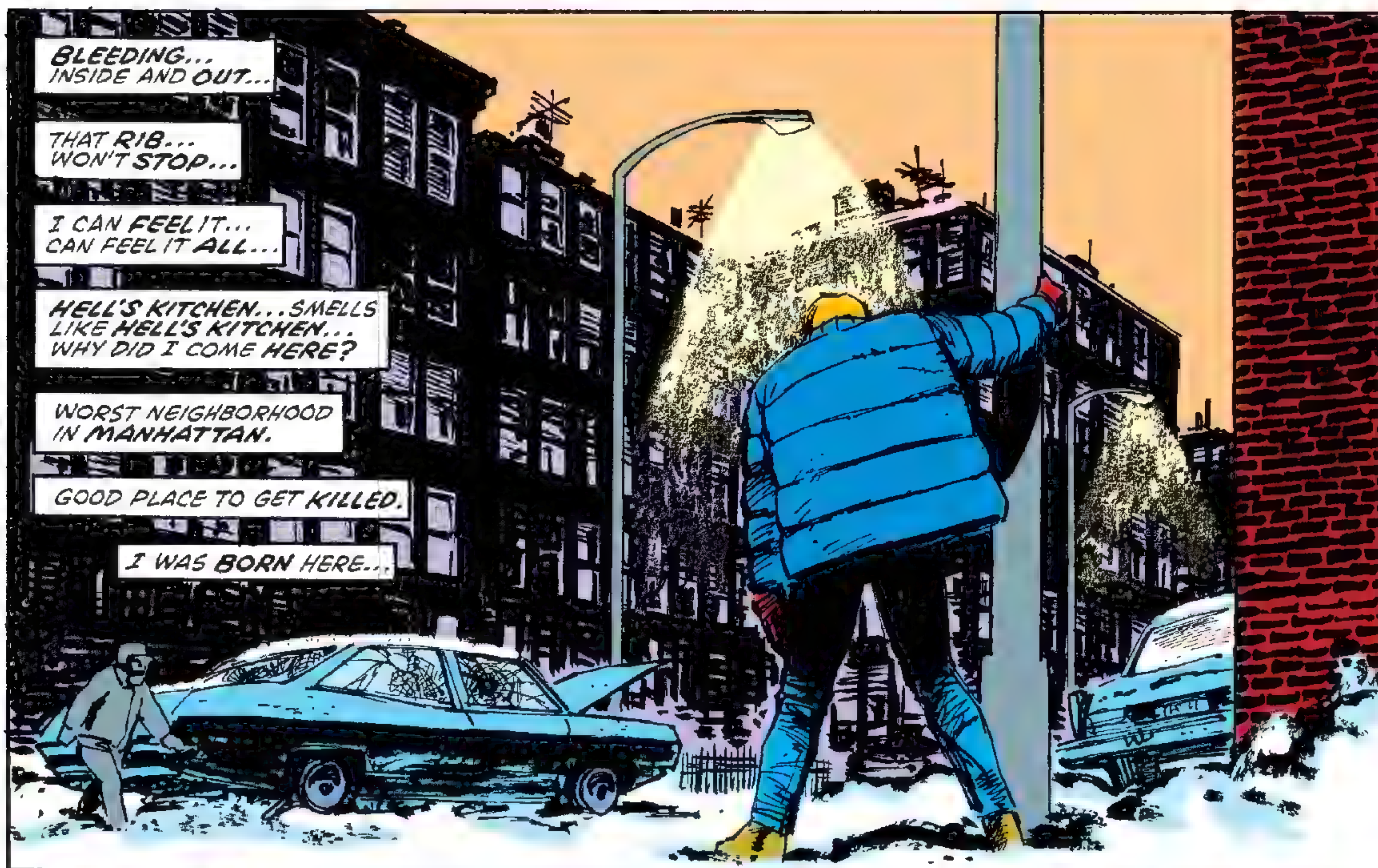
...I'M A REAL FAN OF YOURS ...OF YOUR MOVIES, THAT IS.



I NEED--

I CAN SEE WHAT YOU NEED.





BLEEDING...
INSIDE AND OUT...

THAT RIB...
WON'T STOP...

I CAN FEEL IT...
CAN FEEL IT ALL...

HELL'S KITCHEN... SMELLS
LIKE HELL'S KITCHEN...
WHY DID I COME HERE?

WORST NEIGHBORHOOD
IN MANHATTAN.

GOOD PLACE TO GET KILLED.

I WAS BORN HERE...



... RIGHT DOWN THIS
STREET. MY FATHER'S
HOME...

MY HOME. THE
ONLY HOME...
I HAVE LEFT...



OH, FOGGY--
YE SHOULDN'T--

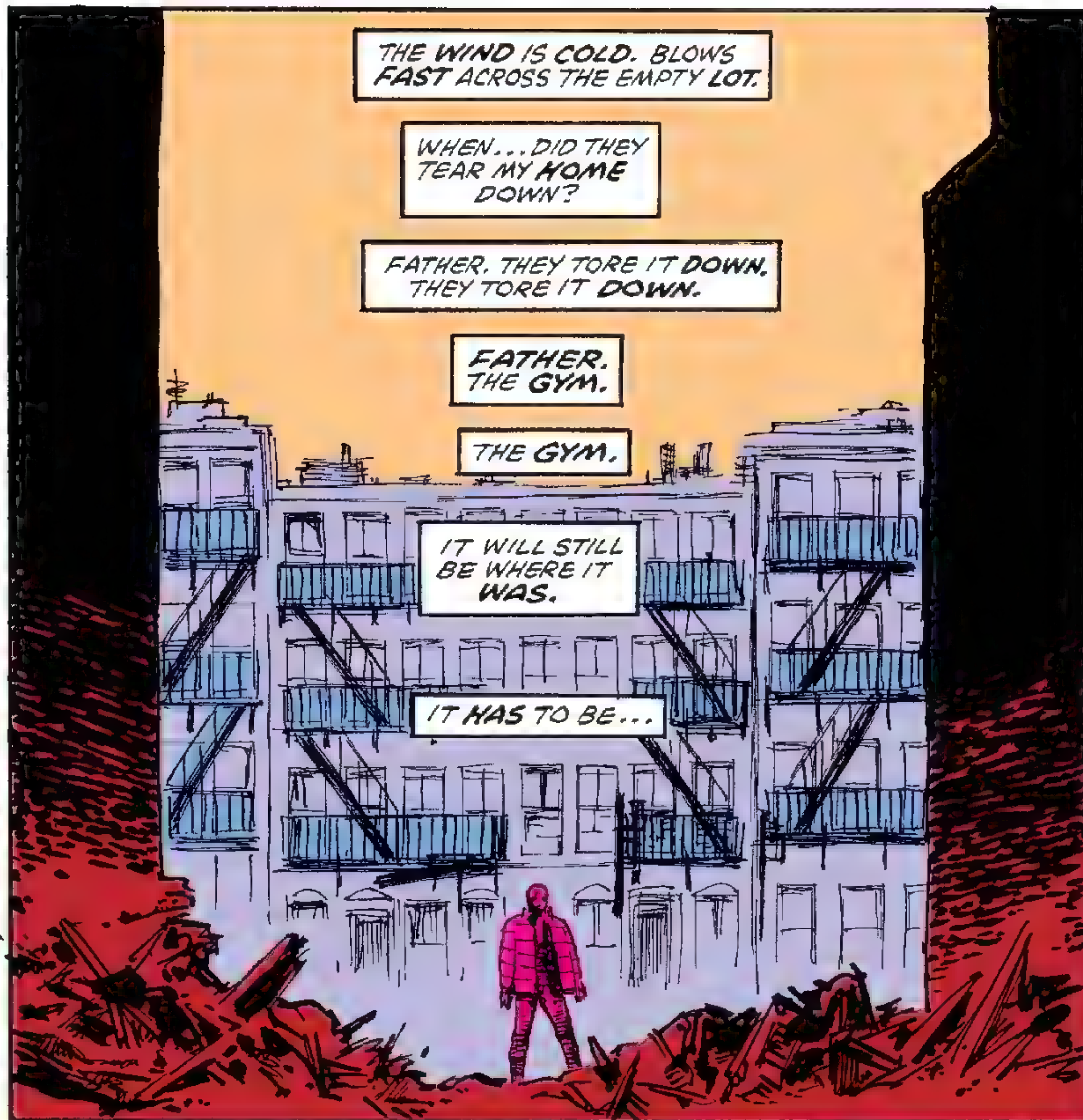
--YE REALLY
SHOULDN'T
HAVE...



OH, FOGGY... IT'S
SO BEAUTIFUL--



--SURE AND IT COST
YOU A FORTUNE...



THE WIND IS COLD. BLOWS
FAST ACROSS THE EMPTY LOT.

WHEN... DID THEY
TEAR MY HOME
DOWN?

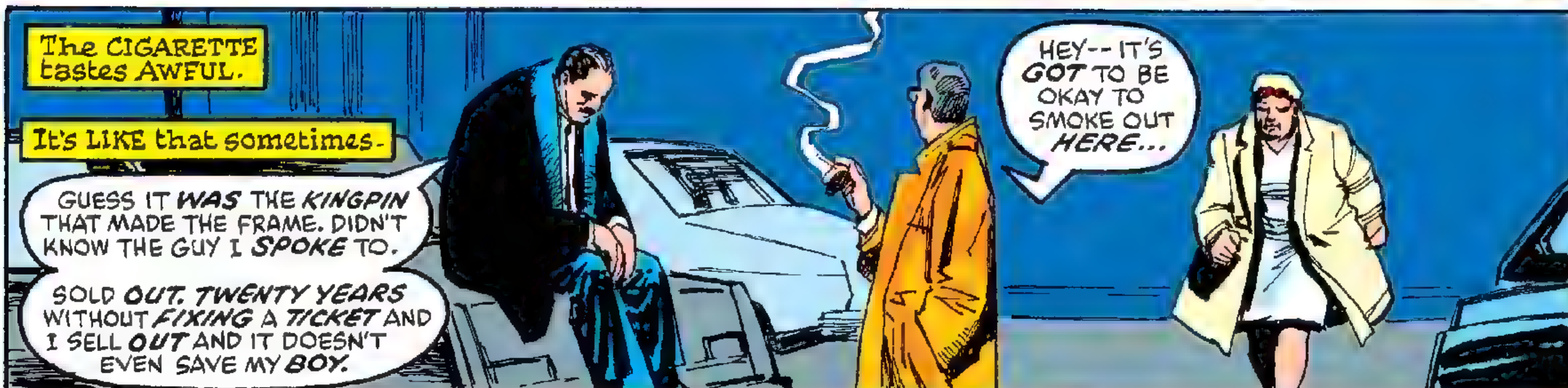
FATHER, THEY TORE IT DOWN.
THEY TORE IT DOWN.

FATHER.
THE GYM.

THE GYM.

IT WILL STILL
BE WHERE IT
WAS.

IT HAS TO BE...



The CIGARETTE
tastes AWFUL.

It's LIKE that sometimes.

GUESS IT *WAS* THE KINGPIN
THAT MADE THE FRAME. DIDN'T
KNOW THE GUY I *SPOKE* TO.

SOLD OUT. TWENTY YEARS
WITHOUT *FIXING* A TICKET AND
I SELL *OUT* AND IT DOESN'T
EVEN SAVE MY *BOY*.

HEY-- IT'S
GOT TO BE
OKAY TO
SMOKE OUT
HERE...



DIDN'T EVEN
SAVE MY B--

WHAT IN--

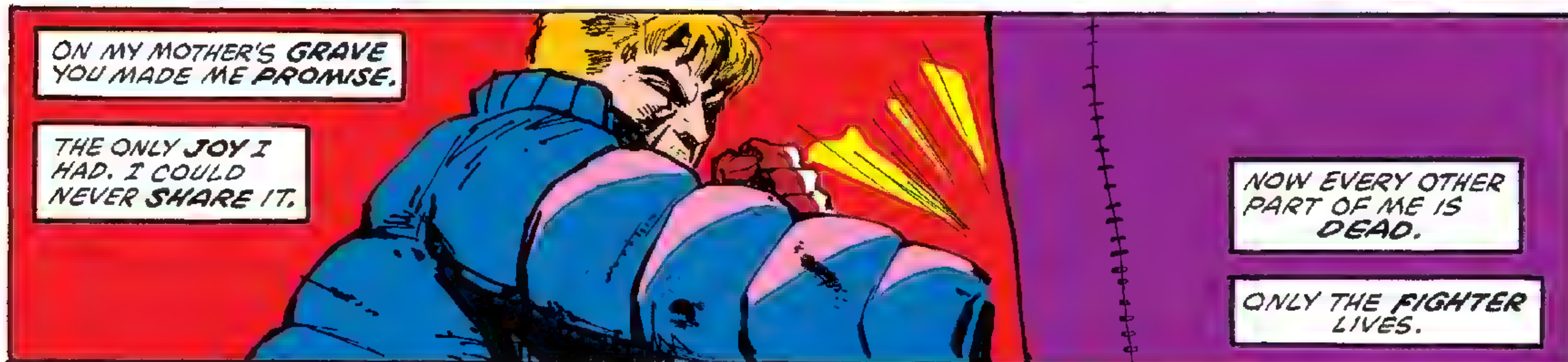
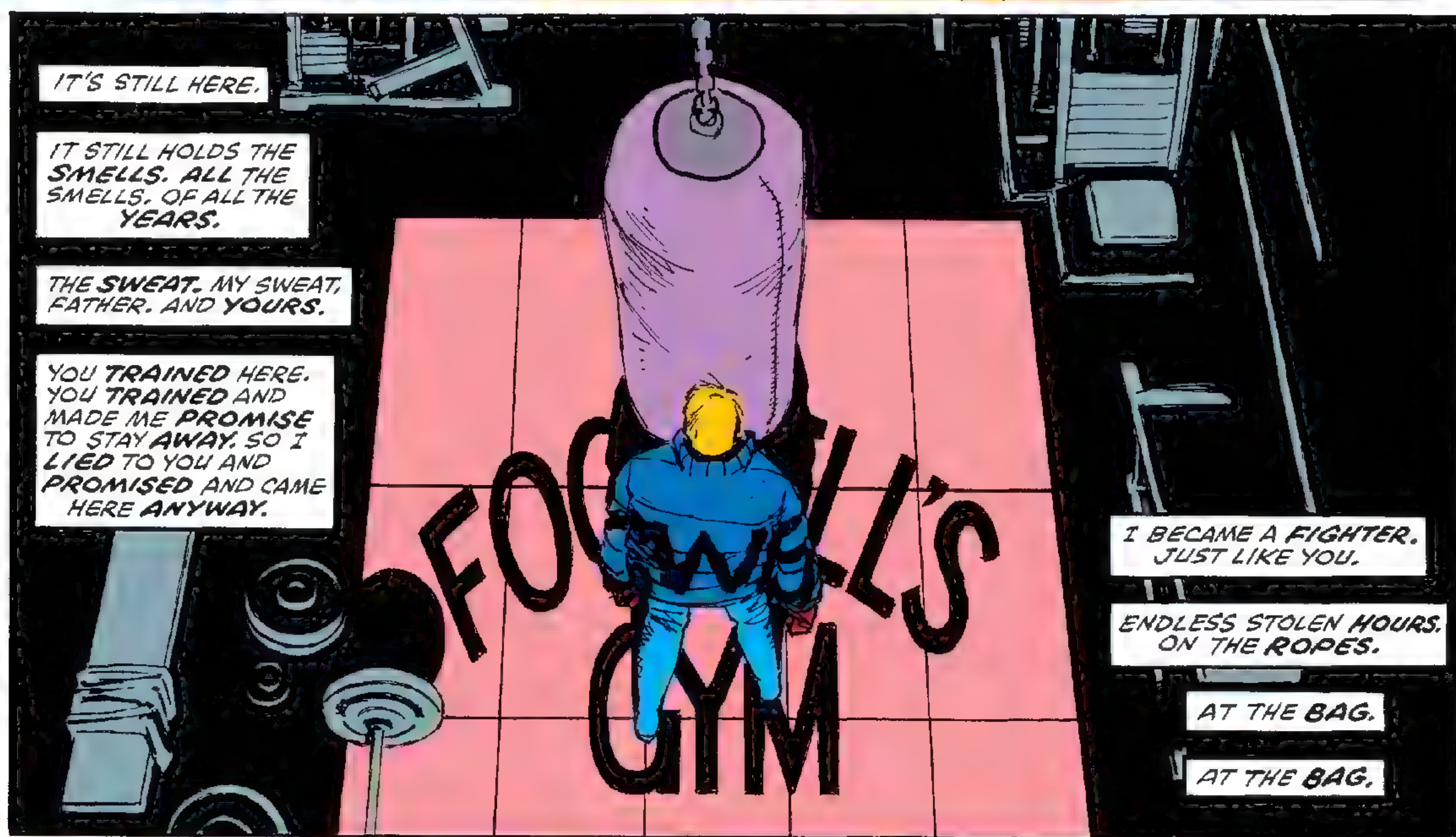
THWAKK

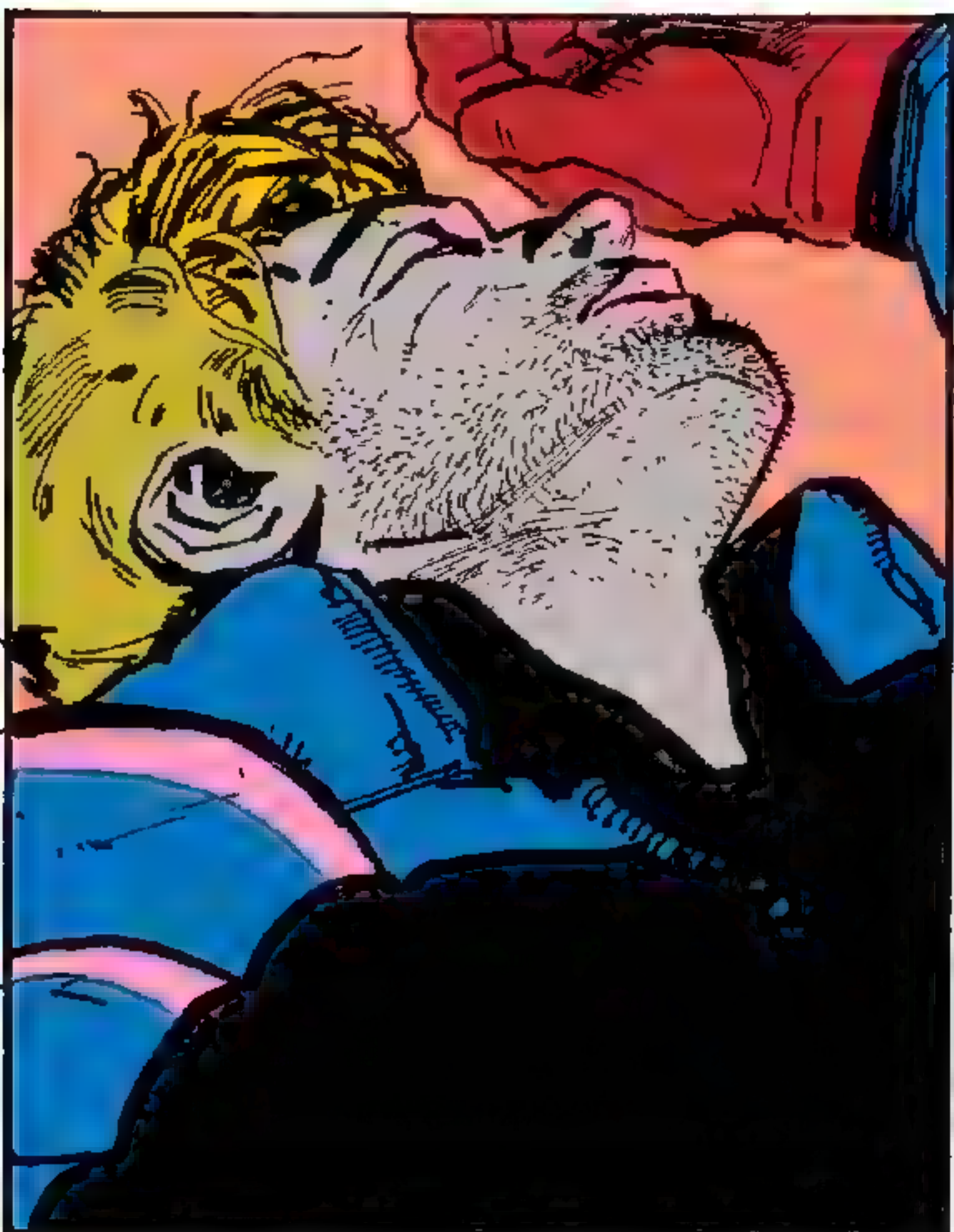
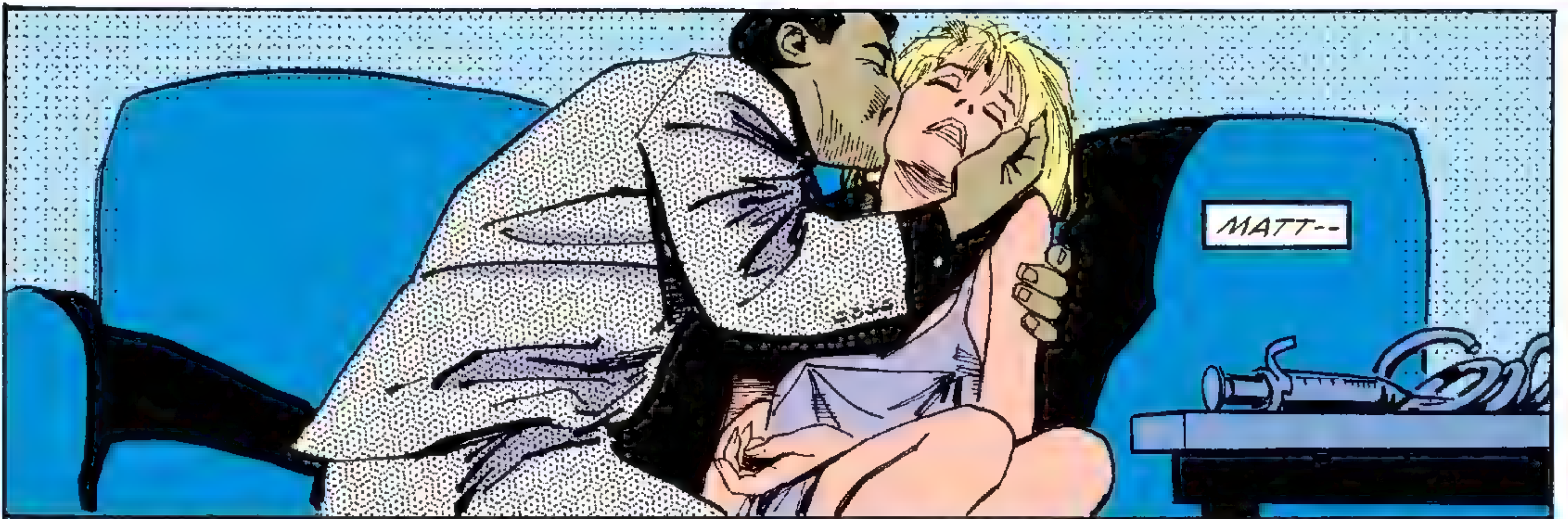
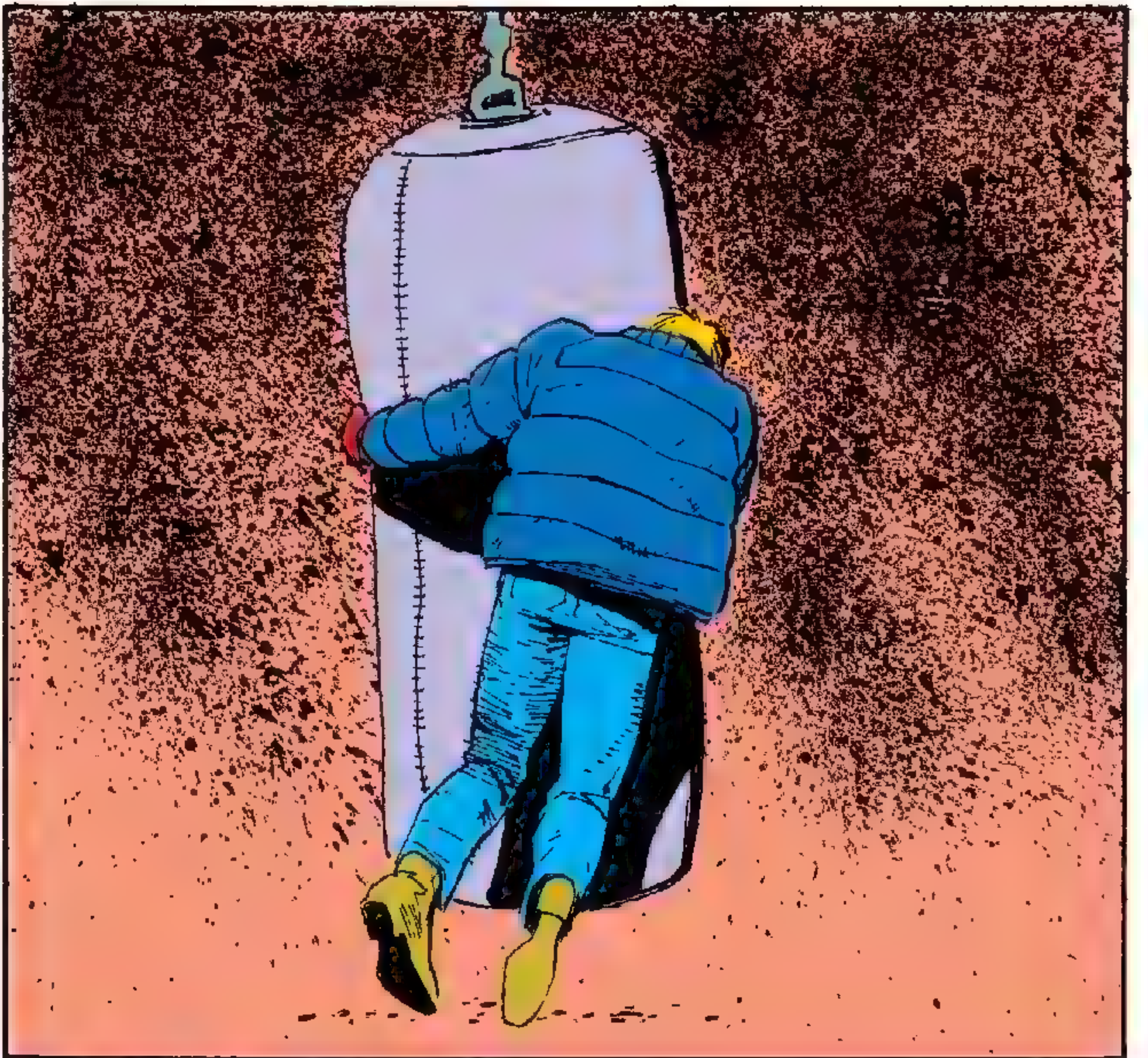


ARE
YOU--
AAAA

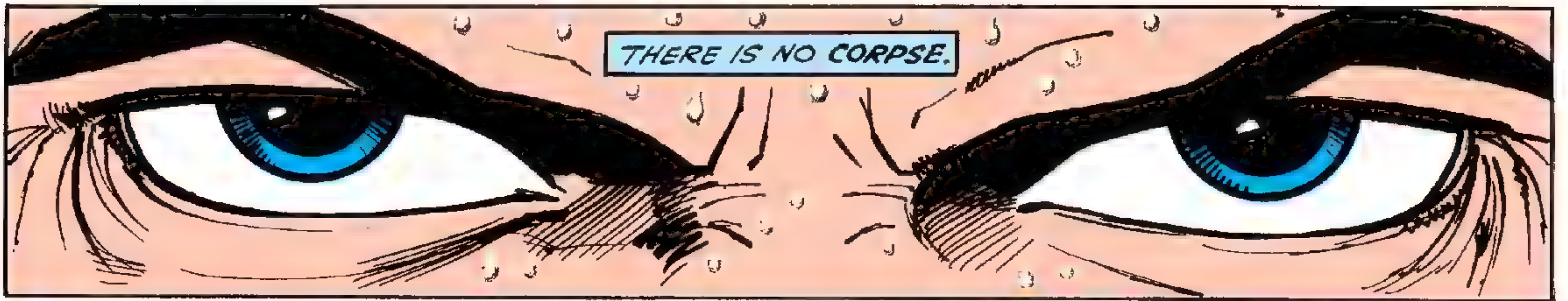
MR. URICH--YOU ARE CAUSING MY
EMPLOYER SOME DISCOMFORT.
AND SO MY EMPLOYER HAS ASKED
ME TO MAKE CLEAR TO YOU HIS
POSITION.

HIS POSITION
IS AS FOLLOWS...

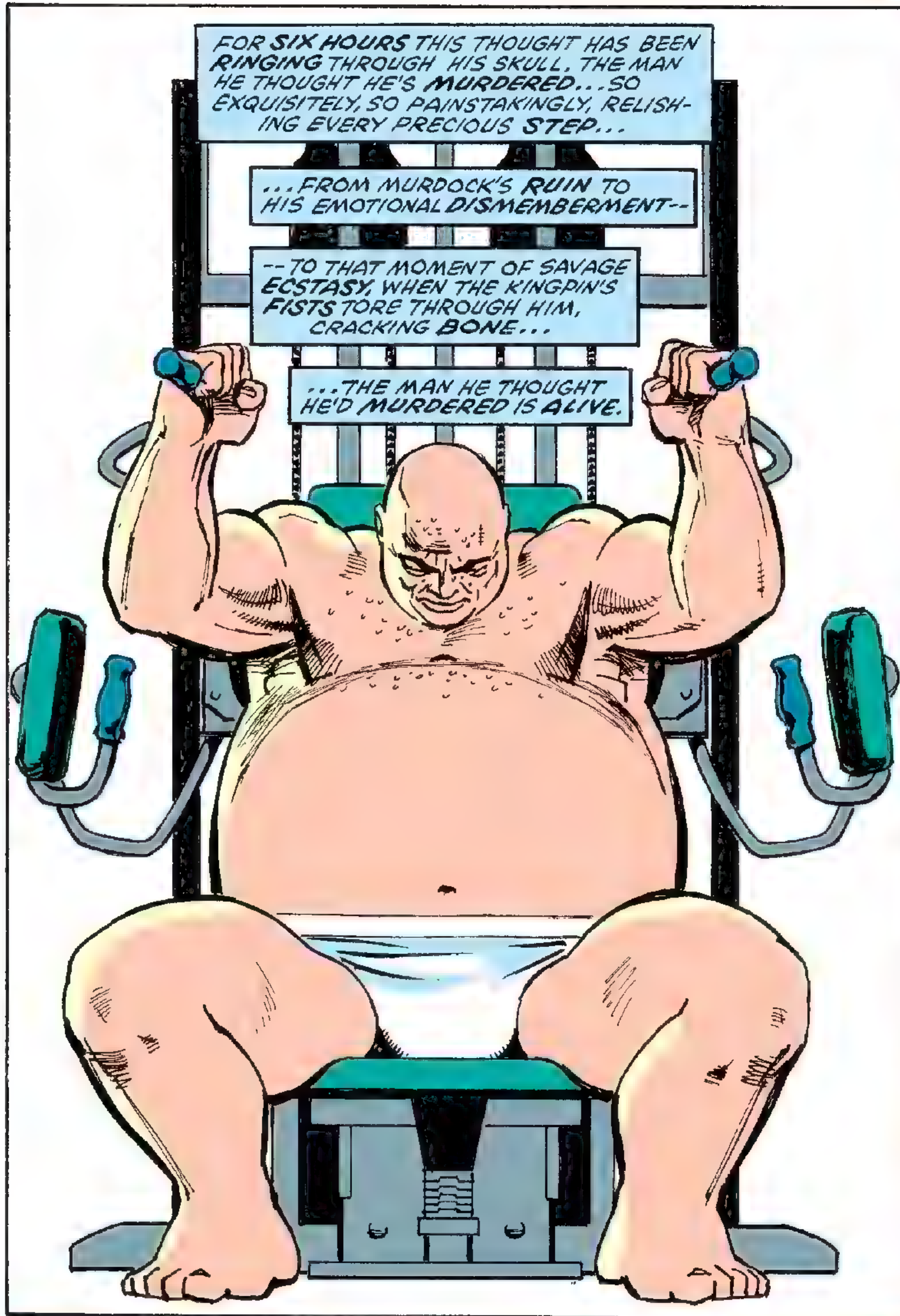








THERE IS NO CORPSE.

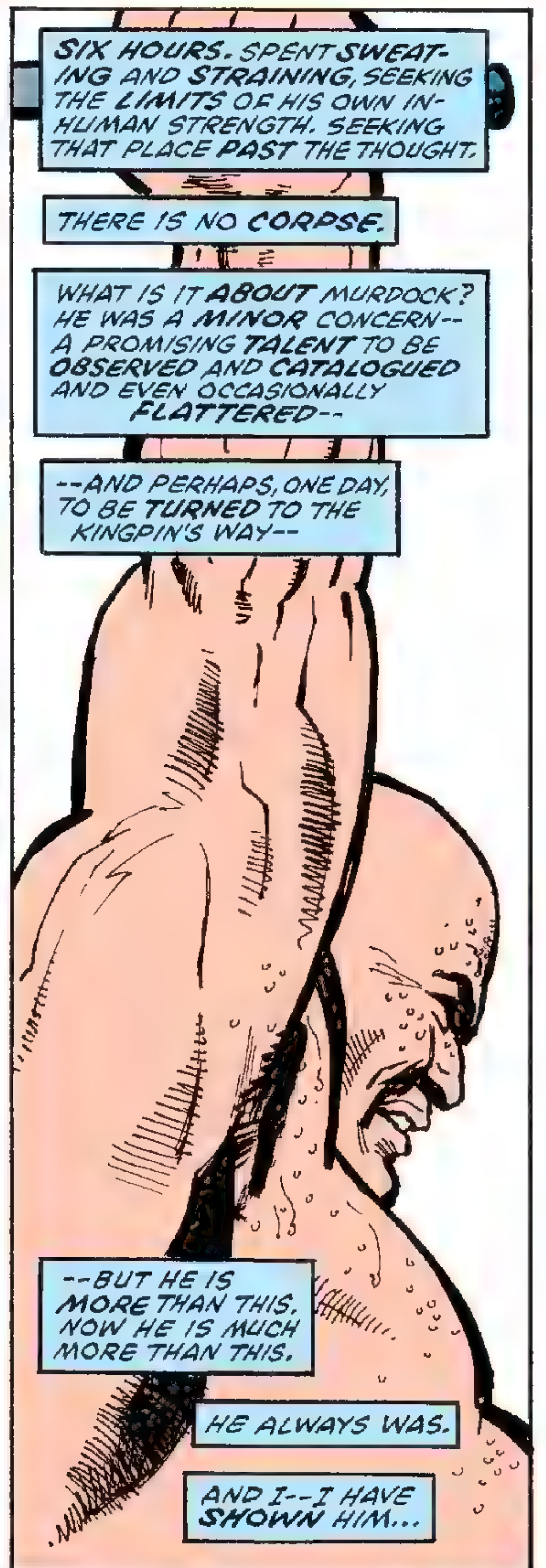


FOR SIX HOURS THIS THOUGHT HAS BEEN RINGING THROUGH HIS SKULL, THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE'S MURDERED... SO EXQUISITELY, SO PAINSTAKINGLY, RELISHING EVERY PRECIOUS STEP...

...FROM MURDOCK'S RUIN TO HIS EMOTIONAL DISMEMBERMENT--

--TO THAT MOMENT OF SAVAGE ECSTASY, WHEN THE KINGPIN'S FISTS TORE THROUGH HIM, CRACKING BONE...

...THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE'D MURDERED IS ALIVE.



SIX HOURS. SPENT SWEATING AND STRAINING, SEEKING THE LIMITS OF HIS OWN IN-HUMAN STRENGTH. SEEKING THAT PLACE PAST THE THOUGHT.

THERE IS NO CORPSE.

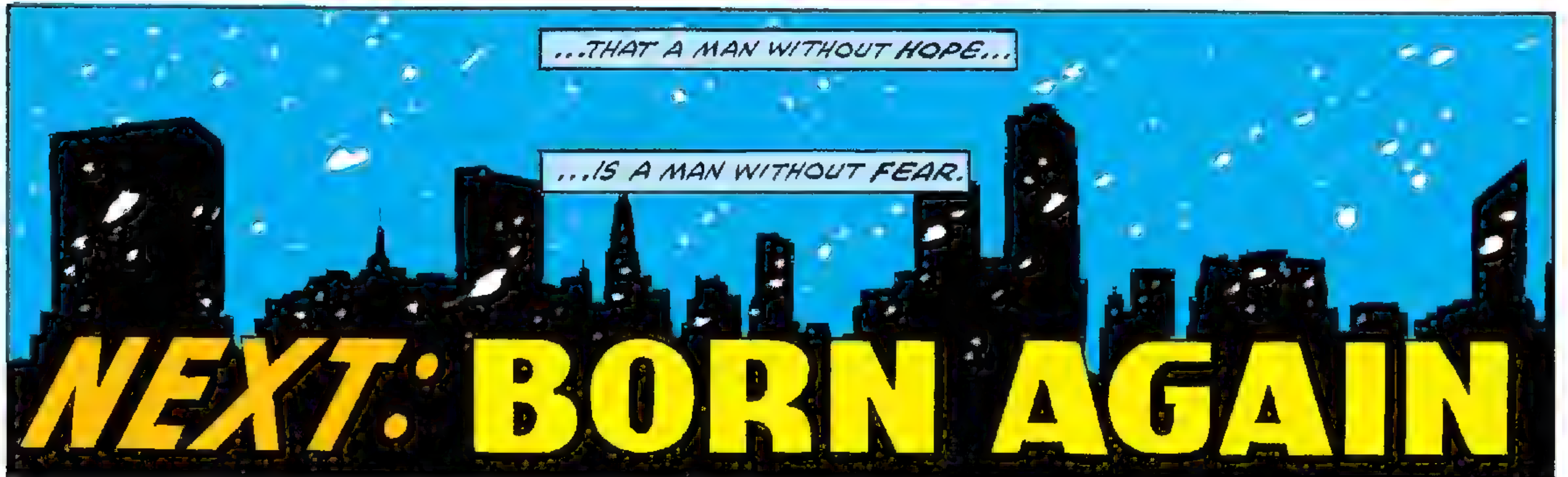
WHAT IS IT ABOUT MURDOCK? HE WAS A MINOR CONCERN-- A PROMISING TALENT TO BE OBSERVED AND CATALOGUED AND EVEN OCCASIONALLY FLATTERED--

--AND PERHAPS, ONE DAY, TO BE TURNED TO THE KINGPIN'S WAY--

--BUT HE IS MORE THAN THIS. NOW HE IS MUCH MORE THAN THIS.

HE ALWAYS WAS.

AND I--I HAVE SHOWN HIM...



...THAT A MAN WITHOUT HOPE...

...IS A MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

NEXT: BORN AGAIN

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APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

DAREDEVIL

BORN AGAIN



MAZZACHELLA

NO HEARTBEAT.
HE IS GONE.

NO--

--NO-- HE
CAN'T DIE--

I HAD AN AWFUL DREAM.

EVERYBODY HATED ME.

EVERYBODY TOOK EVERY-
THING AWAY FROM ME.

NO.

THE KINGPIN. HE'S THE
ONLY ONE.

THE KINGPIN OF CRIME. HE
FOUND OUT MY SECRET IDENTITY.
AND IT WASN'T A DREAM--

--THEN SANTA CLAUS
STABBED ME WITH A
KNIFE AND--

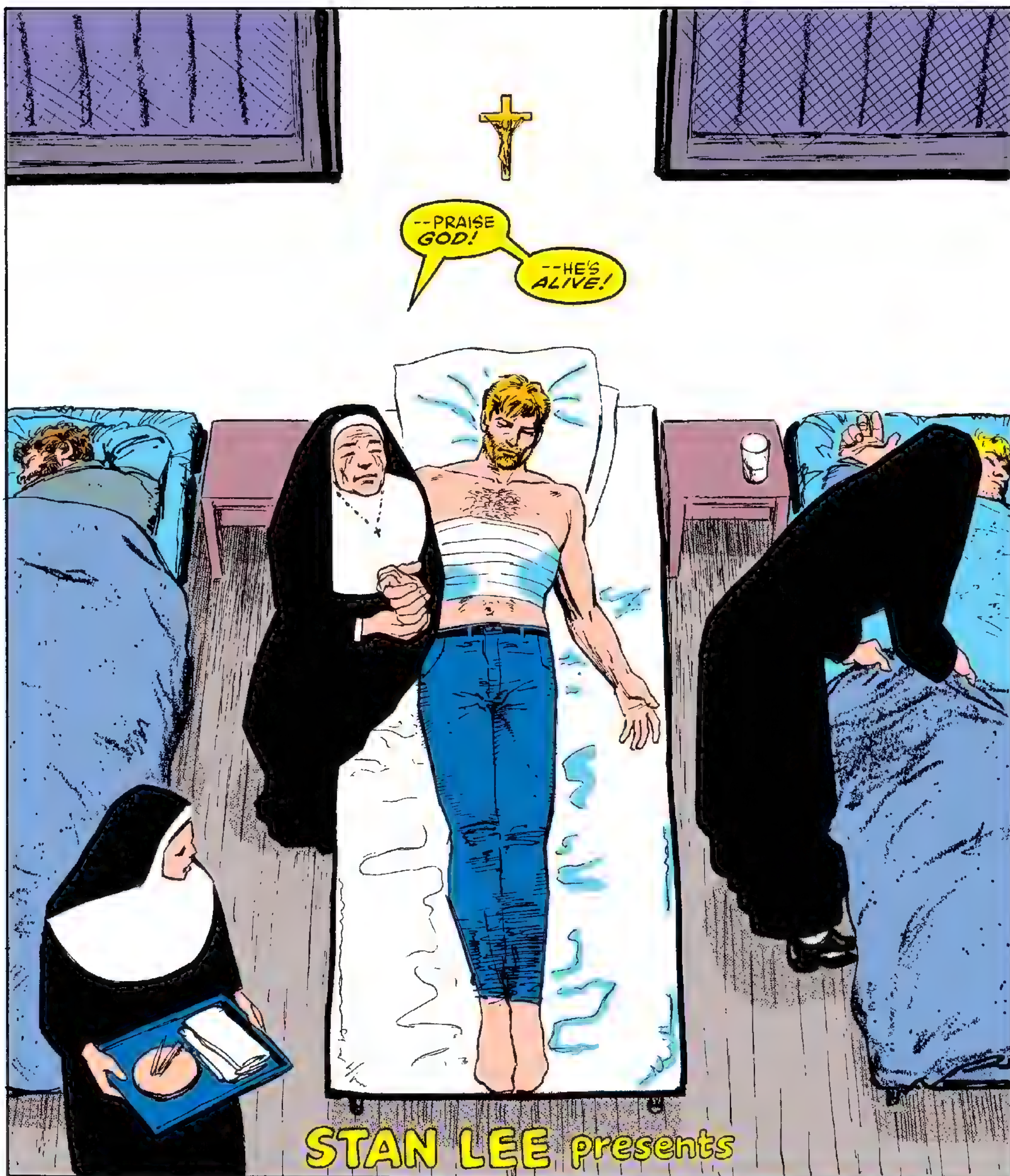
--NO. IT WAS TURK. SMALL
TIME HOOD. HE WAS JUST
DRESSED LIKE SANTA.

SMALL TIME HOOD.
WORKS FOR--

--THE KINGPIN.

NOT A DREAM.

--HE--HE'S
ALIVE--



STAN LEE presents

BORN AGAIN

by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

THE BREEZE IS COOL.
SHE'S IN AMERICA.
KAREN PAGE ALLOWS
HERSELF TO HOPE.

NOT TOO OFTEN
SHE WHISPERS
THE NAME--
QUIETLY, FACING
AWAY FROM HER
COMPANION--
THE NAME THAT
MEANS HOPE.

MATT.

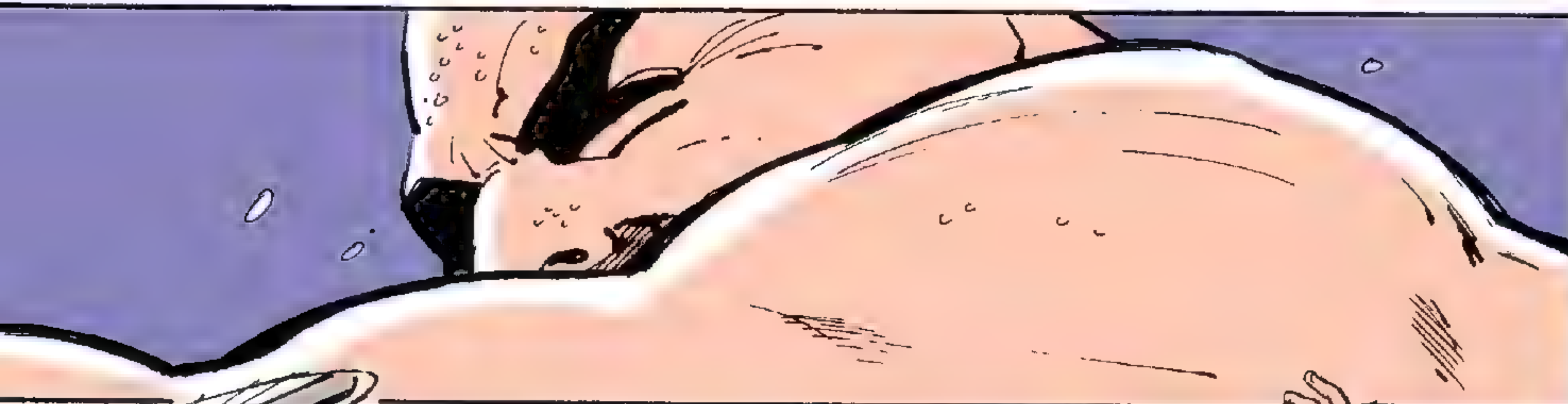
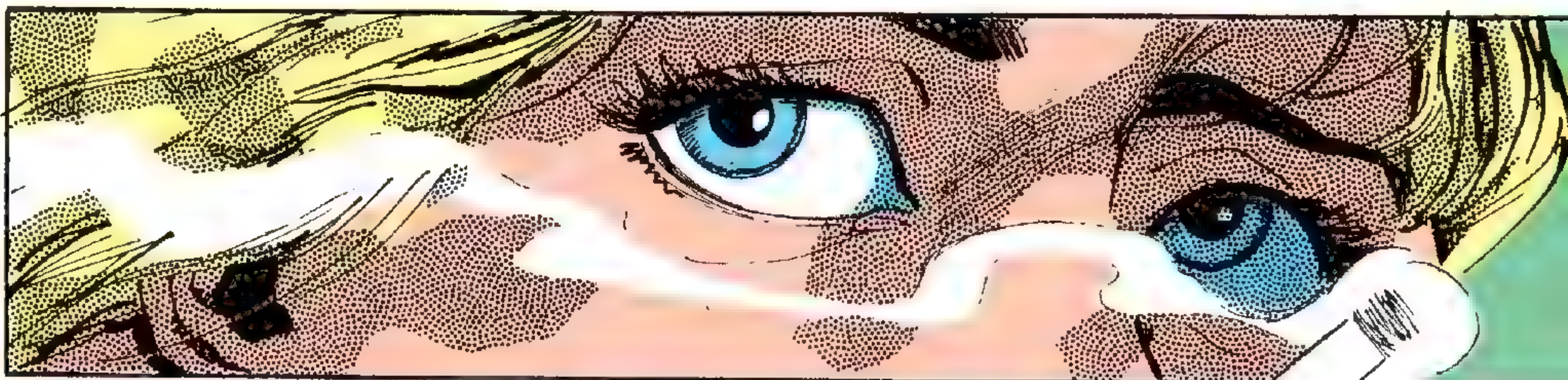
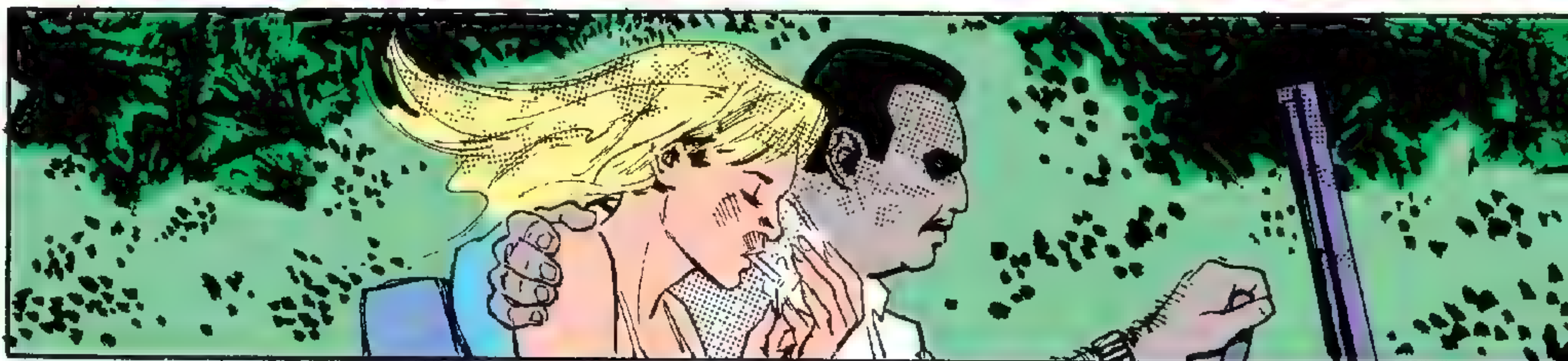
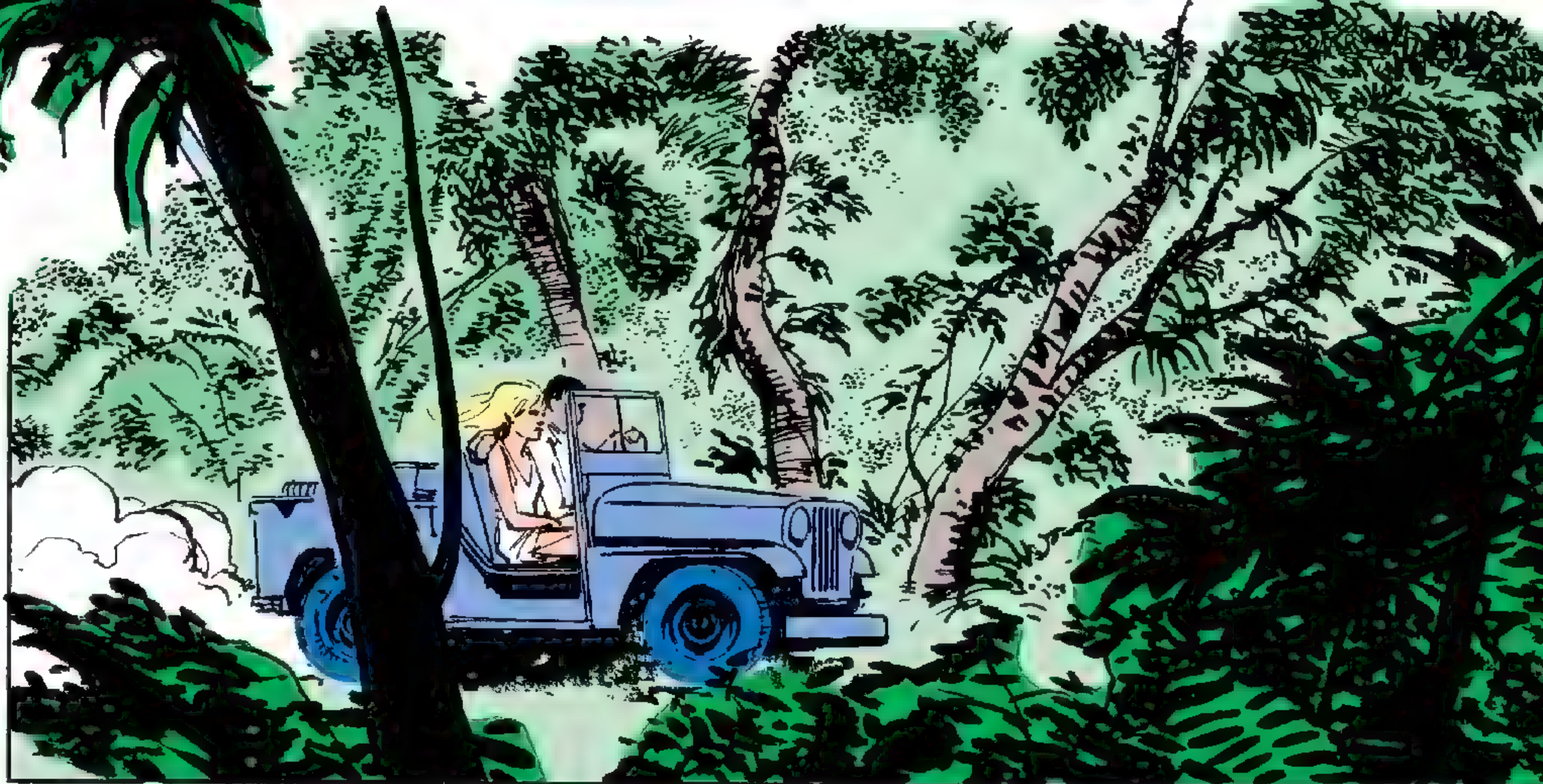
MATT-- SHE BE-
TRAYED HIM-- SOLD
HIS DEEPEST SECRET
FOR A FIX--

--TOLD A MAN THAT
MATT IS DAREDEVIL--
AND THE MAN TOLD
OTHER MEN-- AND THE
OTHER MEN ARE TRYING
TO KILL KAREN PAGE--

--BUT SHE'LL MAKE
IT TO NEW YORK.
SHE'LL FIND MATT
BEFORE THE KILLERS
FIND HER.

MATT WILL SAVE HER.

HE HAS TO.



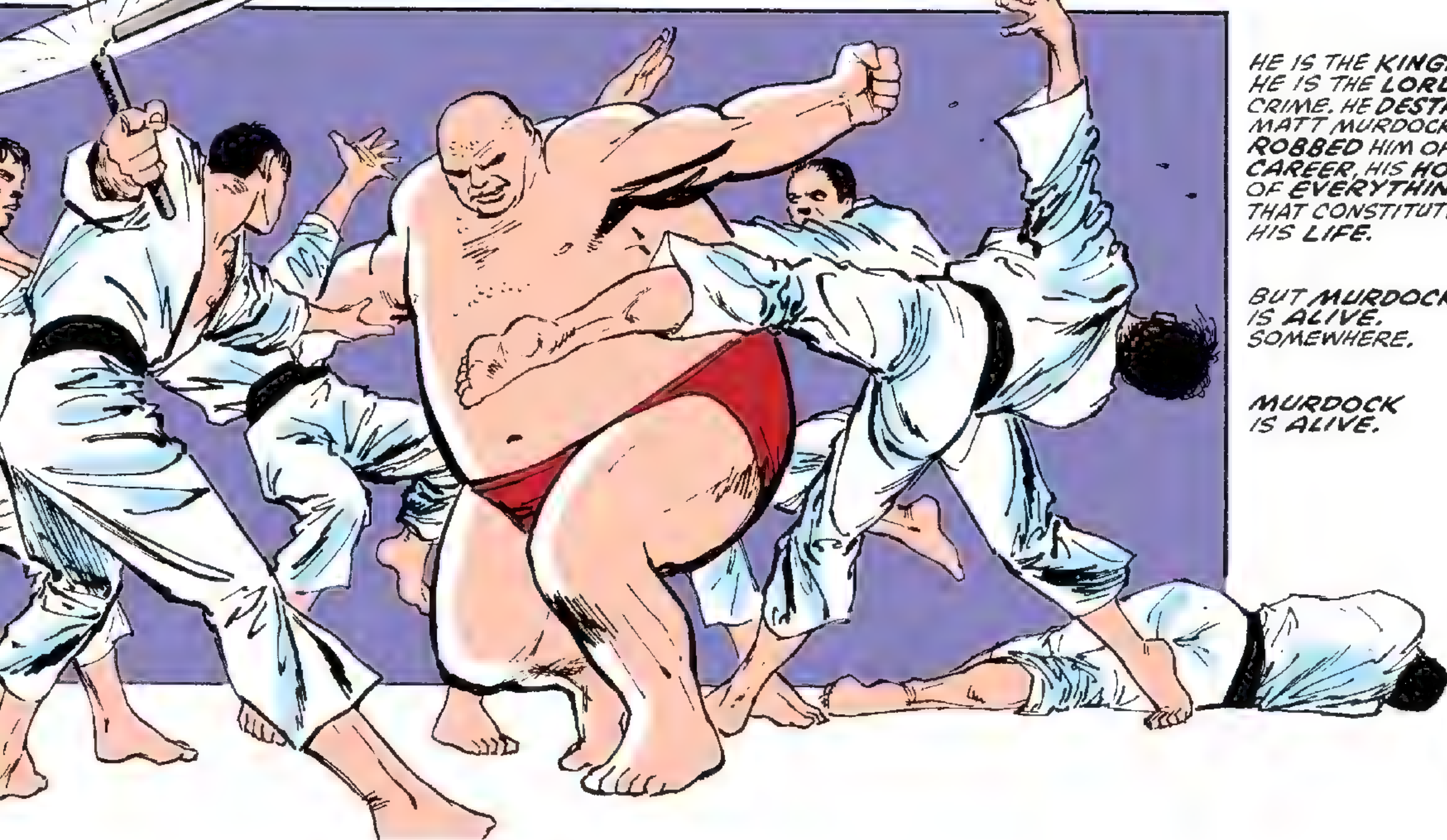
TOO OFTEN, HE
THINKS THE NAME.

MURDOCK.

HE IS THE KINGPIN.
HE IS THE LORD OF
CRIME. HE DESTROYED
MATT MURDOCK--
ROBBED HIM OF HIS
CAREER, HIS HOME,
OF EVERYTHING
THAT CONSTITUTED
HIS LIFE.

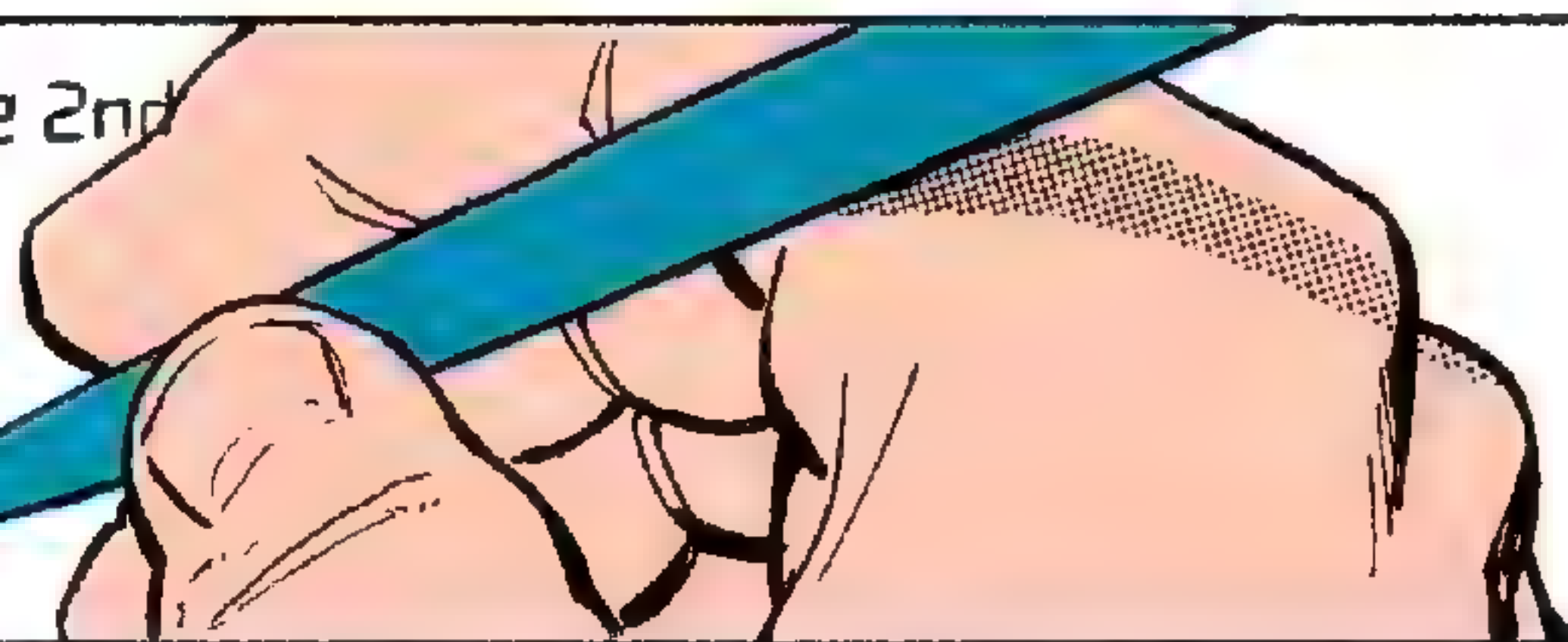
BUT MURDOCK
IS ALIVE.
SOMEWHERE.

MURDOCK
IS ALIVE.



Accepted and agreed on this the 2nd

Franklin Nelson



TOOK
THE JOB.

KNEW
YE WOULD.

FUNNY--MY *HAND* SHOOK
WHEN I *SIGNED*. GUESS
IT WAS THE *SALARY*.

HONESTLY, GLORI. I
DIDN'T *BELIEVE* THEY'D
PAY ME SO *MUCH*
UNTIL I SAW IT
WRITTEN *DOWN*.

SURE AND
YOU *DESERVE*
IT, FOGGY.

IT'S *TWICE* WHAT *MATT*
AND ME EVER MADE
TOGETHER. *MATT*...
HOW LONG'S HE BEEN
MISSING NOW?...

ELEVEN
DAYS.

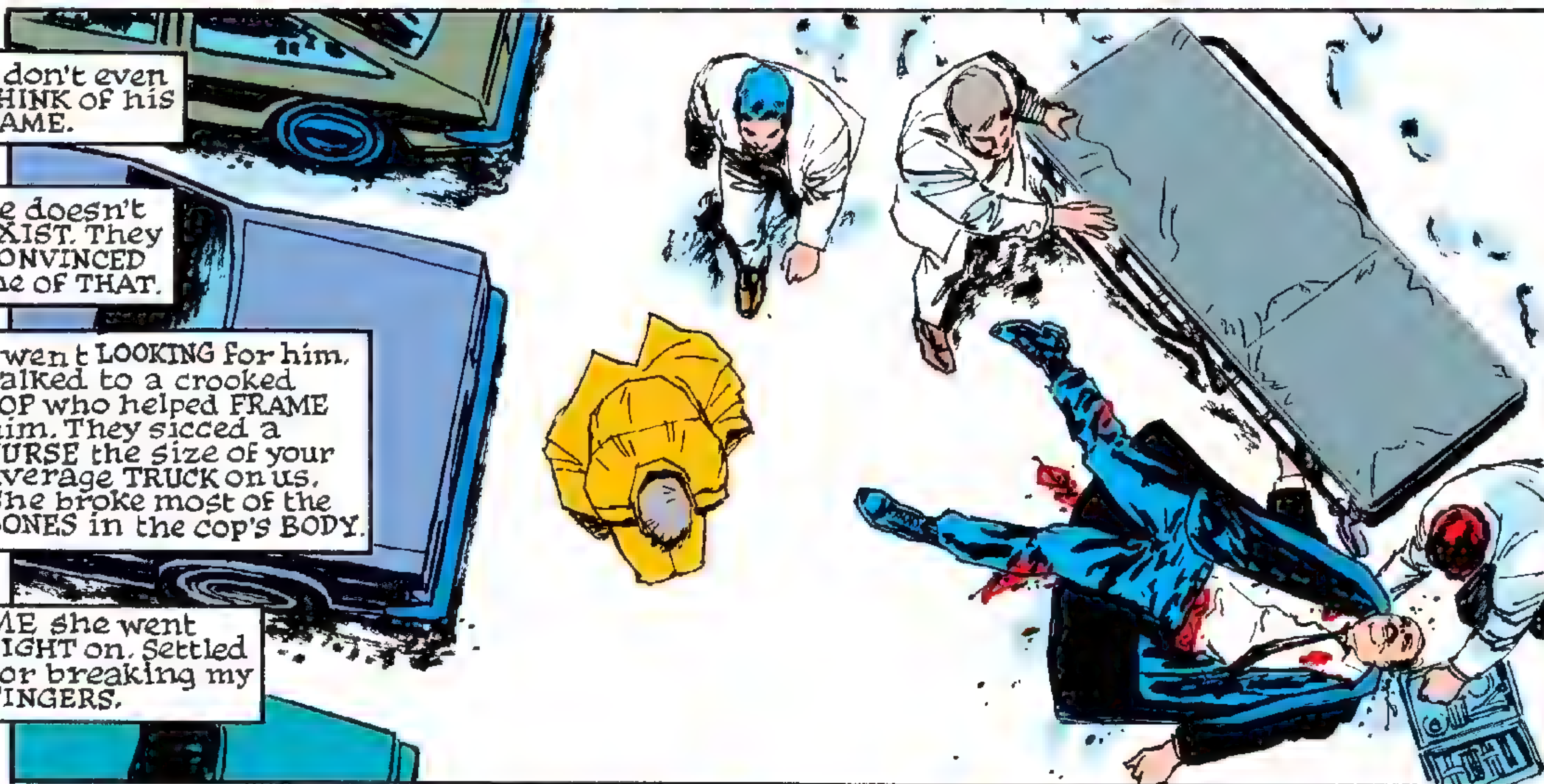
AND SIX
HOURS.

I don't even
THINK of his
NAME.

He doesn't
EXIST. They
CONVINCED
me OF THAT.

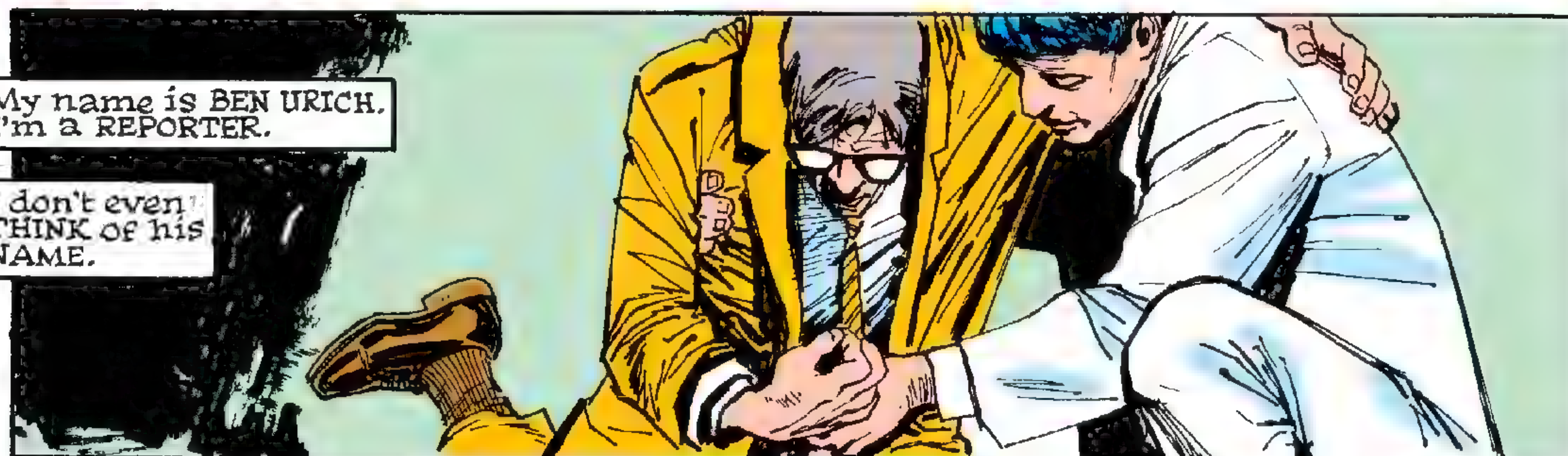
I wasn't LOOKING for him.
Talked to a crooked
COP who helped FRAME
him. They sicced a
NURSE the size of your
average TRUCK on us.
She broke most of the
BONES in the cop's BODY.

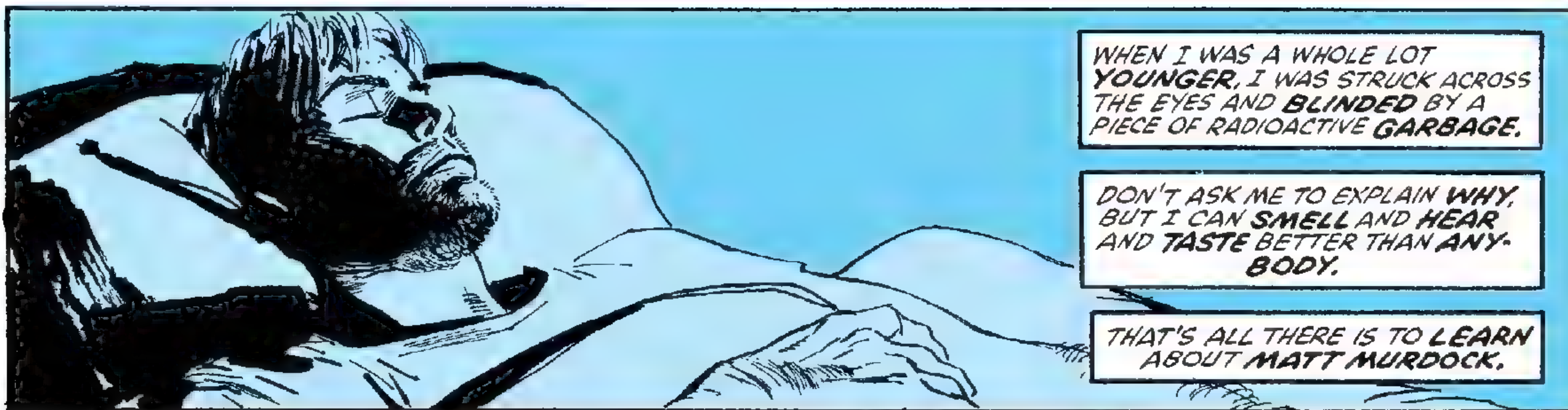
ME she went
LIGHT on. Settled
for breaking my
FINGERS.



My name is BEN URICH.
I'm a REPORTER.

I don't even
THINK of his
NAME.

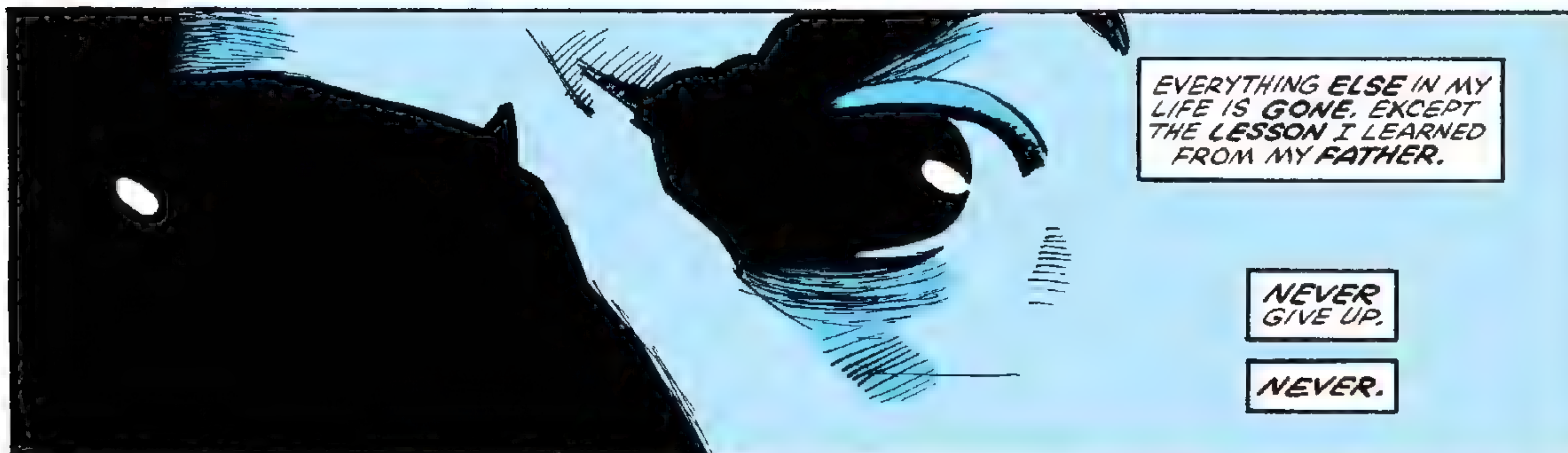




WHEN I WAS A WHOLE LOT YOUNGER, I WAS STRUCK ACROSS THE EYES AND **BLINDED** BY A PIECE OF RADIOACTIVE GARBAGE.

DON'T ASK ME TO EXPLAIN **WHY**, BUT I CAN **SMELL** AND **HEAR** AND **TASTE** BETTER THAN ANY-BODY.

THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO LEARN ABOUT **MATT MURDOCK**.



EVERYTHING ELSE IN MY LIFE IS **GONE**, EXCEPT THE **LESSON** I LEARNED FROM MY FATHER.

NEVER
GIVE UP.

NEVER.

FOR MOST PEOPLE, NEW YORK IS THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING AND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY. FOR KAREN PAGE, IT'S PENN STATION, WHERE SHE FIRST STEPPED OFF THE TRAIN FROM NEW ENGLAND. THAT MUST BE WHY SHE ASKED PAULO TO DROP HER OFF HERE.

SHE'D PAID HER WAY-- EXACTLY THE WAY HE WANTED HER TO. SHE OWES HIM NOTHING.

SHE WANTS TO GET RID OF HIM. SURE, HE'S GOT THE JUNK-- AS MUCH AS SHE WANTS. BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN SHE WANTS TO BE WITH NOW--

-- SHE'LL EVEN QUIT THE JUNK SHE SWEARS SHE WILL--

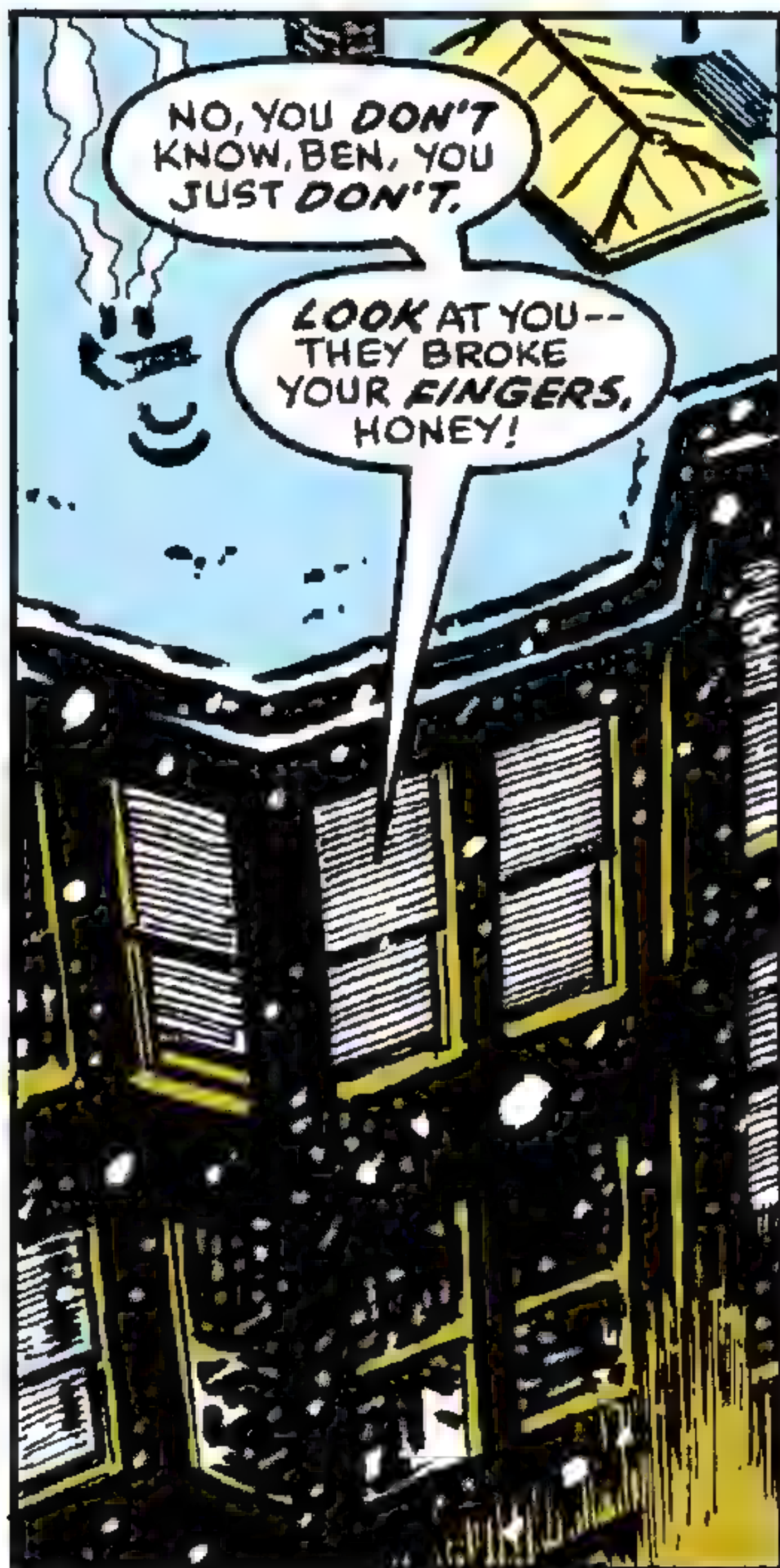
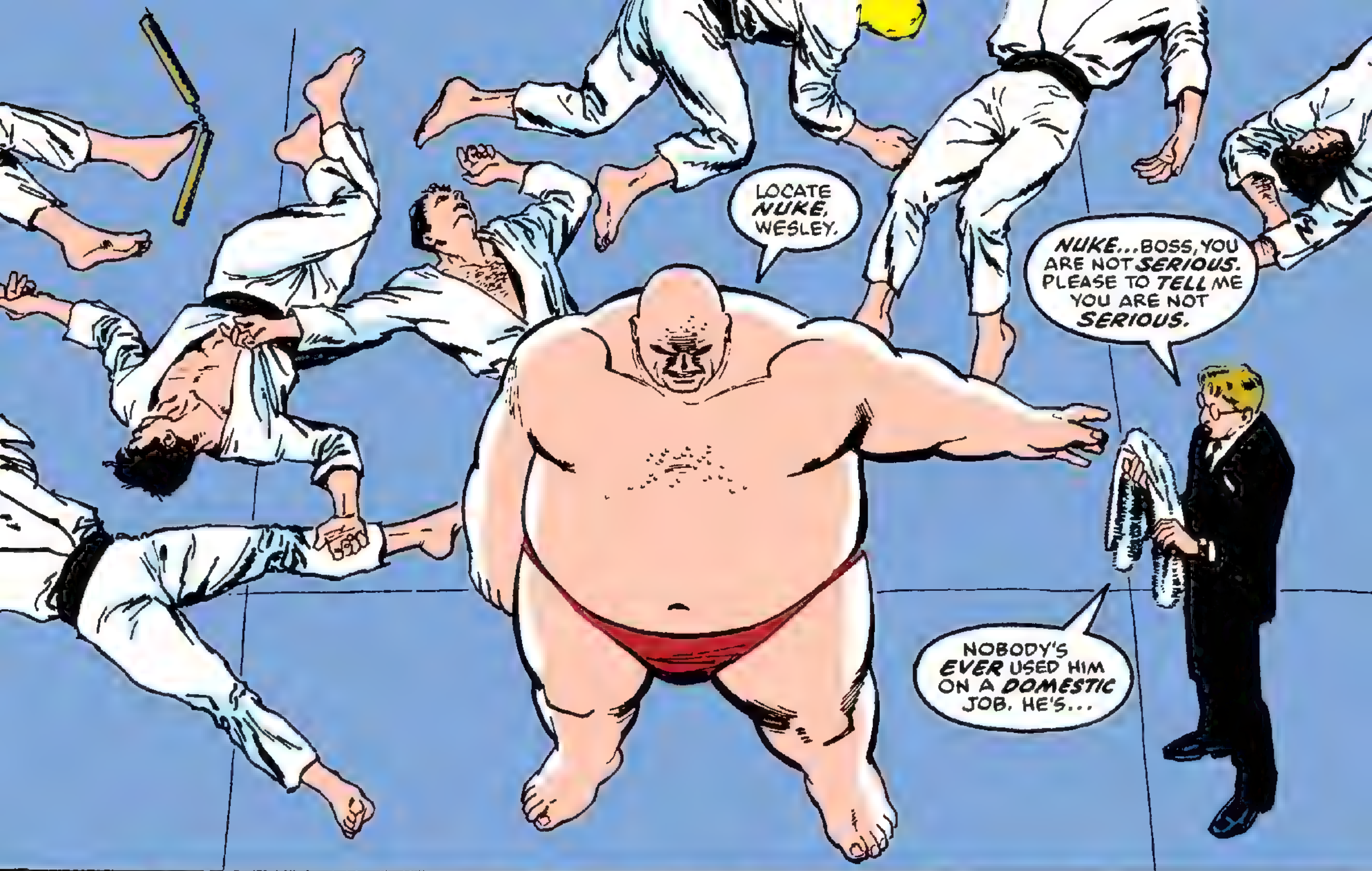
-- SO SHE SAYS GOOD-BYE TO PAULO WITH A KISS AS FINAL PAYMENT.

IT'S THE LONG KIND OF KISS. THE KIND SHE LEARNED MAKING MOVIES FOR PEOPLE LIKE PAULO.

SHE'S A PRO ABOUT IT.

IT ISN'T ENOUGH FOR HIM.

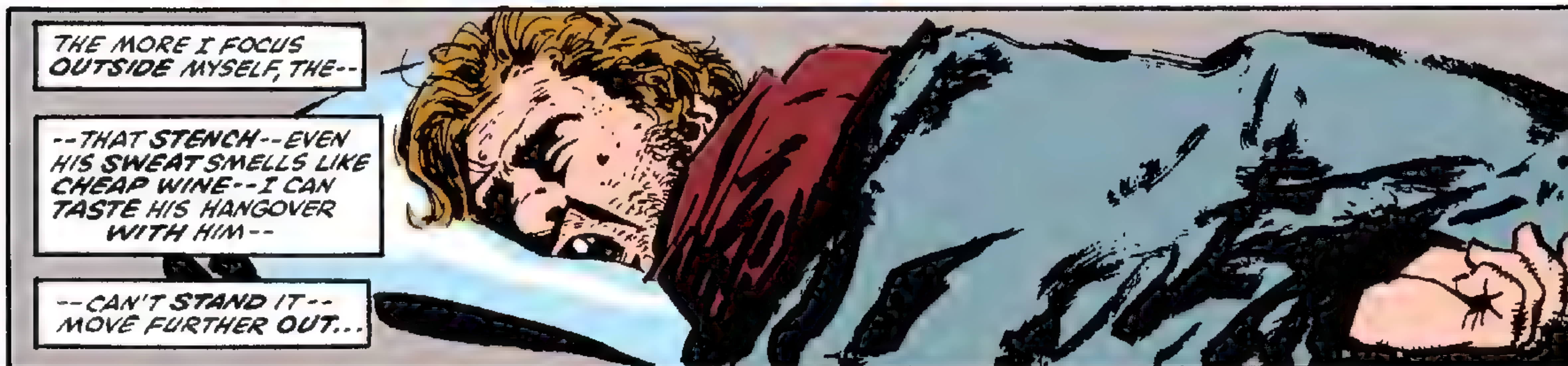






THEY'VE DONE SOME WORK ON ME. THE BROKEN RIB IS BACK WHERE IT BELONGS. I'M NOT BLEEDING.

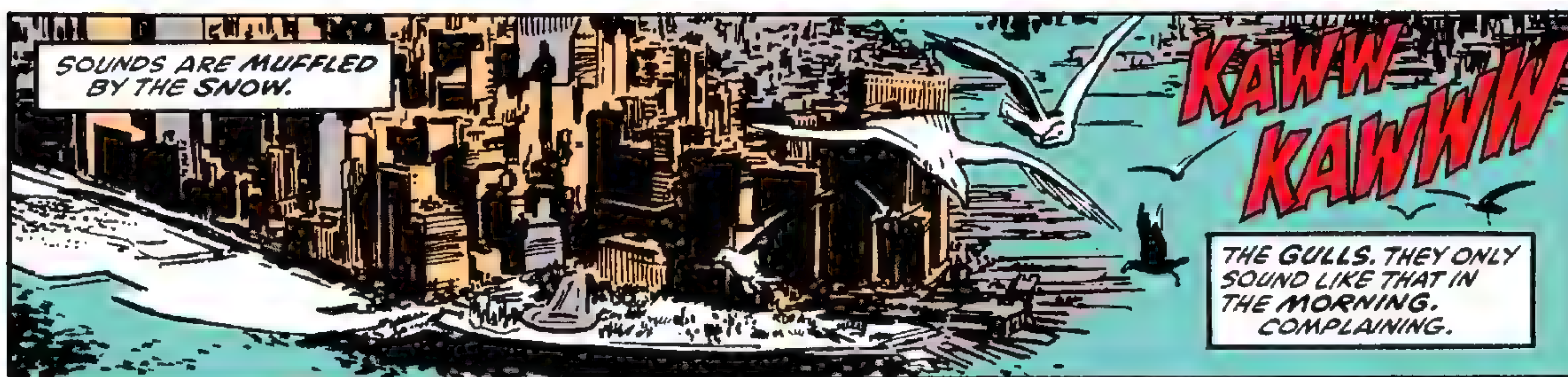
I'M ONE BIG BRUISE. BEST NOT TO PAY ATTENTION TO HOW I FEEL.



THE MORE I FOCUS OUTSIDE MYSELF, THE--

--THAT STENCH--EVEN HIS SWEAT SMELLS LIKE CHEAP WINE--I CAN TASTE HIS HANGOVER WITH HIM--

--CAN'T STAND IT--MOVE FURTHER OUT...



SOUNDS ARE MUFFLED BY THE SNOW.

**KAWW
KAWWW**

THE GULLS. THEY ONLY SOUND LIKE THAT IN THE MORNING. COMPLAINING.



BEEP HONK HONK BEEP BEEP HONK HONNNNNNK

LIKE THE WHOLE CITY'S COMPLAINING, I'M STILL IN MANHATTAN.

NARROW IT DOWN.



EVEN PAST BROTHER GALLO NEXT TO ME I CAN SMELL THE NEIGHBORHOOD. RATS AND CONCRETE DUST.

HELL'S KITCHEN. I GREW UP HERE.

BUT WHAT KIND OF PLACE AM I IN?



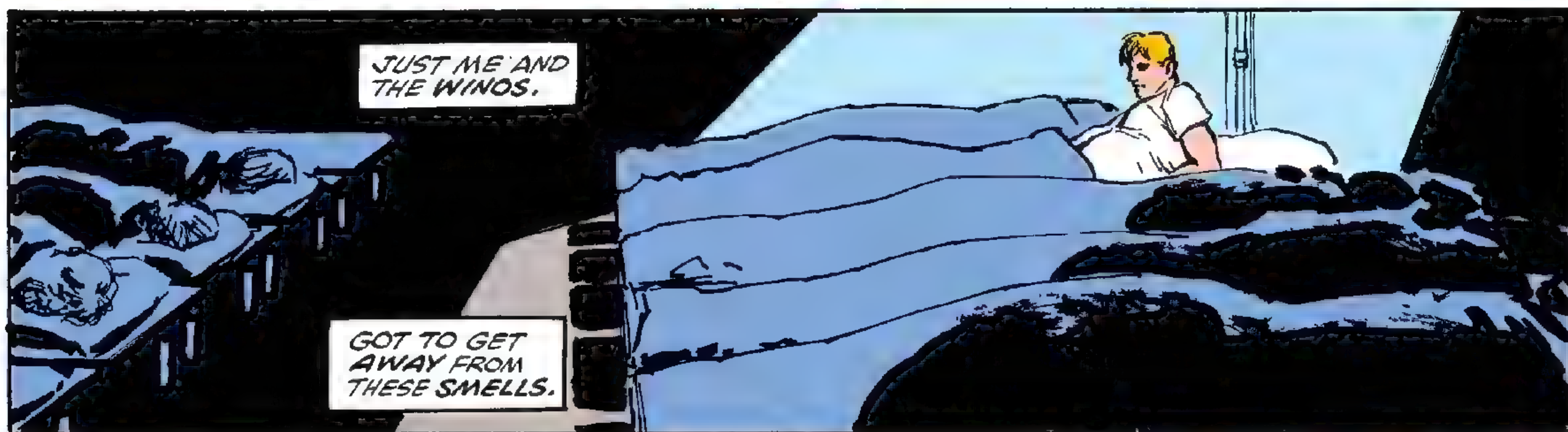
**BONG BONG
BONG BONG**

WHOA.



CHURCH BELLS.
I'M IN A CHURCH.

MUST BE IN THE
BASEMENT.
A MISSION.

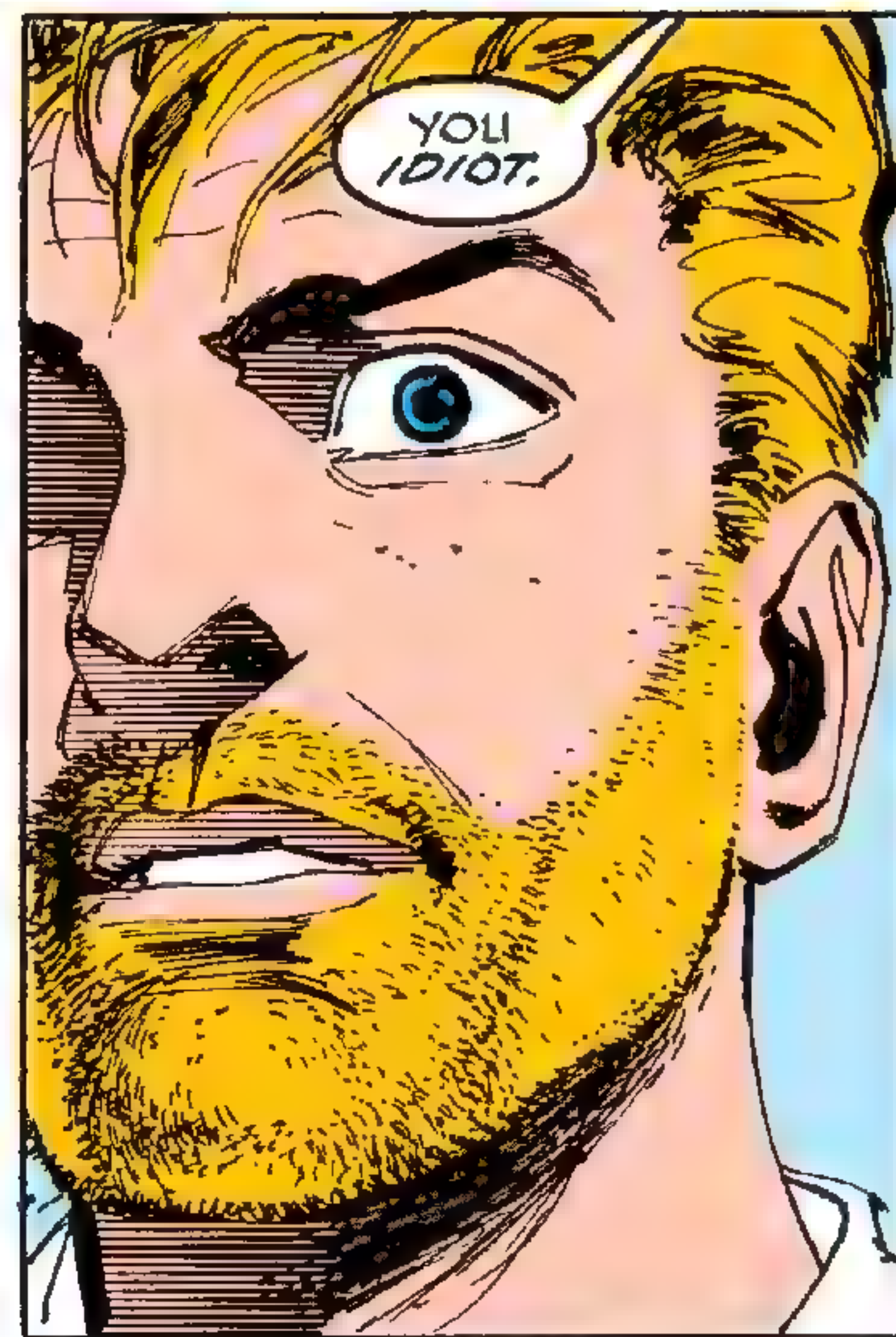


JUST ME AND
THE WINOS.

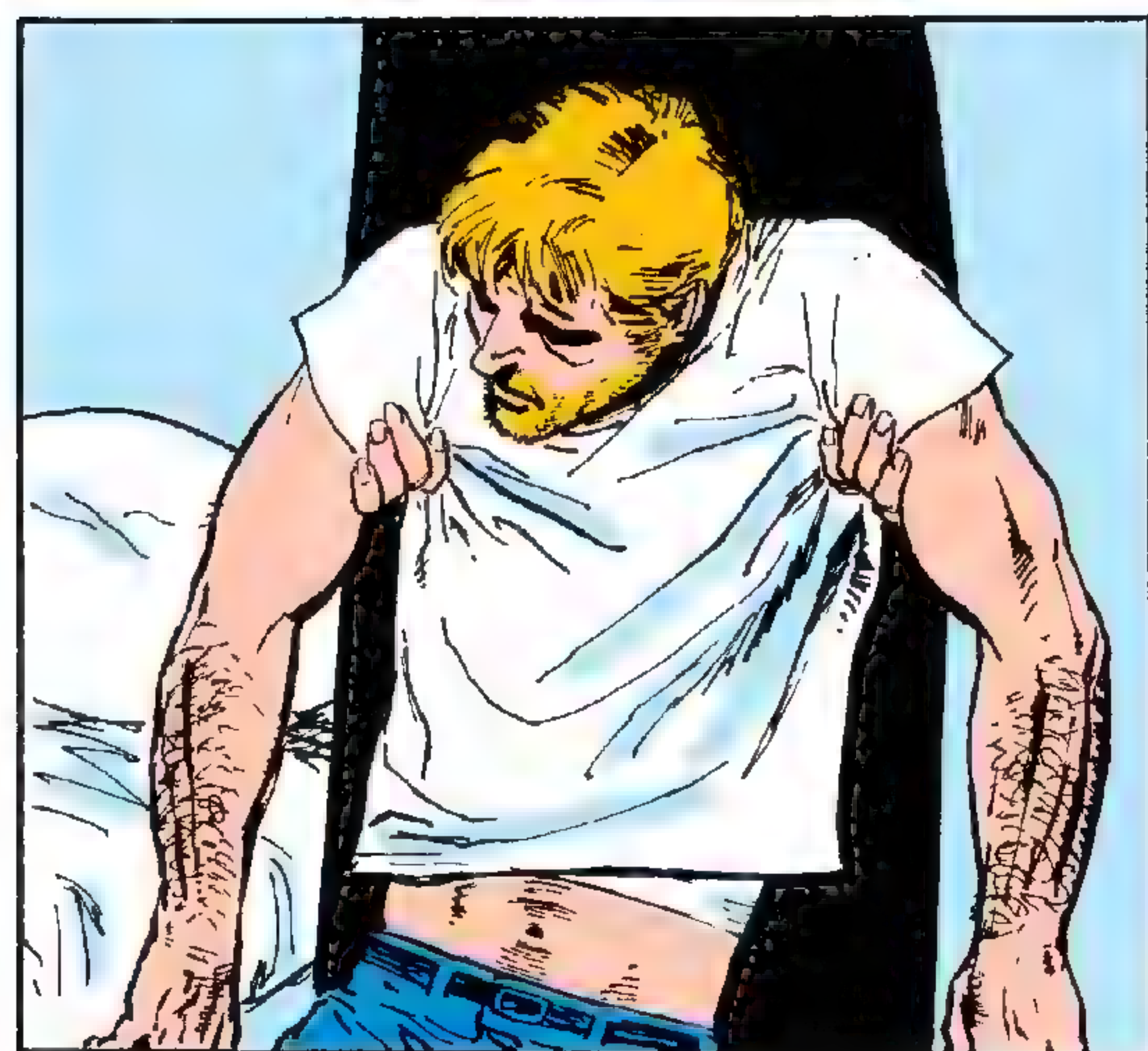
GOT TO GET
AWAY FROM
THESE SMELLS.



OKAY-- WHO TOOK THE MUSCLES
OUT OF MY LEGS?

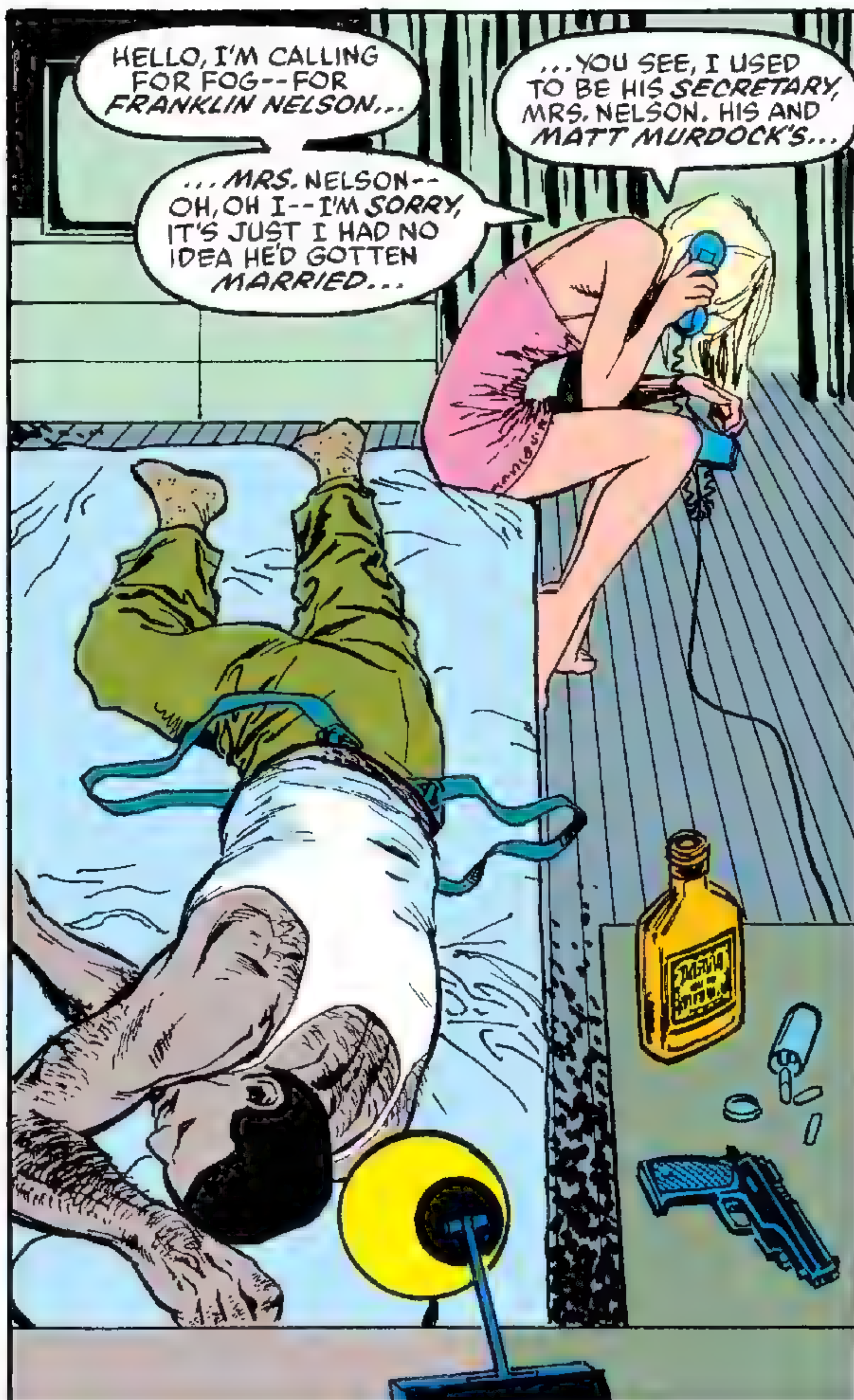


YOU
IDIOT.



MY NAME IS
MAGGIE.

YOU'RE
STAYING
HERE.



HELLO, I'M CALLING FOR FOG--FOR FRANKLIN NELSON...

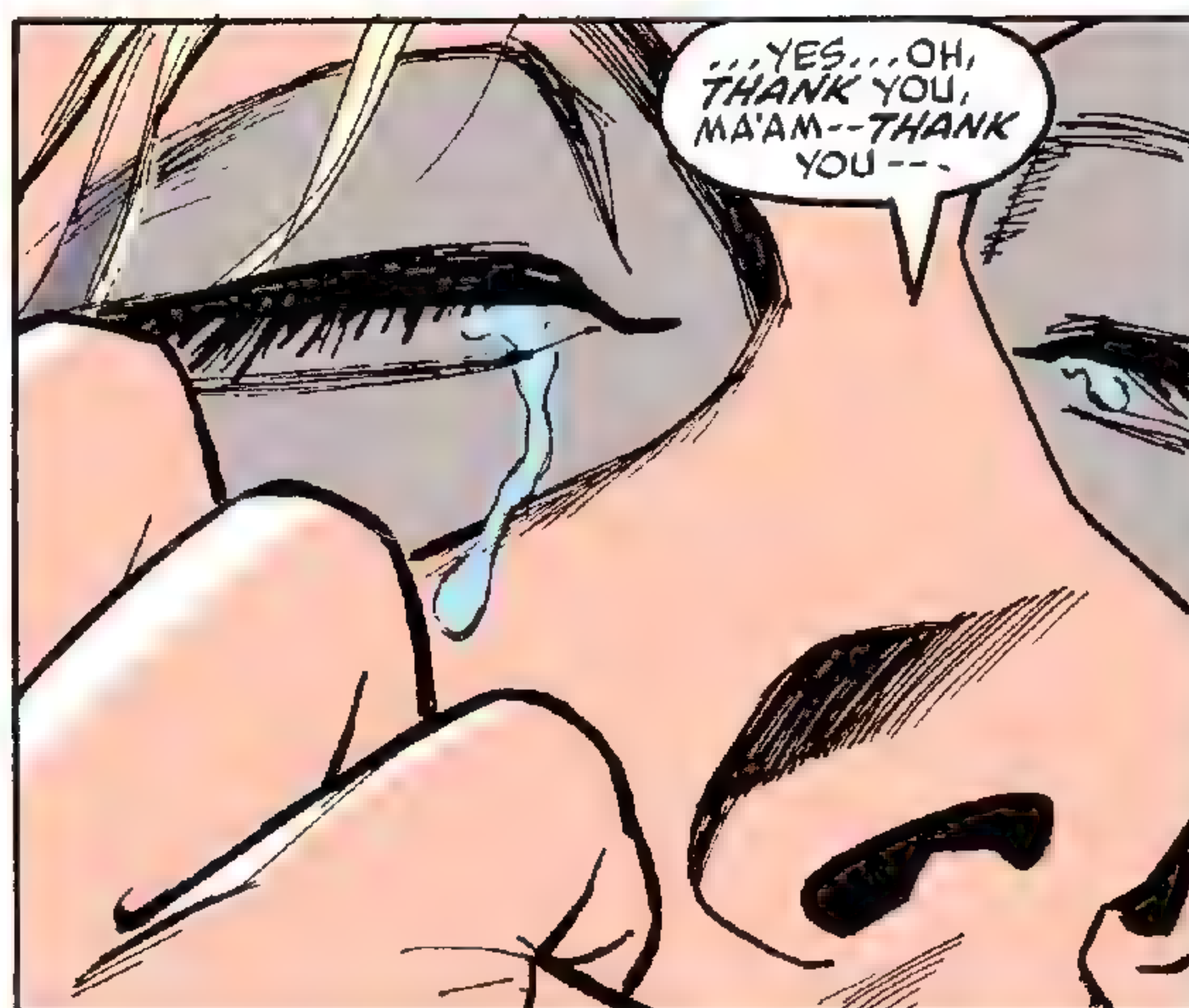
...YOU SEE, I USED TO BE HIS SECRETARY, MRS. NELSON. HIS AND MATT MURDOCK'S...

...MRS. NELSON-- OH, OH I-- I'M SORRY, IT'S JUST I HAD NO IDEA HE'D GOTTEN MARRIED...

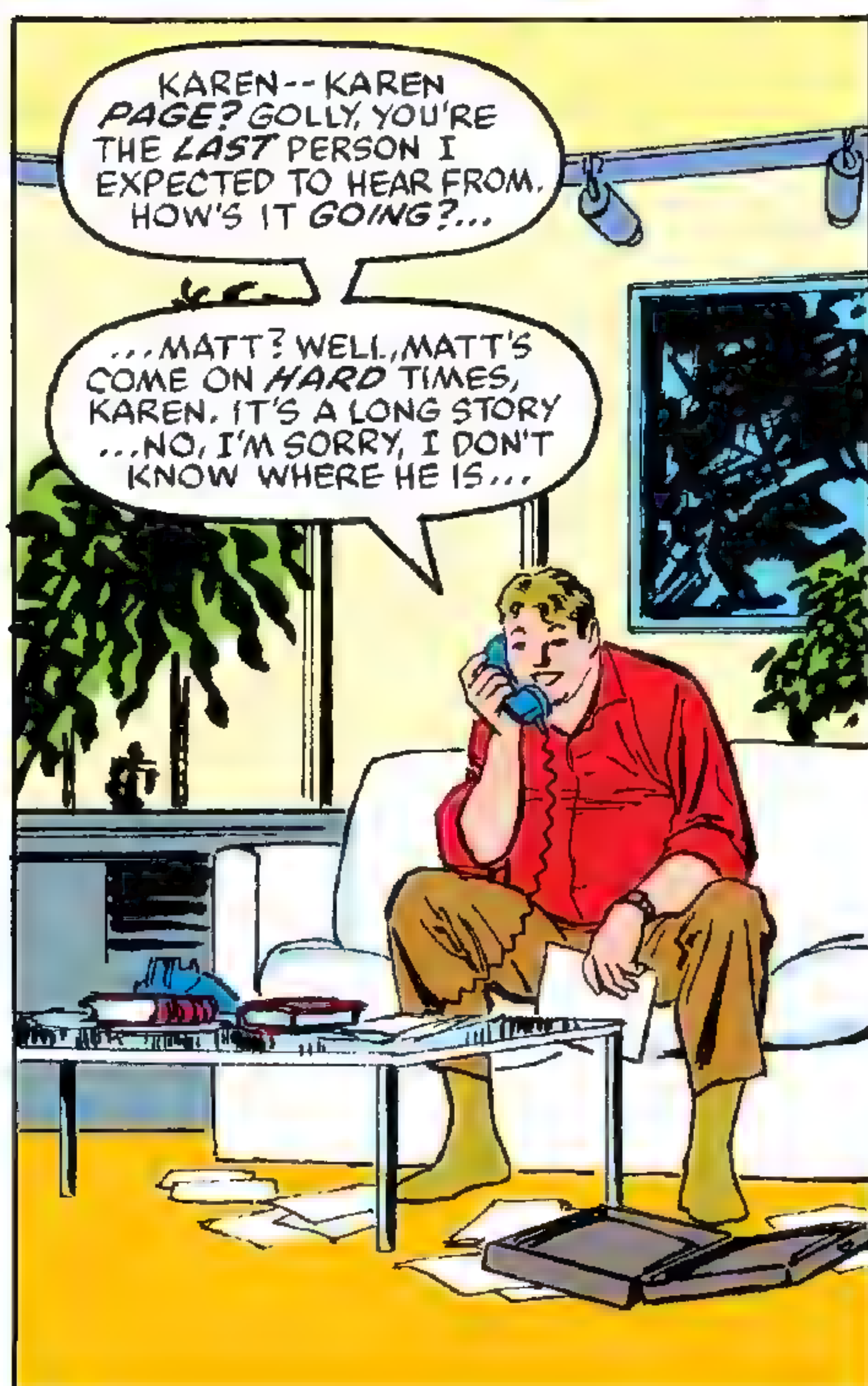


...COULD I PLEASE SPEAK TO FOGGY? I... HE DOESN'T LIVE THERE... BUT YOU SAID--

--SEPARATED... OH, I'M SORRY... I NEED--UM... DO YOU HAVE A NUMBER WHERE I COULD REACH HIM?...



...YES... OH, THANK YOU, MA'AM-- THANK YOU--



KAREN-- KAREN PAGE? GOLLY, YOU'RE THE LAST PERSON I EXPECTED TO HEAR FROM. HOW'S IT GOING?...

...MATT? WELL, MATT'S COME ON HARD TIMES, KAREN. IT'S A LONG STORY ...NO, I'M SORRY, I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS...



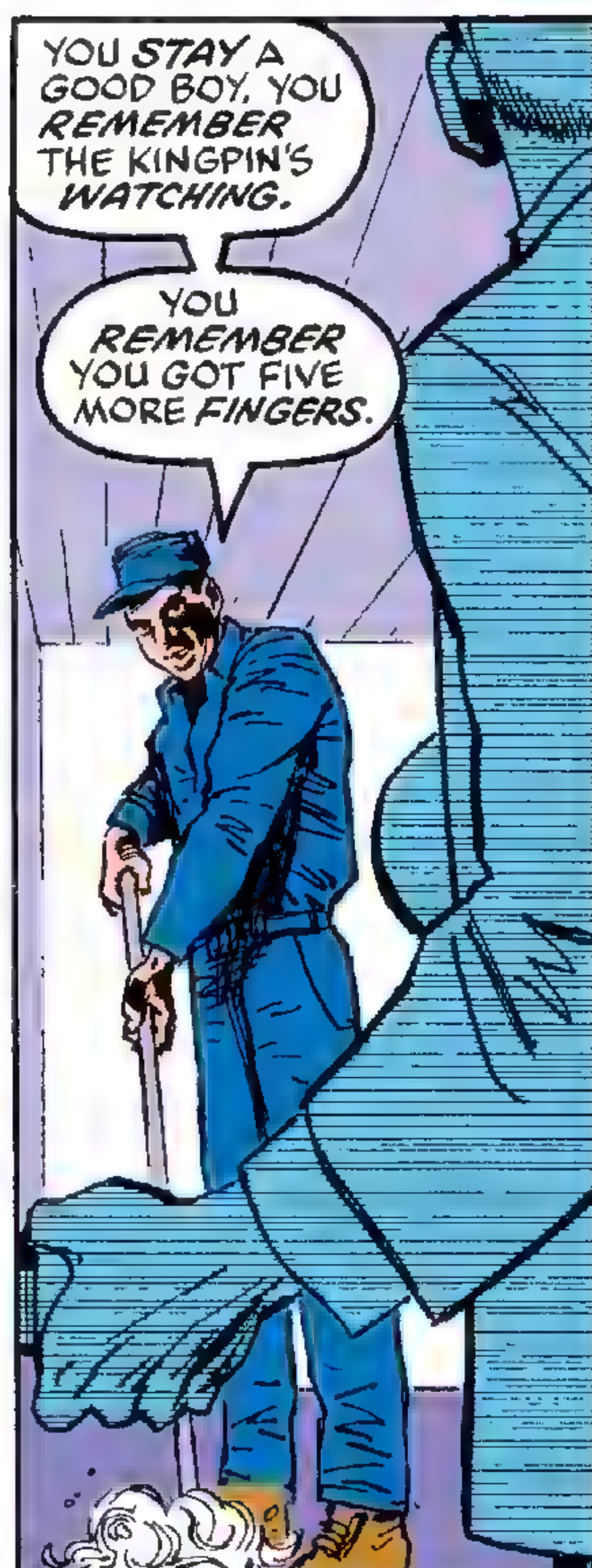
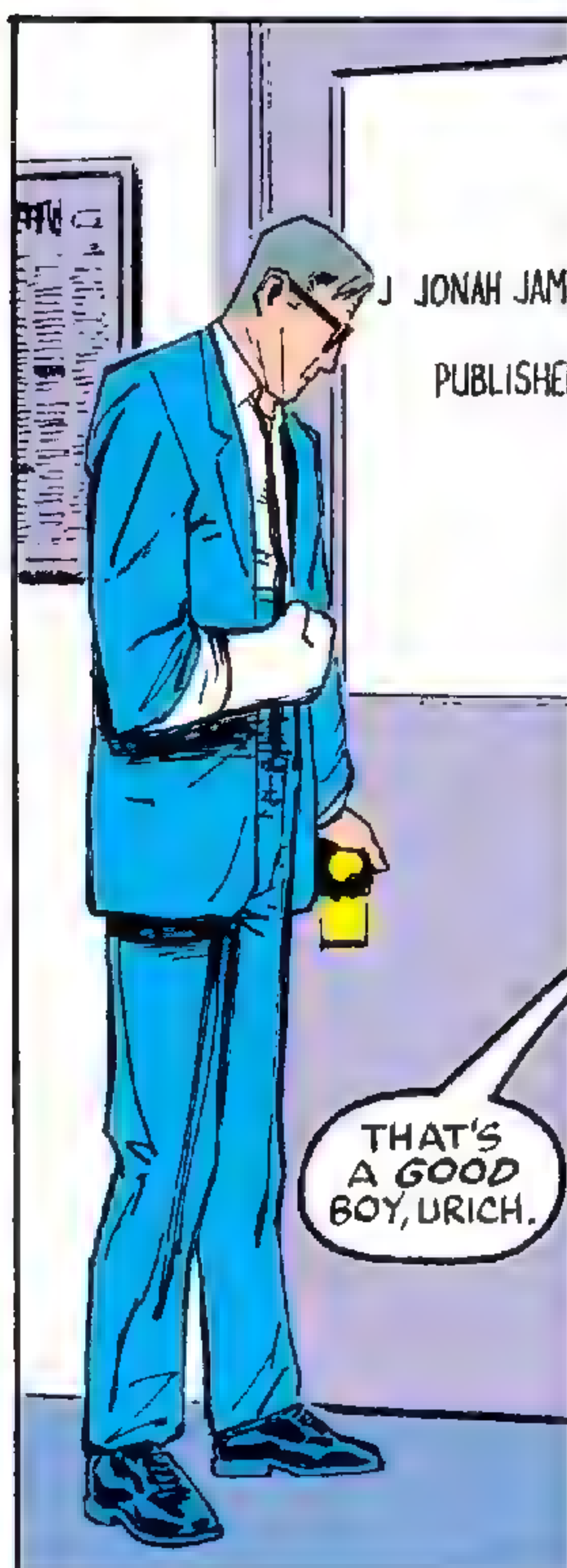
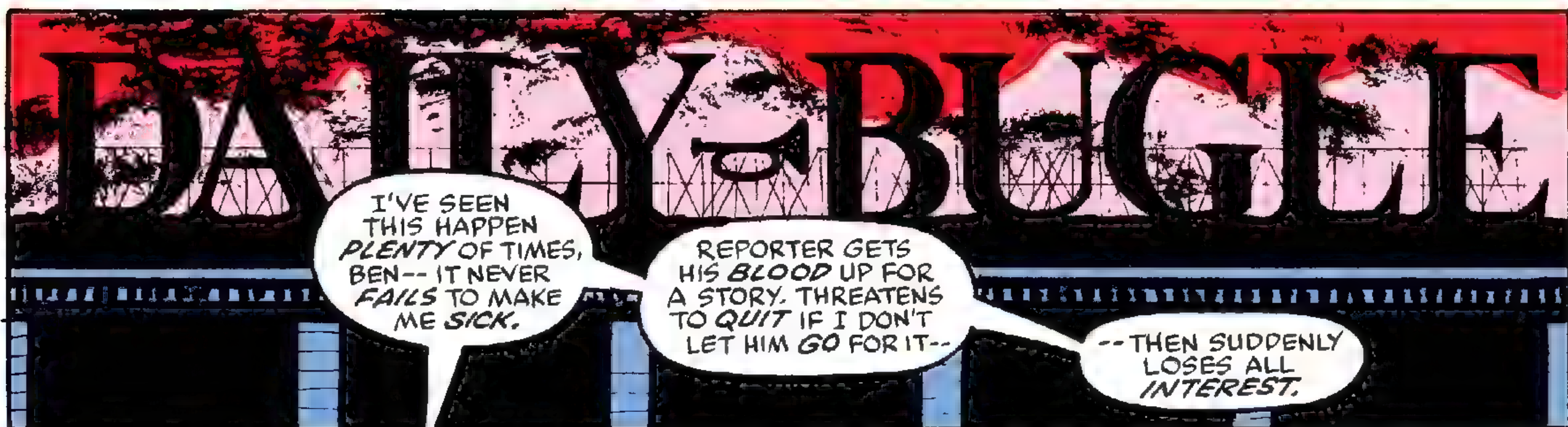
LOVE TO SEE YOU, KAREN. HOW LONG ARE YOU IN TOWN?... YOU MEAN RIGHT NOW? GEE, KAREN, I'M KIND OF TIED UP...

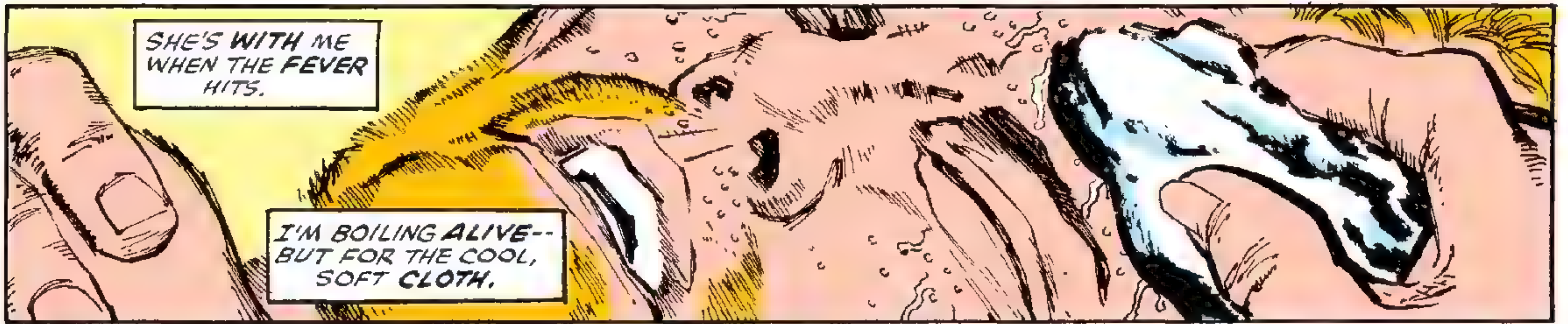
...WELL, SURE, IF IT'S IMPORTANT. WHERE?... BOY, THAT'S A ROUGH PART OF TOWN. ARE YOU SURE?...

...SURE, KAREN. FOR OLD TIMES, LIKE YOU SAY.



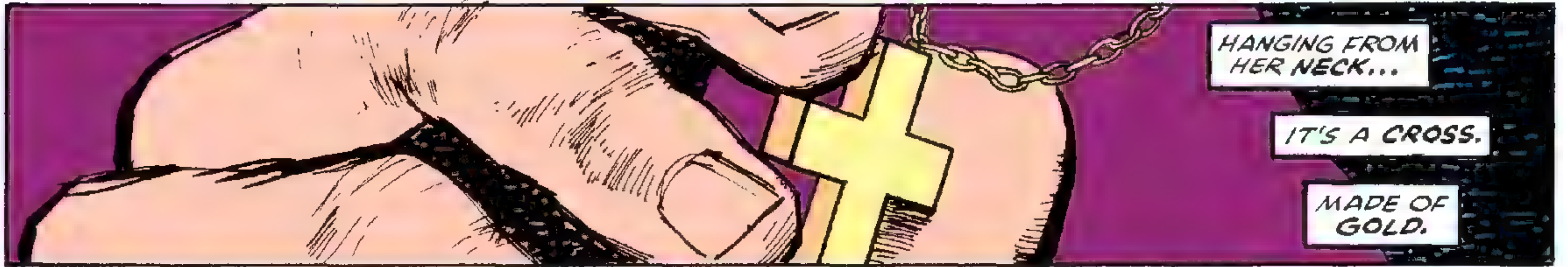
"OLD TIMES"... GEEZ, IT WASN'T SO LONG AGO...





SHE'S WITH ME
WHEN THE FEVER
HITS.

I'M BOILING ALIVE--
BUT FOR THE COOL,
SOFT CLOTH.



HANGING FROM
HER NECK...

IT'S A CROSS.

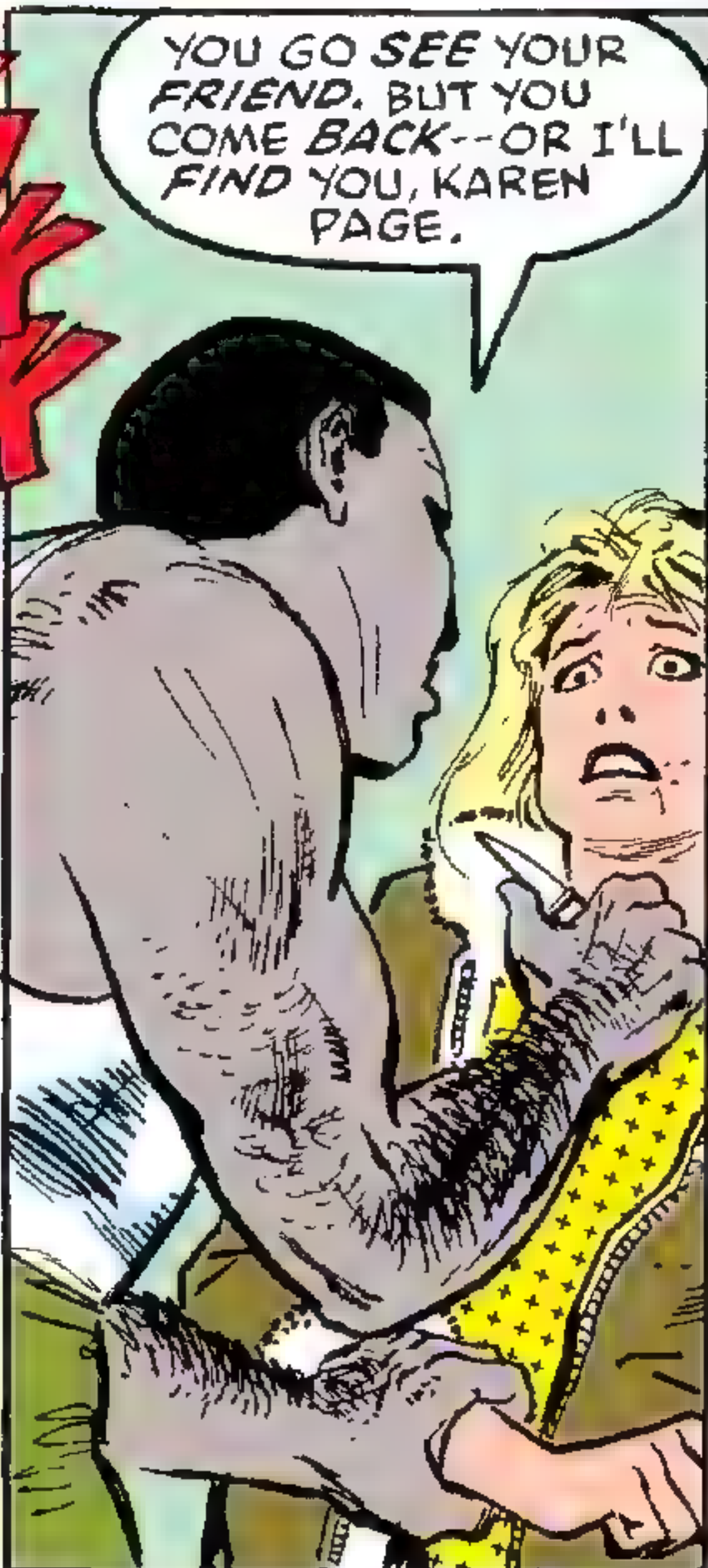
MADE OF
GOLD.



RUNNIN'
OUT ON
ME--

JUST SEEING A FRIEND--

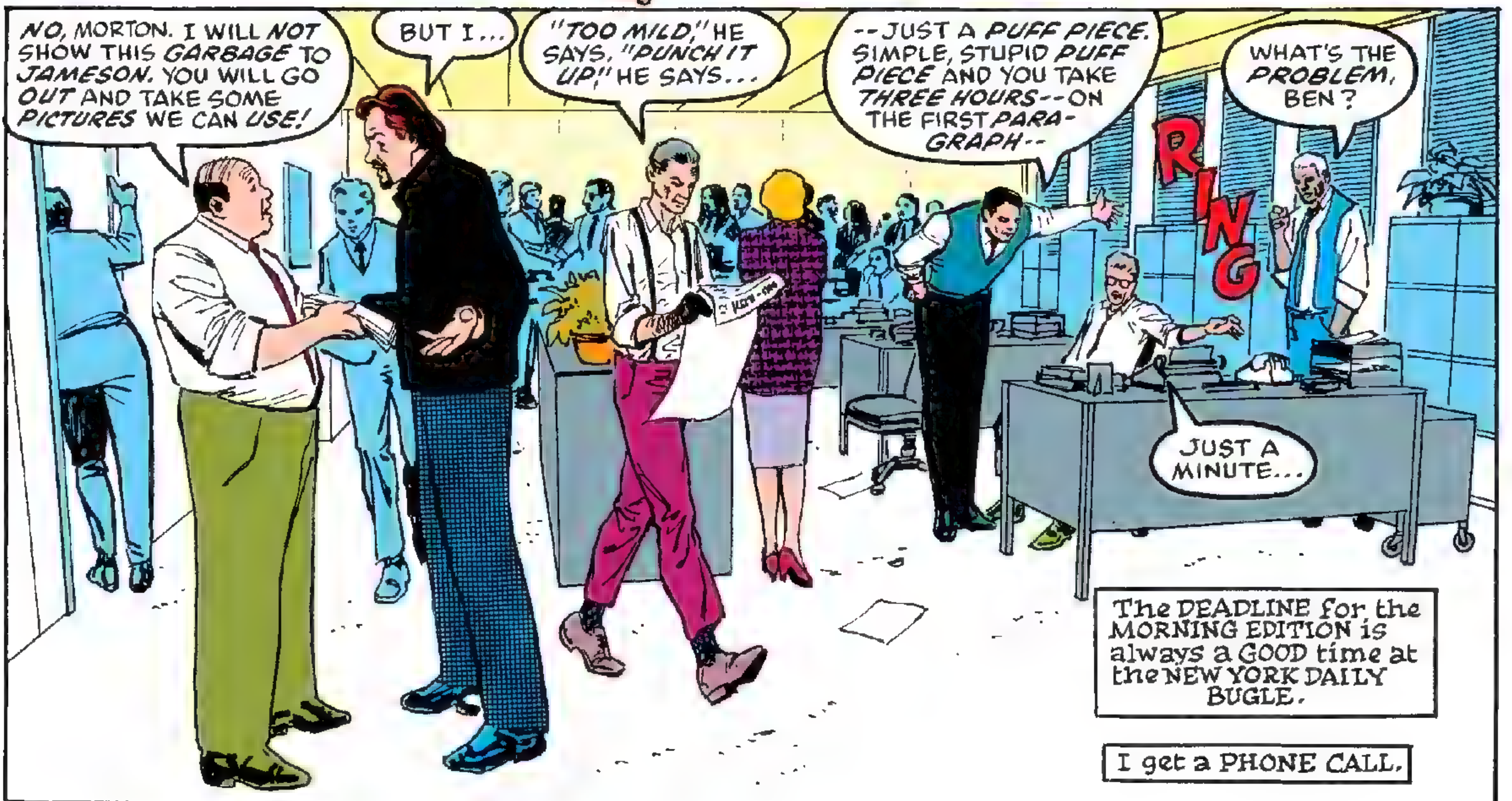
THWAKK



YOU GO SEE YOUR
FRIEND. BUT YOU
COME BACK--OR I'LL
FIND YOU, KAREN
PAGE.



YOU'RE MINE
NOW.



NO, MORTON. I WILL NOT
SHOW THIS GARBAGE TO
JAMESON. YOU WILL GO
OUT AND TAKE SOME
PICTURES WE CAN USE!

BUT I...

"TOO MILD," HE
SAYS, "PUNCH IT
UP," HE SAYS...

-- JUST A PUFF PIECE.
SIMPLE, STUPID PUFF
PIECE AND YOU TAKE
THREE HOURS--ON
THE FIRST PARA-
GRAPH--

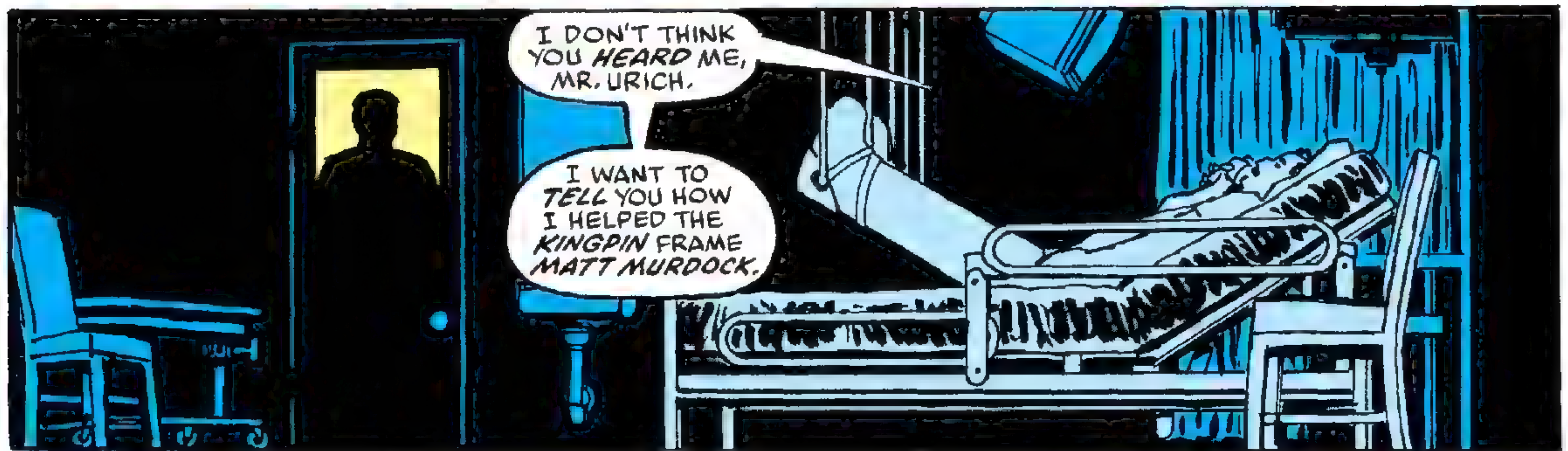
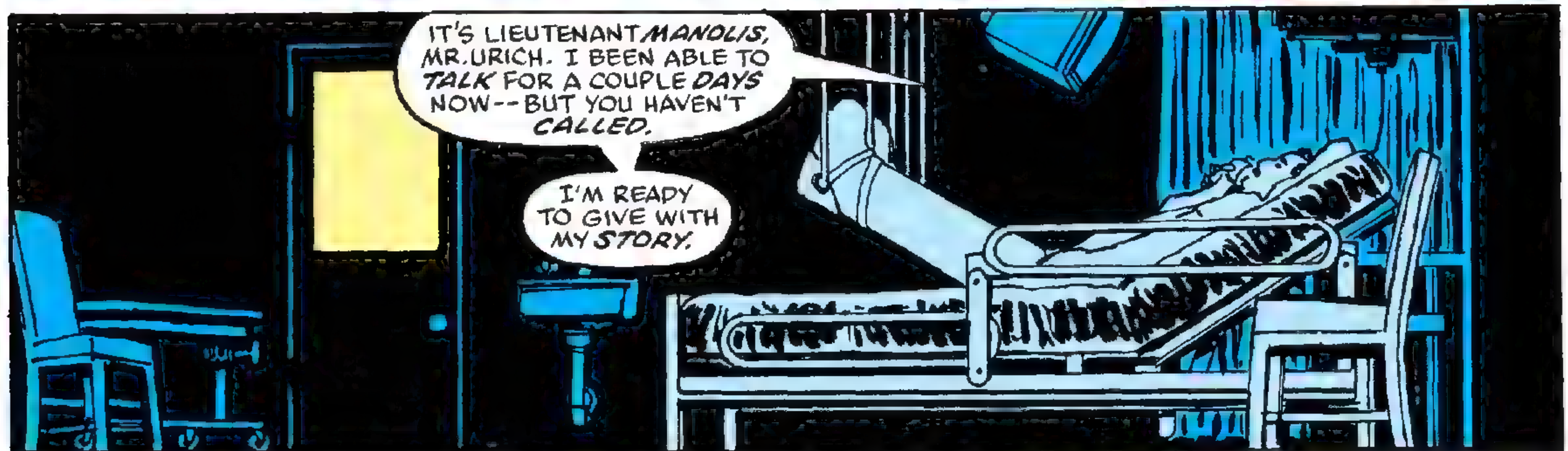
WHAT'S THE
PROBLEM,
BEN?

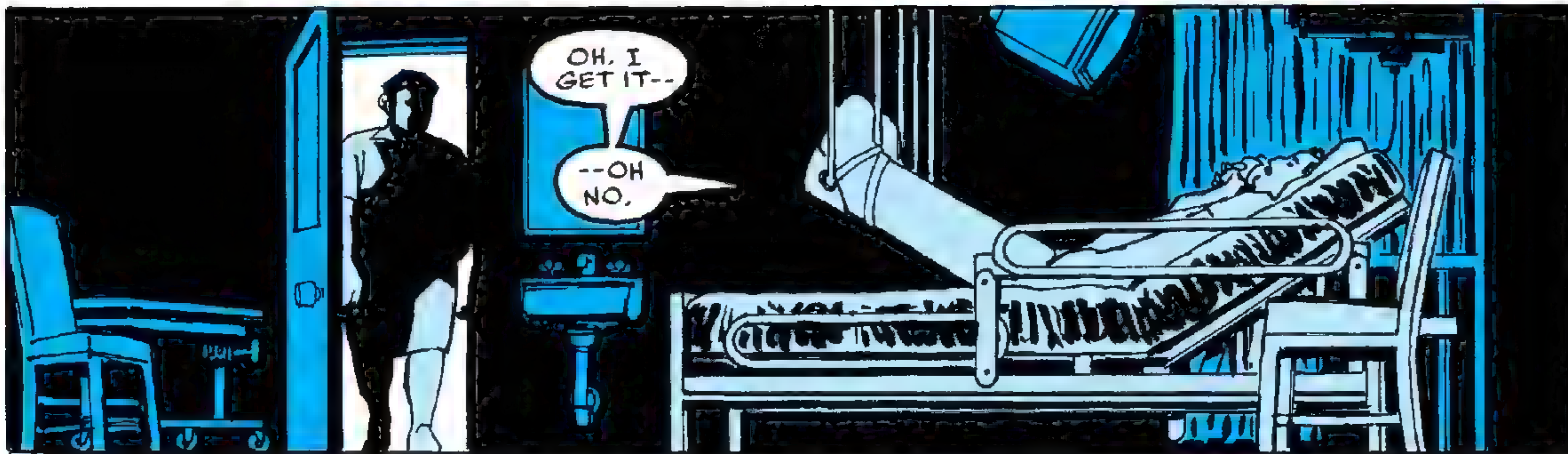
RING

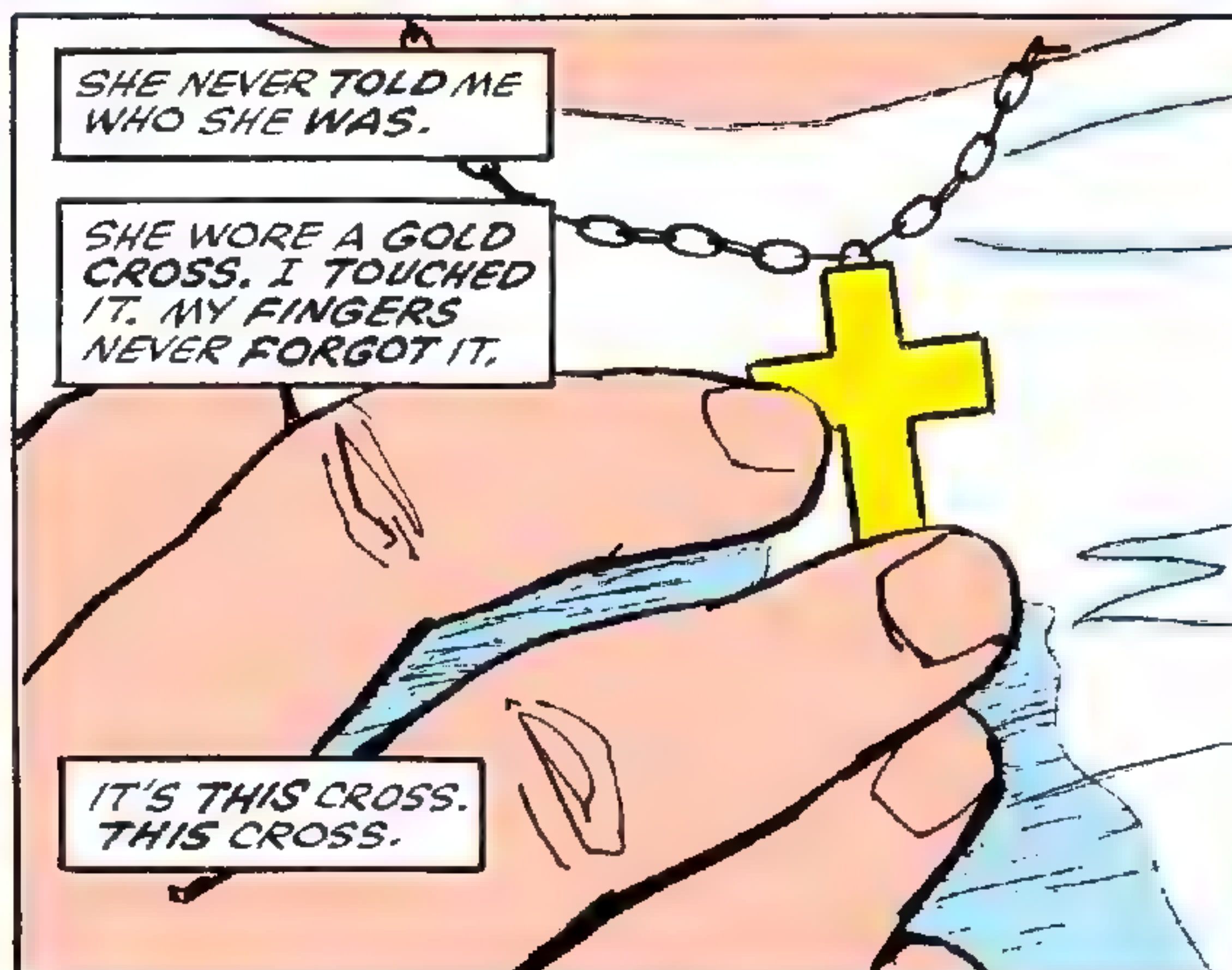
JUST A
MINUTE...

The DEADLINE for the
MORNING EDITION is
always a GOOD time at
the NEW YORK DAILY
BUGLE.

I get a PHONE CALL.









WHO COULD LOVE
ME SO MUCH...
AND STAY AWAY
SO LONG...

WHO ARE YOU,
MAGGIE?

STILL
THE FEVER
CLIMBS,
SISTER.

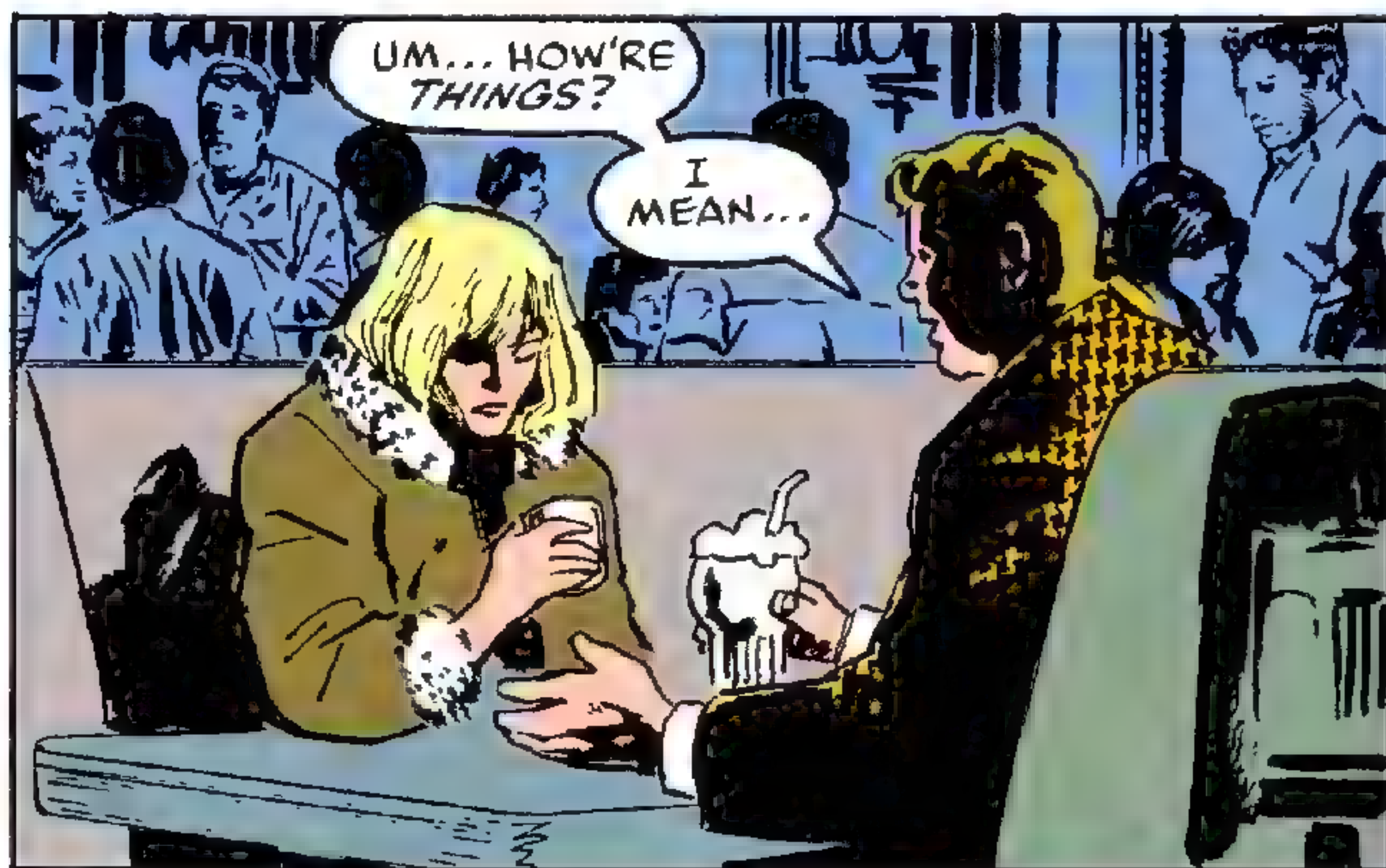
IT WILL BREAK.

IT
WILL.



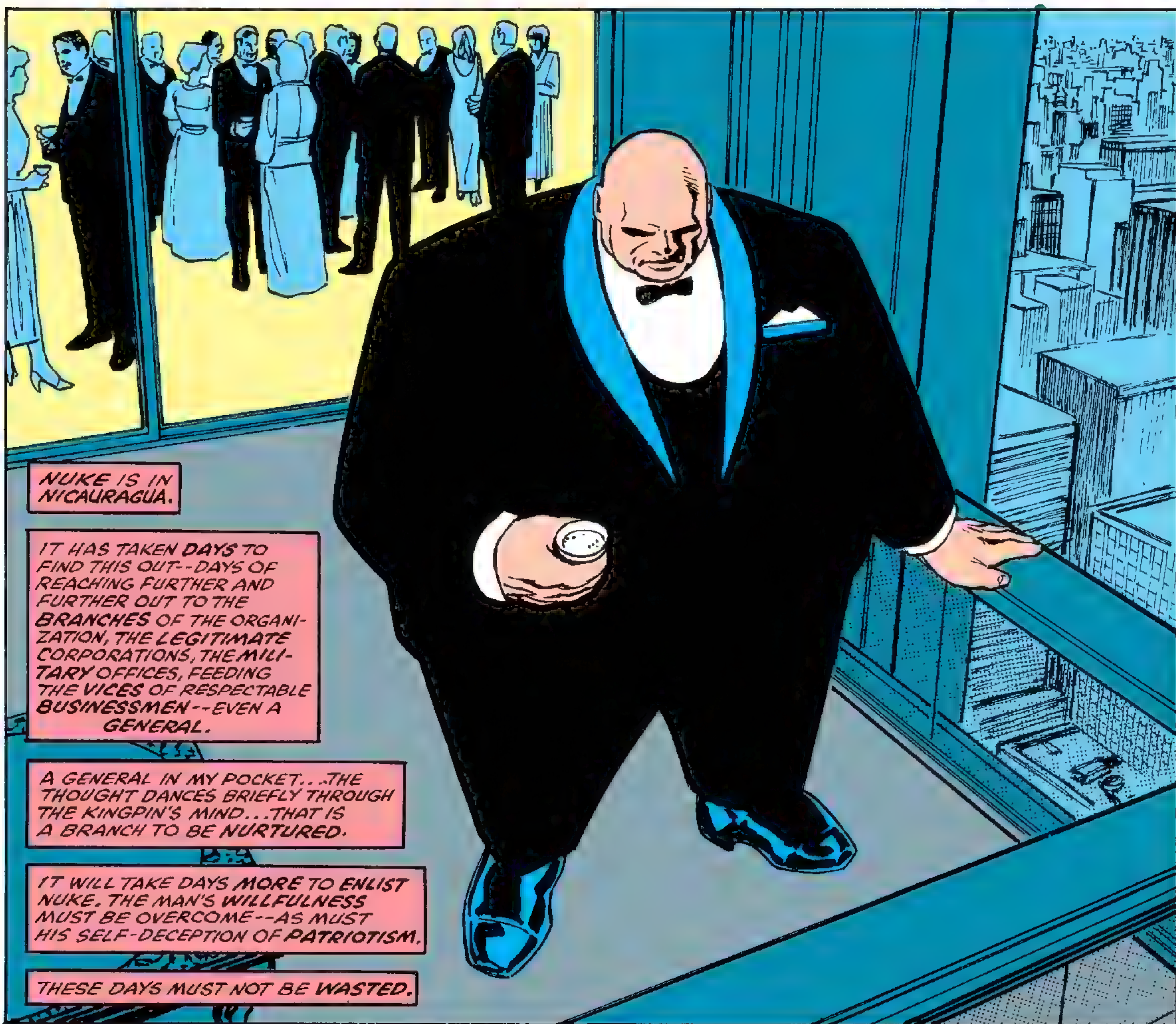
YOU
LOOK--

--YOU
LOOK
GOOD,
KAREN.



UM... HOW'RE
THINGS?

I
MEAN...



NUKE IS IN
NICAURAGUA.

IT HAS TAKEN DAYS TO
FIND THIS OUT--DAYS OF
REACHING FURTHER AND
FURTHER OUT TO THE
BRANCHES OF THE ORGANI-
ZATION, THE LEGITIMATE
CORPORATIONS, THE MILI-
TARY OFFICES, FEEDING
THE VICES OF RESPECTABLE
BUSINESSMEN--EVEN A
GENERAL.

A GENERAL IN MY POCKET...THE
THOUGHT DANCES BRIEFLY THROUGH
THE KINGPIN'S MIND...THAT IS
A BRANCH TO BE NURTURED.

IT WILL TAKE DAYS MORE TO ENLIST
NUKE. THE MAN'S WILLFULNESS
MUST BE OVERCOME--AS MUST
HIS SELF-DECEPTION OF PATRIOTISM.

THESE DAYS MUST NOT BE WASTED.



MURDOCK MUST BE DRAWN OUT OF HIDING. PERHAPS A THREAT TO HIS LOVED ONES...

TOO OBVIOUS.

BUT...TO TAKE THAT SMALL SHRED OF HIMSELF THAT HE STILL OWNS--TO FLAIL HIM WITH IT...



SNAP

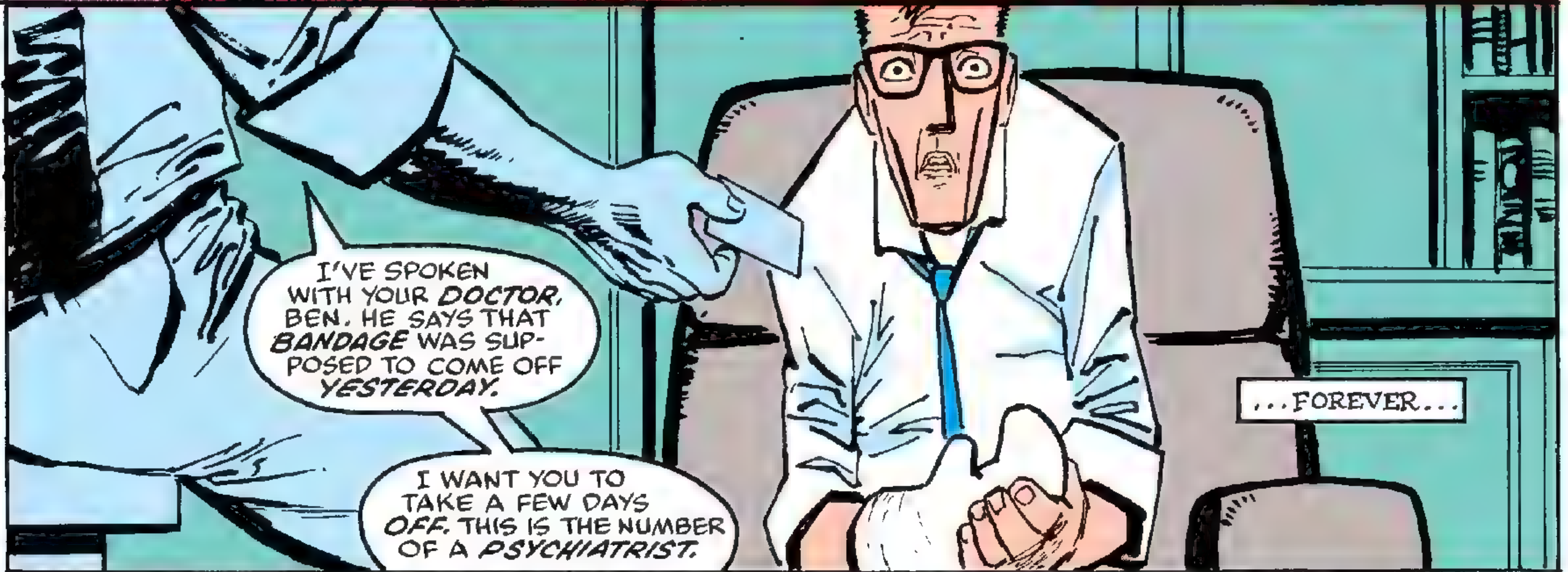


THE CRIME LORD SUMMONS A MAN WHO SPECIALIZES IN PSYCHOTICS--

-- AND ALWAYS OFFERS AN EXCELLENT SELECTION.



I swear it took FOREVER...



I'VE SPOKEN WITH YOUR DOCTOR, BEN. HE SAYS THAT BANDAGE WAS SUPPOSED TO COME OFF YESTERDAY.

I WANT YOU TO TAKE A FEW DAYS OFF. THIS IS THE NUMBER OF A PSYCHIATRIST.

...FOREVER...



NO, I MEAN IT. YOU LOOK GREAT...

...Nick GURGLed like
a CLOGGED DRAIN...
Somewhere in the
MIDDLE of it he caught
a single raspy BREATH--



...THAT'S WHAT YOU GET...
FOR SWIMMING IN THE
EAST RIVER...SLEEPING
IN THE STREET...



KAREN--
WHAT
HAPPENED?



I THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER
ASK, FOGGY.



...and Finally,
the RATTLE.





It took forever too.



I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW ABOUT--NO, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN MY MOVIES.

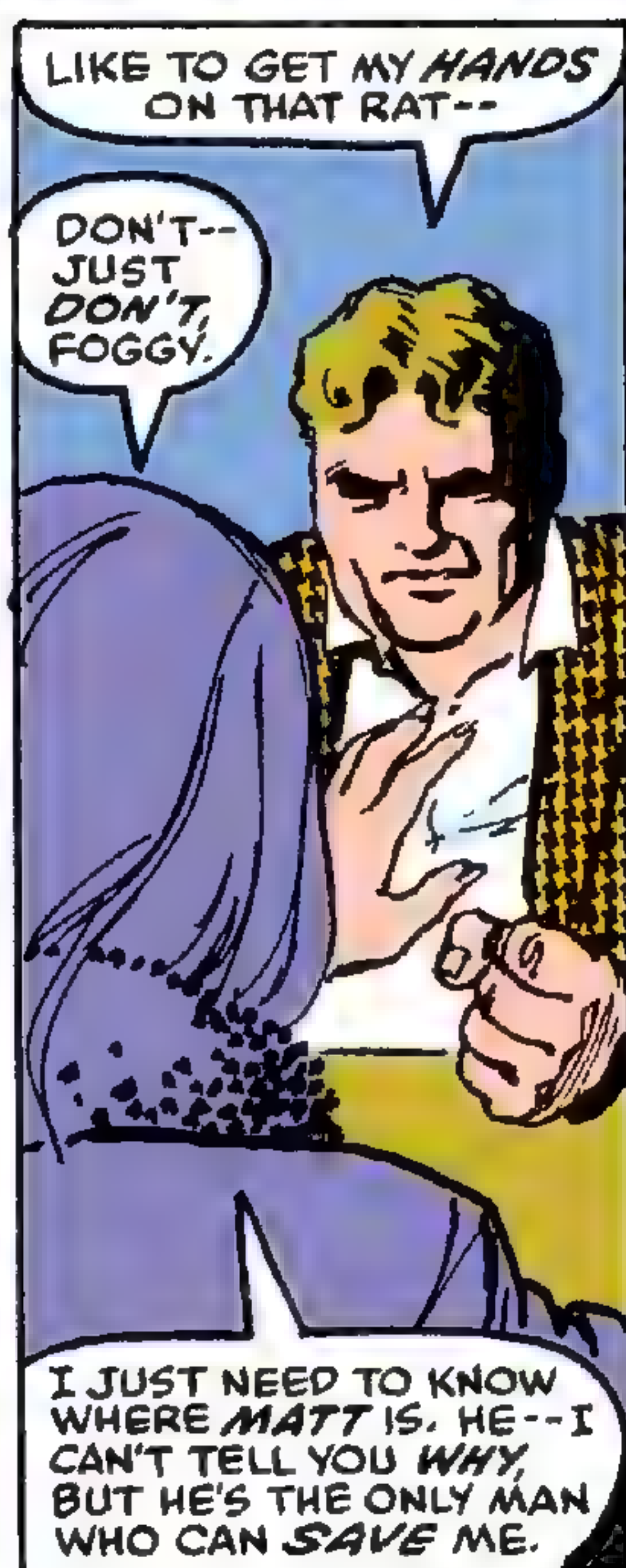
LET'S JUST SAY THAT I'VE MESSED UP MY LIFE ABOUT AS BADLY AS I COULD. LET'S JUST...

I'M A JUNKIE AND I'VE GOT TO FIND MATT OR I'LL BE MURDERED.



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR MOUTH, KAREN?

THAT'S PAULO. THE MAN I'M WITH. HE'S PRETTY AWFUL.



LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT RAT--

DON'T--JUST DON'T, FOGGY.

I JUST NEED TO KNOW WHERE MATT IS. HE--I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY, BUT HE'S THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN SAVE ME.

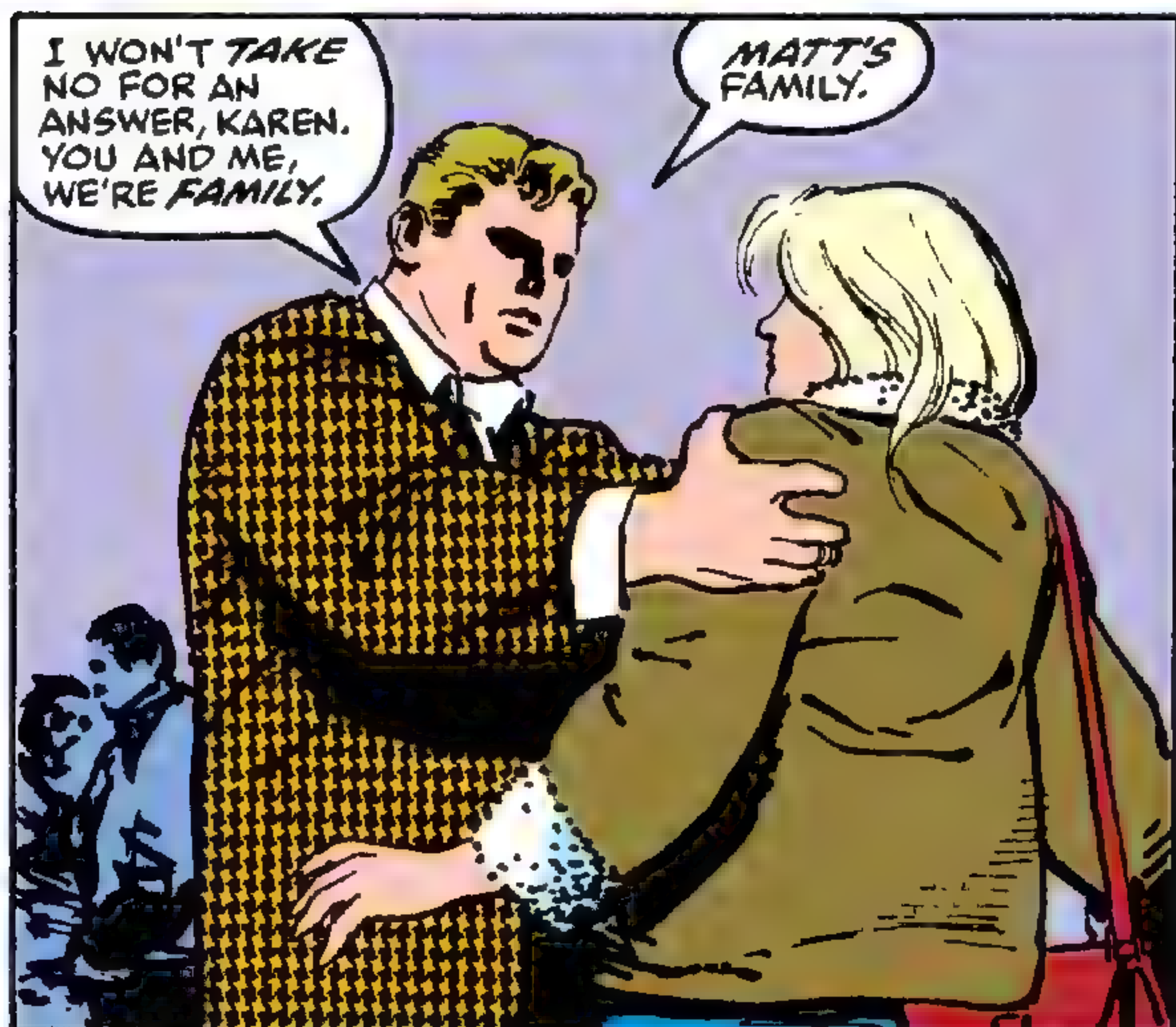


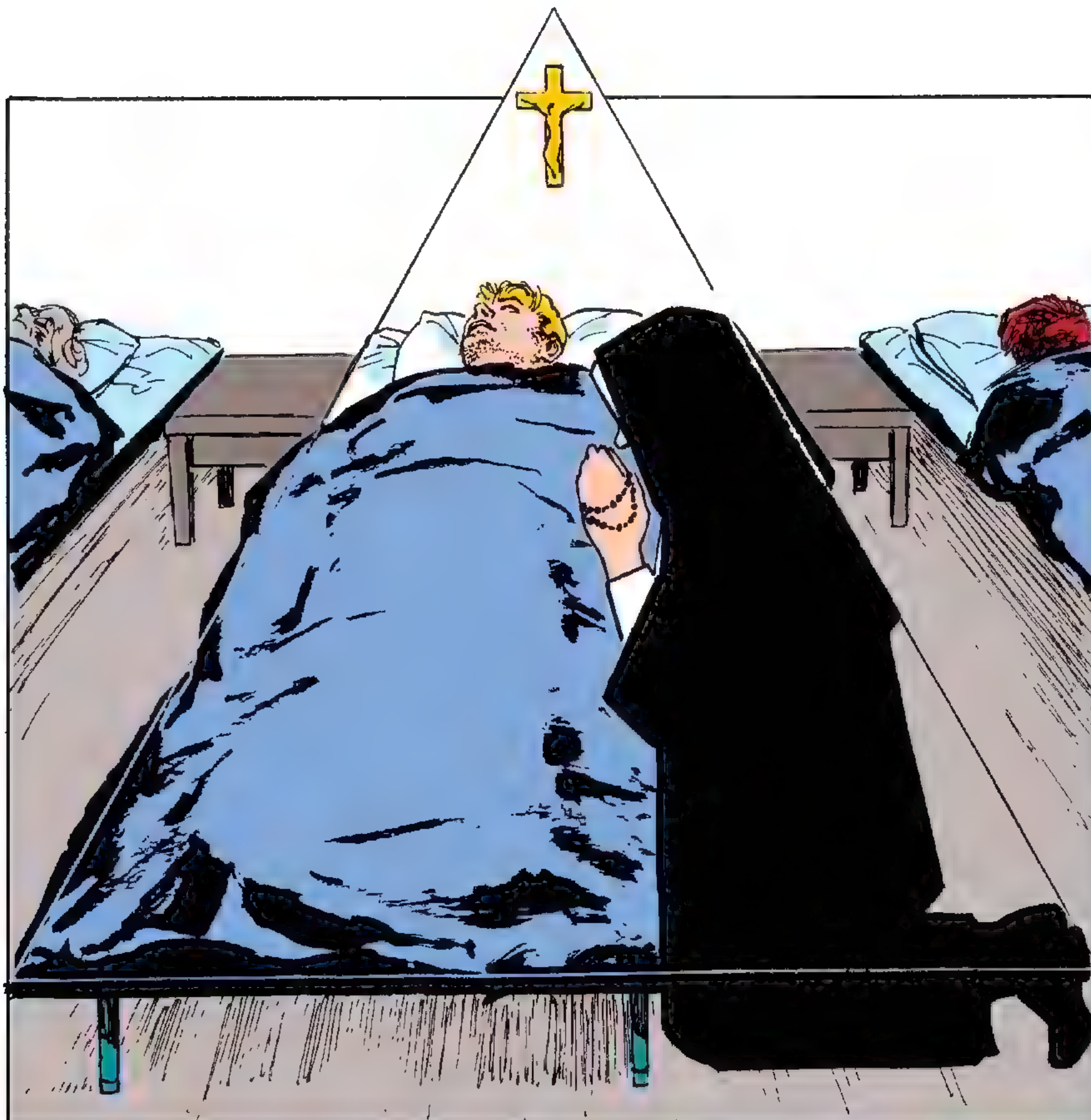
MATT'S DISAPPEARED, KAREN. A LOT HAS HAPPENED.

OUR LAW FIRM WENT OUT OF BUSINESS. MATT--WELL, MATT'S BEEN ACTING CRAZY. FOR SOME TIME NOW, THEN HE WAS CHARGED WITH CRIMINAL MISCONDUCT.



NOT MATT. NO.





THE FEVER GROWS IN HIM.
NO EARTHLY FORCE CAN
STOP IT. HE HAS LOST TOO
MUCH BLOOD. HIS BODY
CANNOT FIGHT.

HE WILL DIE.

BUT HE HAS SO VERY MUCH
TO DO, MY LORD.

HIS SOUL IS TROUBLED.

BUT IT IS A GOOD MAN'S
SOUL, MY LORD.

HE NEEDS ONLY TO BE
SHOWN YOUR WAY. THEN
HE WILL RISE AS YOUR
OWN AND BRING LIGHT
TO THIS POISONED CITY.
HE WILL BE AS A SPEAR
OF LIGHTNING IN YOUR
HAND, MY LORD.

IF I AM TO BE PUNISHED
FOR PAST SINS, SO BE IT.

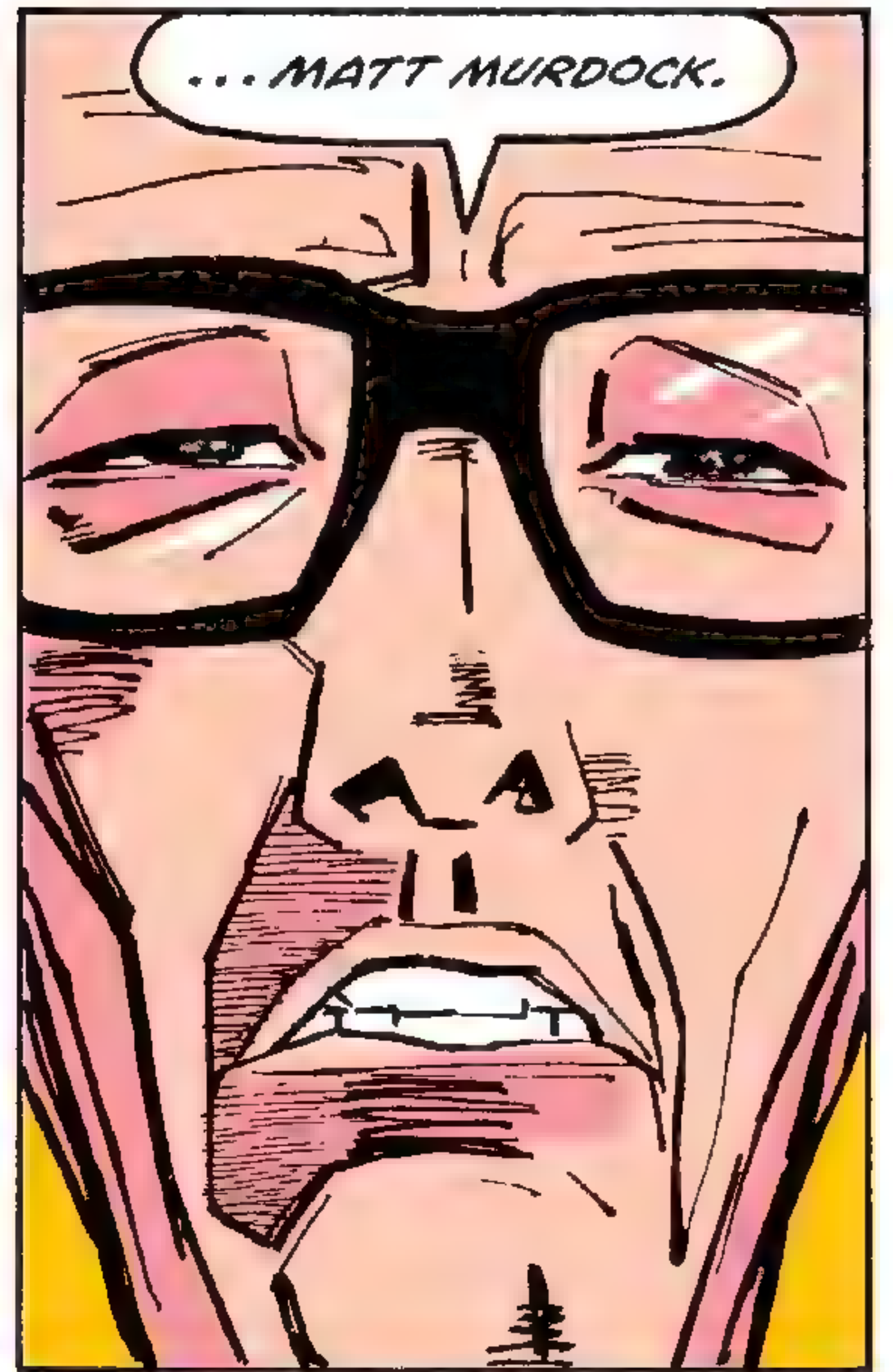
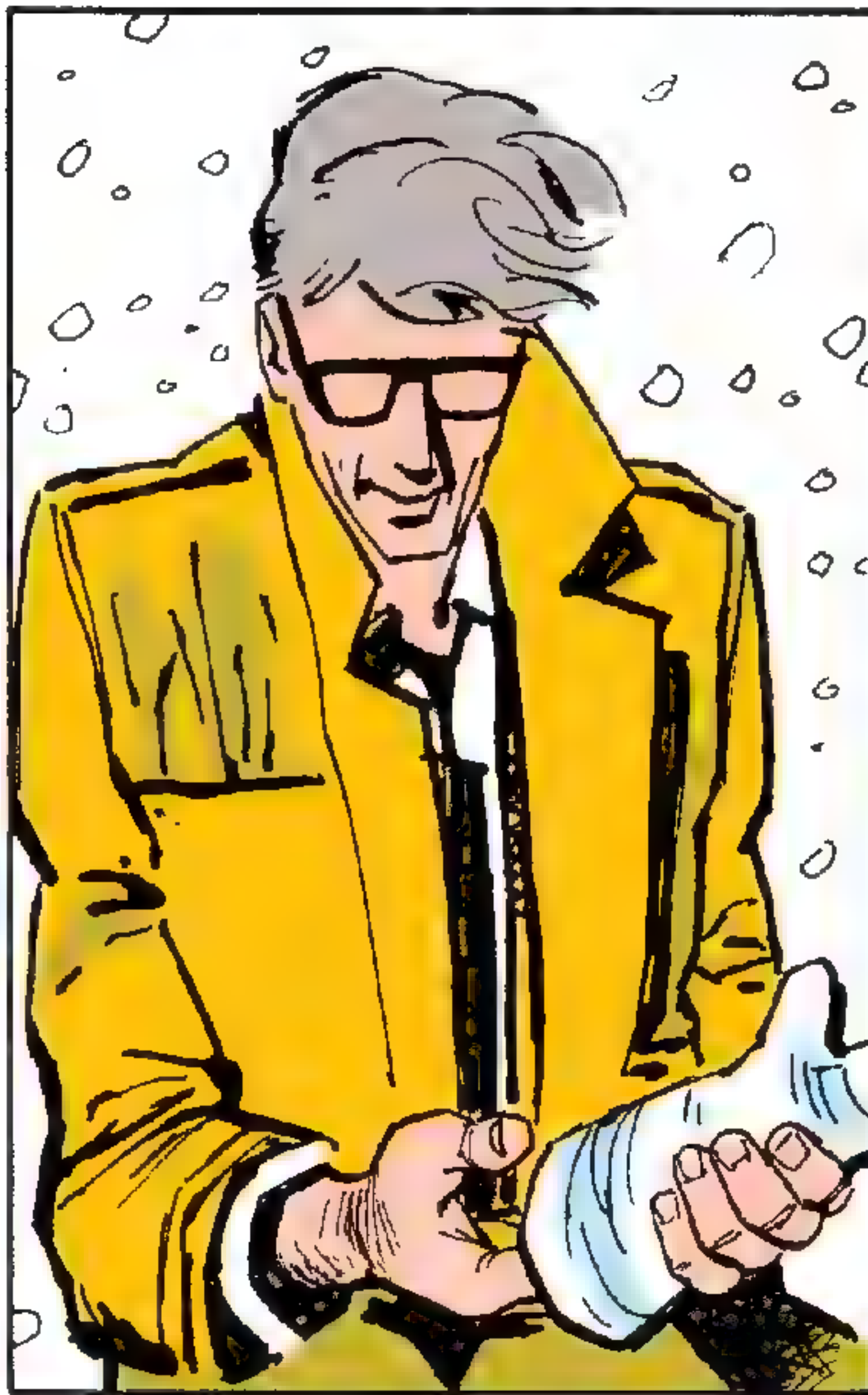
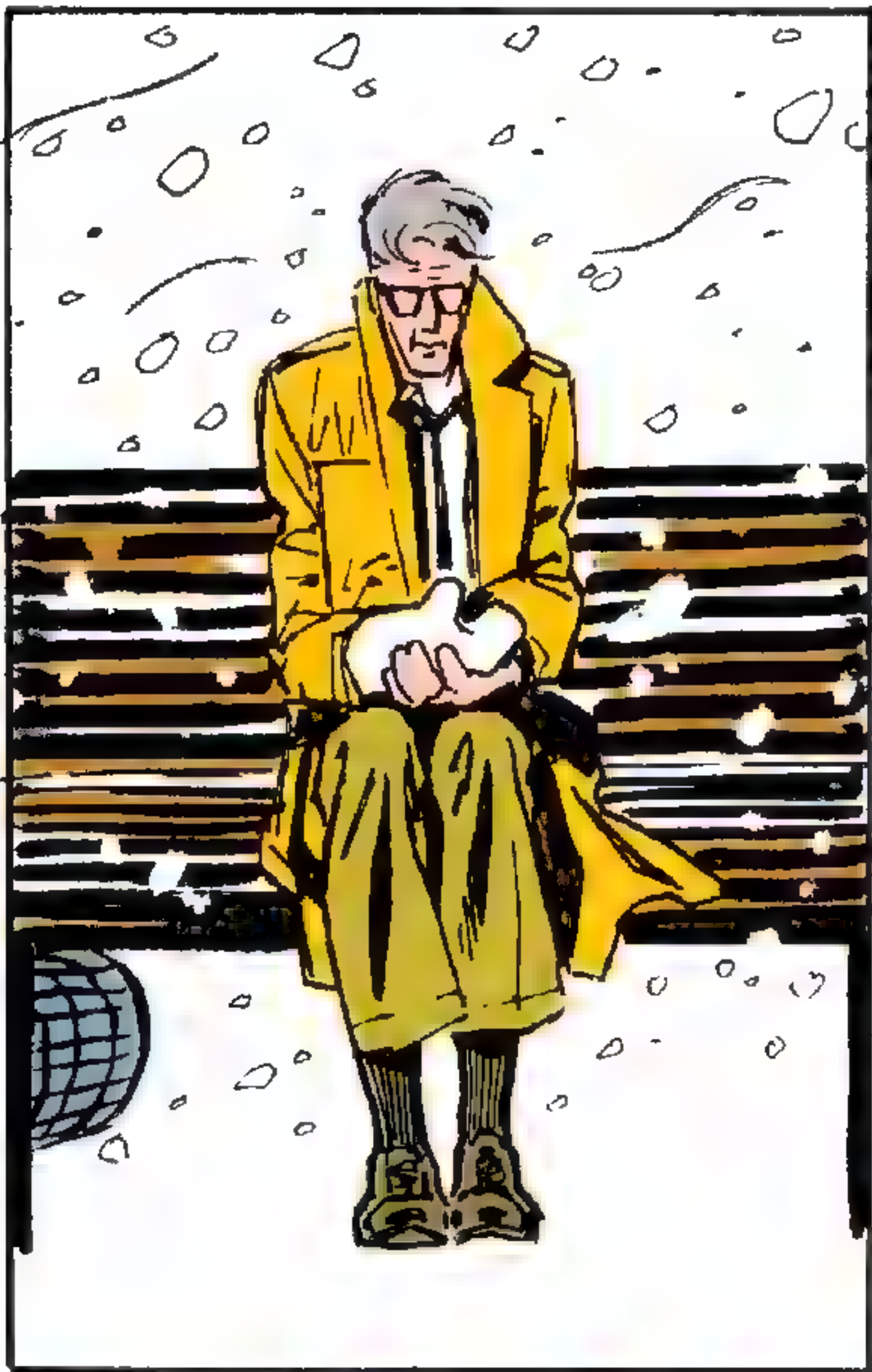
IF I AM TO BE CAST
INTO HELL, SO BE IT.

BUT SPARE HIM.

SO MANY NEED HIM.

HEAR MY PLEA.





...MATT MURDOCK.

DOWNTOWN...

CUSTOMES

MELVIN POTTER PROPRIET

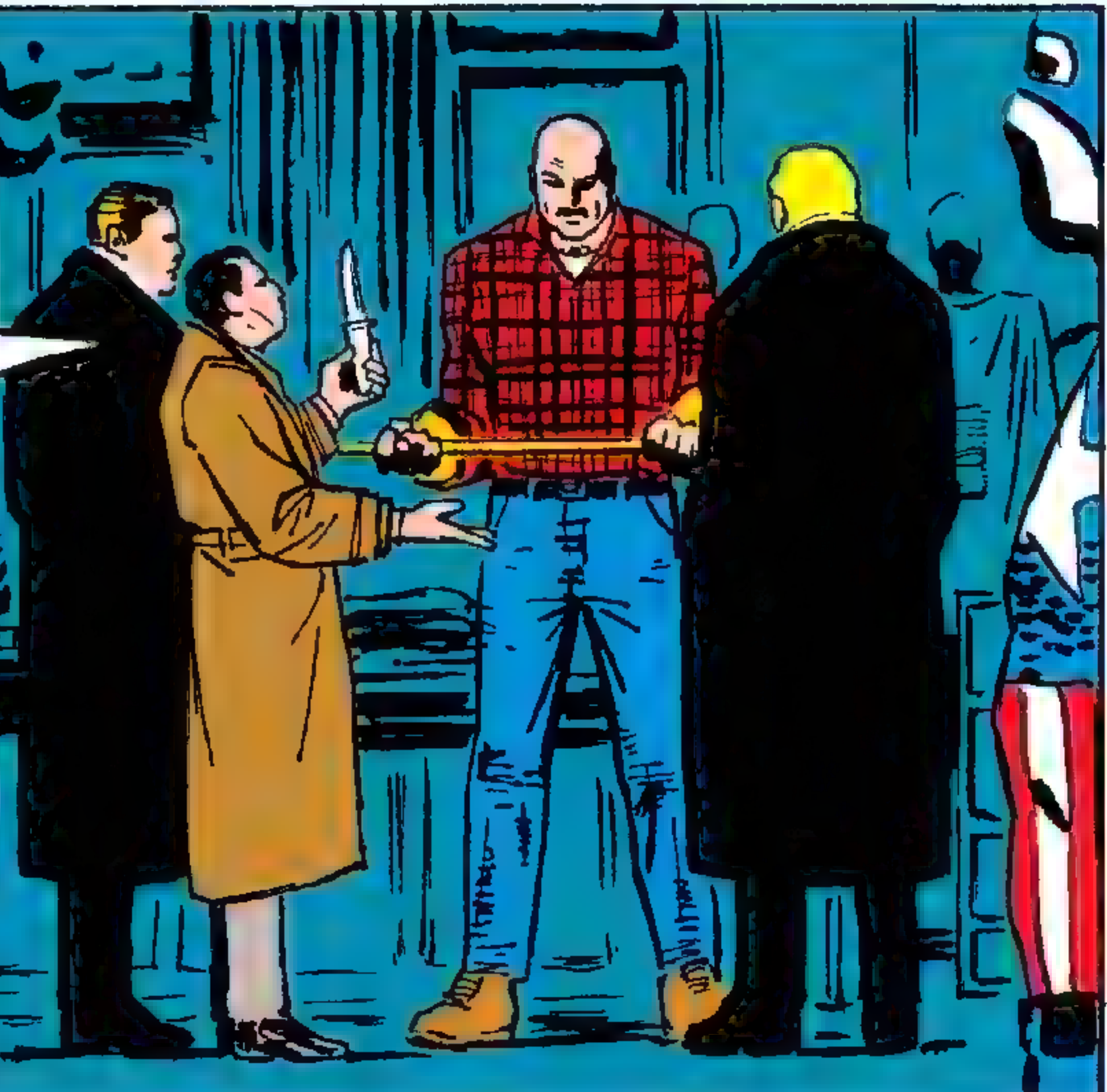
I DON'T LIKE IT. I KNOW WHO YOU WORK FOR, FELIX.

AND THE KINGPIN IS NEVER UP TO ANYTHING GOOD.

WHAT IS THERE NOT TO LIKE, POTTER? YOU CONSTRUCT COSTUMES. I AM HERETOWITH COMMISSIONING FROM YOURSELF A COSTUME.

SAID COSTUME BEING ONE YOU ARE INFINITELY FAMILIAR WITH-- DURING SUCH TIME FRAME AS BEFORE YOU DID RENUNCIATE YOUR STATUS AS A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE CRIMINAL CLASS TO OPEN THIS SHOP WITHIN WHICH WE NOW CONVERSE.

SPEAKING OF THIS MOST NEATLY CUSTODIATED ESTABLISHMENT, WE WILL SUMMARILY EXECUTE ITS PREMATURE DEMOLITION--



--NOT TO MENTION THE REMOVAL OF YOUR MOST VALUED BODY PARTS--



-- SHOULD YOU PERCHANCE FAIL TO RENDER UNTO US A PERFECT DUPLICATE OF THE UNIFORM OF A CERTAIN MAN WITHOUT FEAR.



A HEARTBEAT CAN TELL YOU A LOT.

MINE, FOR INSTANCE, HAS SLOWED DOWN CONSIDERABLY IN THE PAST FEW HOURS...

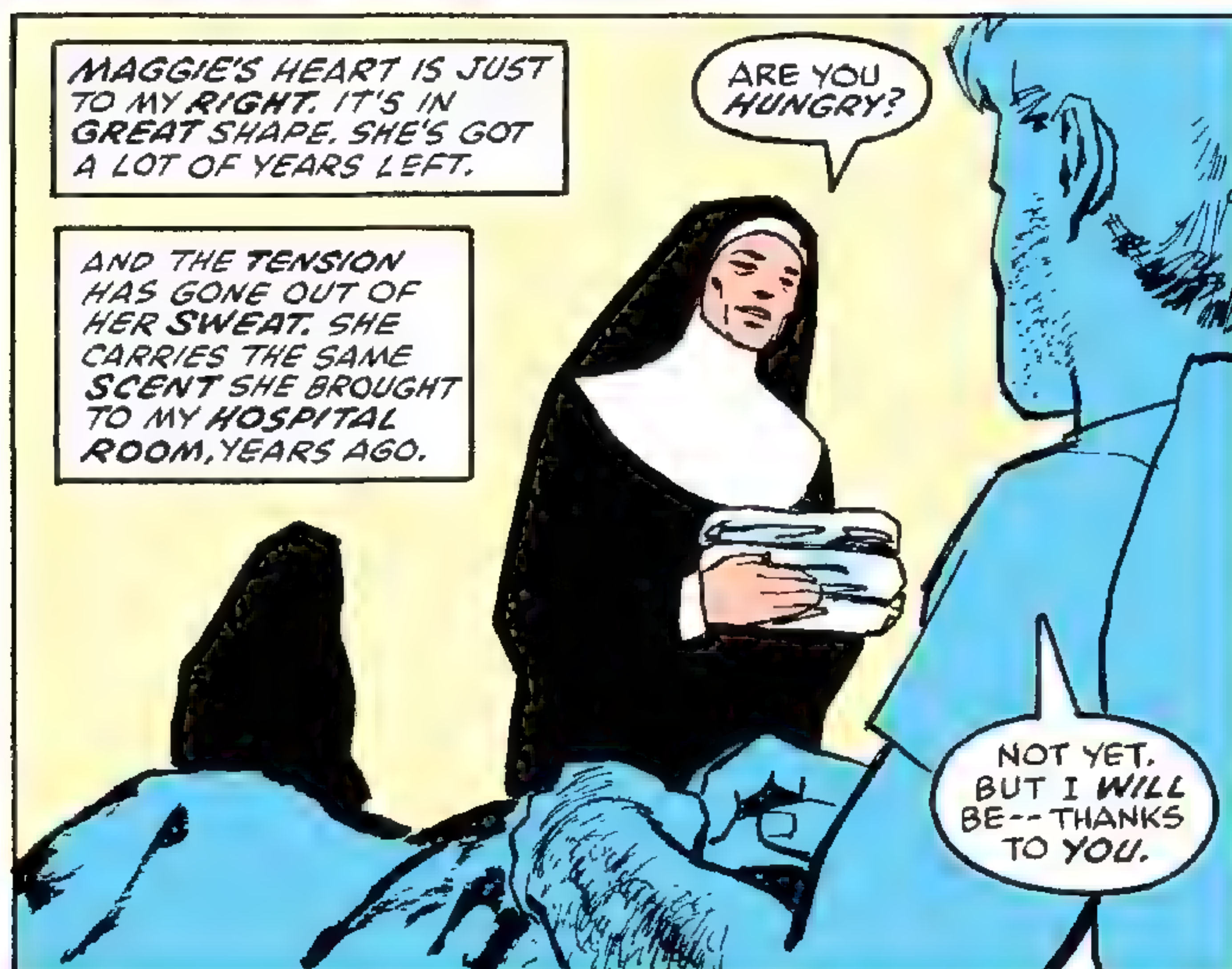


...EVER SINCE
THE FEVER
BROKE.

IT'S A PLEASURE
JUST TO SIT AND
LISTEN TO IT.

GOD HAS BEEN
MERCIFUL
TO THAT BOY.

GOD IS
JUST,
SISTER.



MAGGIE'S HEART IS JUST
TO MY RIGHT. IT'S IN
GREAT SHAPE. SHE'S GOT
A LOT OF YEARS LEFT.

AND THE TENSION
HAS GONE OUT OF
HER SWEAT. SHE
CARRIES THE SAME
SCENT SHE BROUGHT
TO MY HOSPITAL
ROOM, YEARS AGO.

ARE YOU
HUNGRY?

NOT YET.
BUT I WILL
BE-- THANKS
TO YOU.

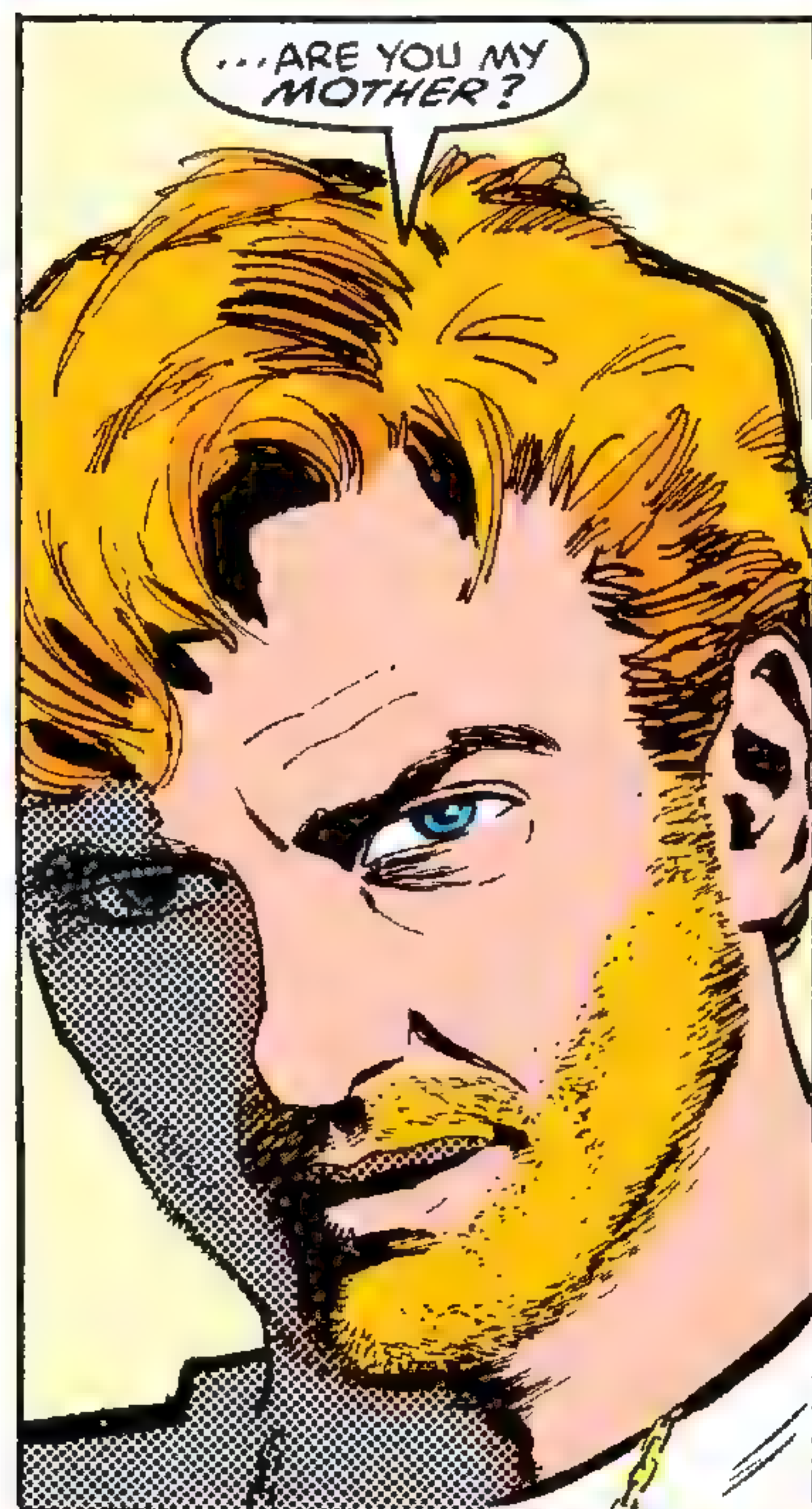


IT'S A PLEASANT SCENT.

SO MUCH LIKE
MY OWN.

GIVE
YOUR
THANKS
TO THE
LORD.

MAGGIE...



...ARE YOU MY
MOTHER?



OF COURSE NOT,
CHILD.



A HEARTBEAT CAN TELL
YOU A LOT.

HERS JUST JUMPED.

SHE'S LYING.

NEXT: SAVED

MARVEL[®]
25TH
ANNIVERSARY



75¢
231
JUNE
© 02459

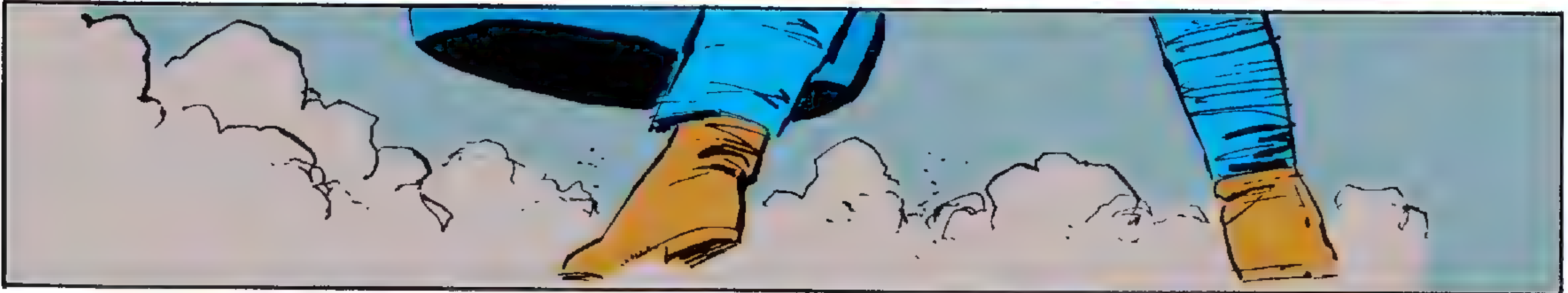
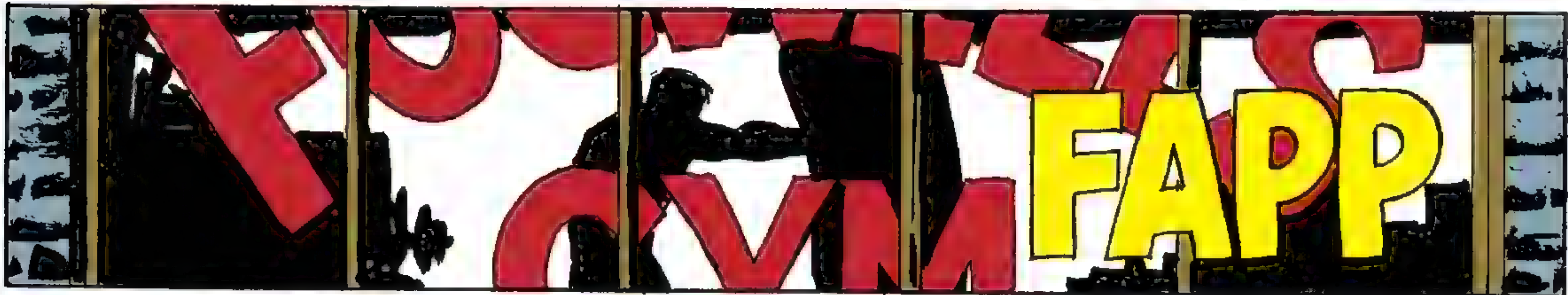


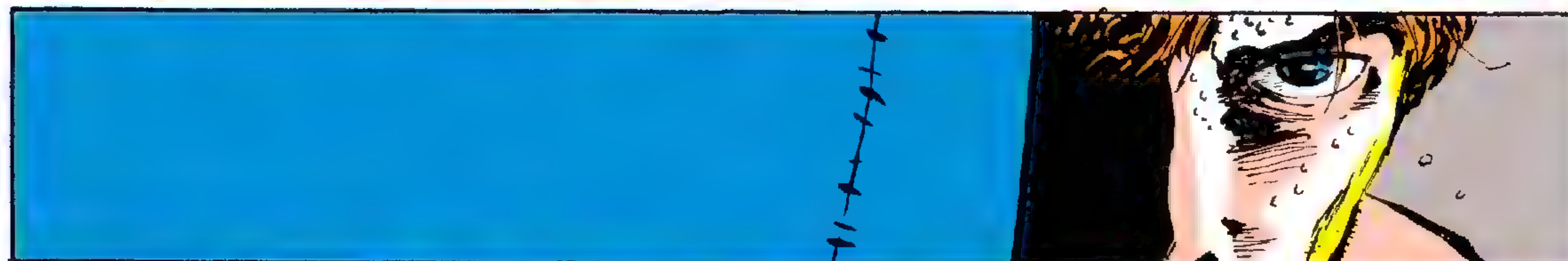
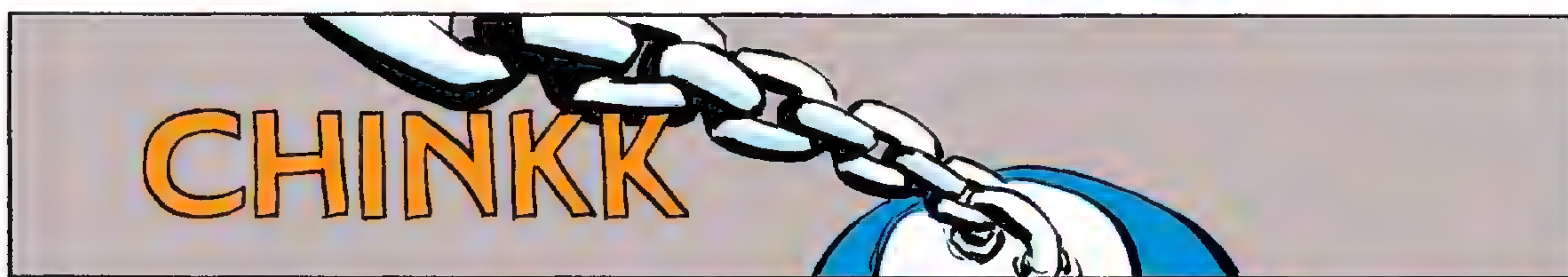
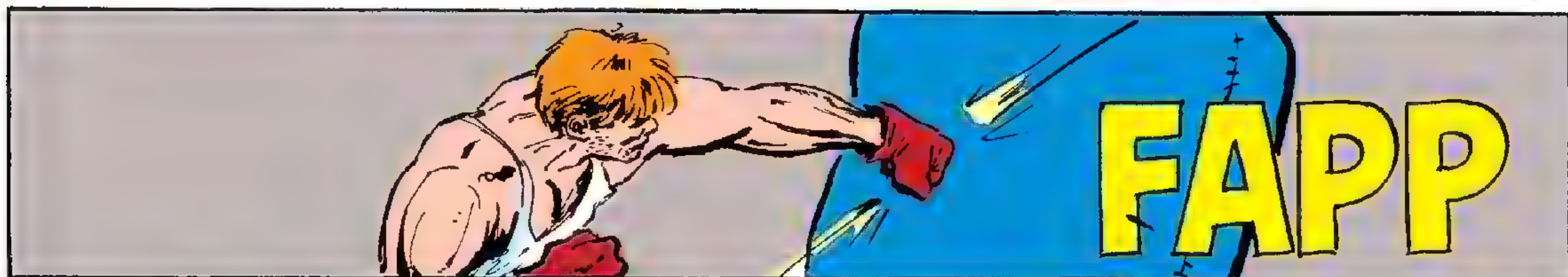
DAREDEVIL[®]



DM







STAN LEE presents

SAVED



by

FRANK MILLER and

DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE

JOE ROSEN

RALPH MACCHIO

JIM SHOOTER

COLORS

LETTERS

EDITOR

EDITOR IN CHIEF



My name is BEN URICH. I'm a REPORTER.

It took them TWENTY MINUTES to take down my STATEMENT on the murder of police Lieutenant NICK MANOLIS.

That was THREE HOURS ago.

For the RECORD, we were on recitation number FIFTEEN when my skull became a bowl of FARINA.

...NICK WAS GOING TO CONFESS THAT HE HELPED THE KINGPIN FRAME MATT MURDOCK.

THE KINGPIN HAD NICK KILLED TO SHUT HIM UP.

I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY THE KINGPIN HAS IT IN FOR MURDOCK...

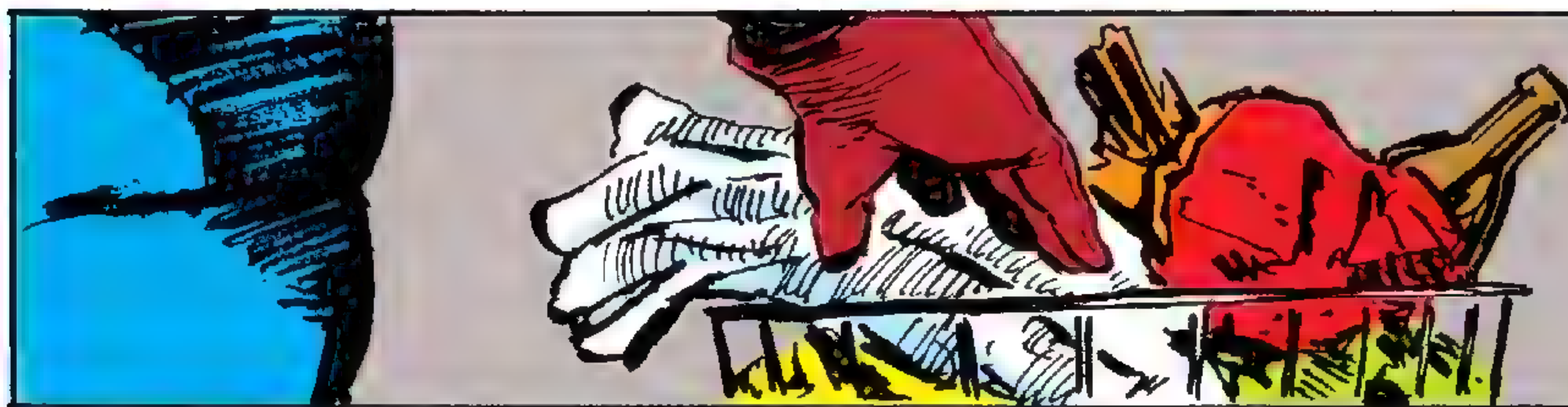


I start thinking about MATT just to keep my BRAIN busy.

MATT...they'd put me in the DRUNK TANK if I tried to tell them about YOU...

...about how you were struck across the eyes and BLINDED by a radioactive ISO-TOPE--how your remaining SENSES were HEIGHTENED.

Suppose I TOLD them, Matt, that you can tell if someone's LYING by the sound of a HEARTBEAT?



That you can READ a printed PAGE by FEELING the impression of the INK with your FINGER-TIPS...



The Kingpin of Crime

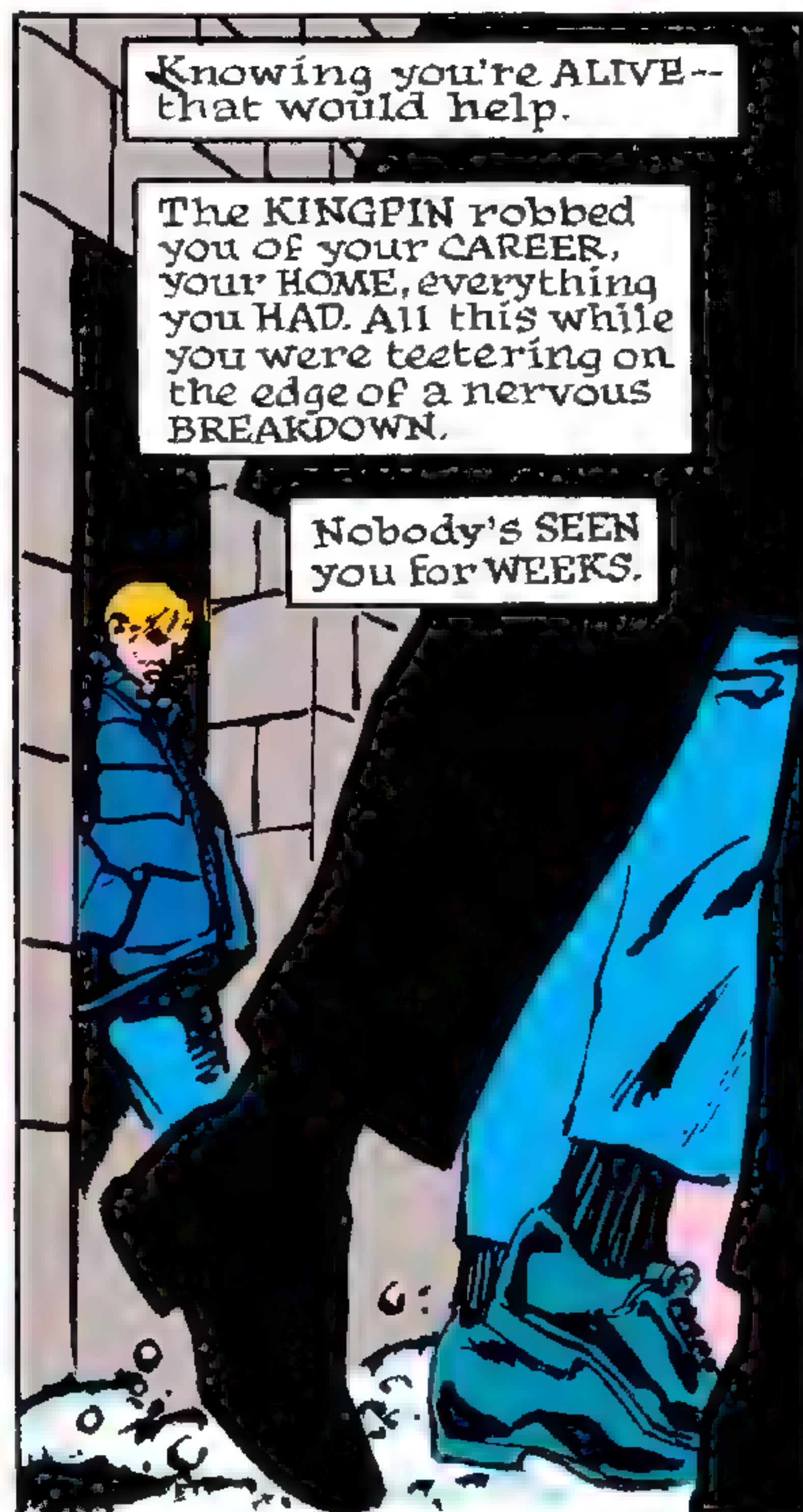
A Six Part Series by Ben II



...no, I don't tell them all THAT. But whatever I DO say is enough to convince them to graft a six foot SWEDE to my hip.

I wish I could tell you I feel SAFER with officer HEGGERFORS.

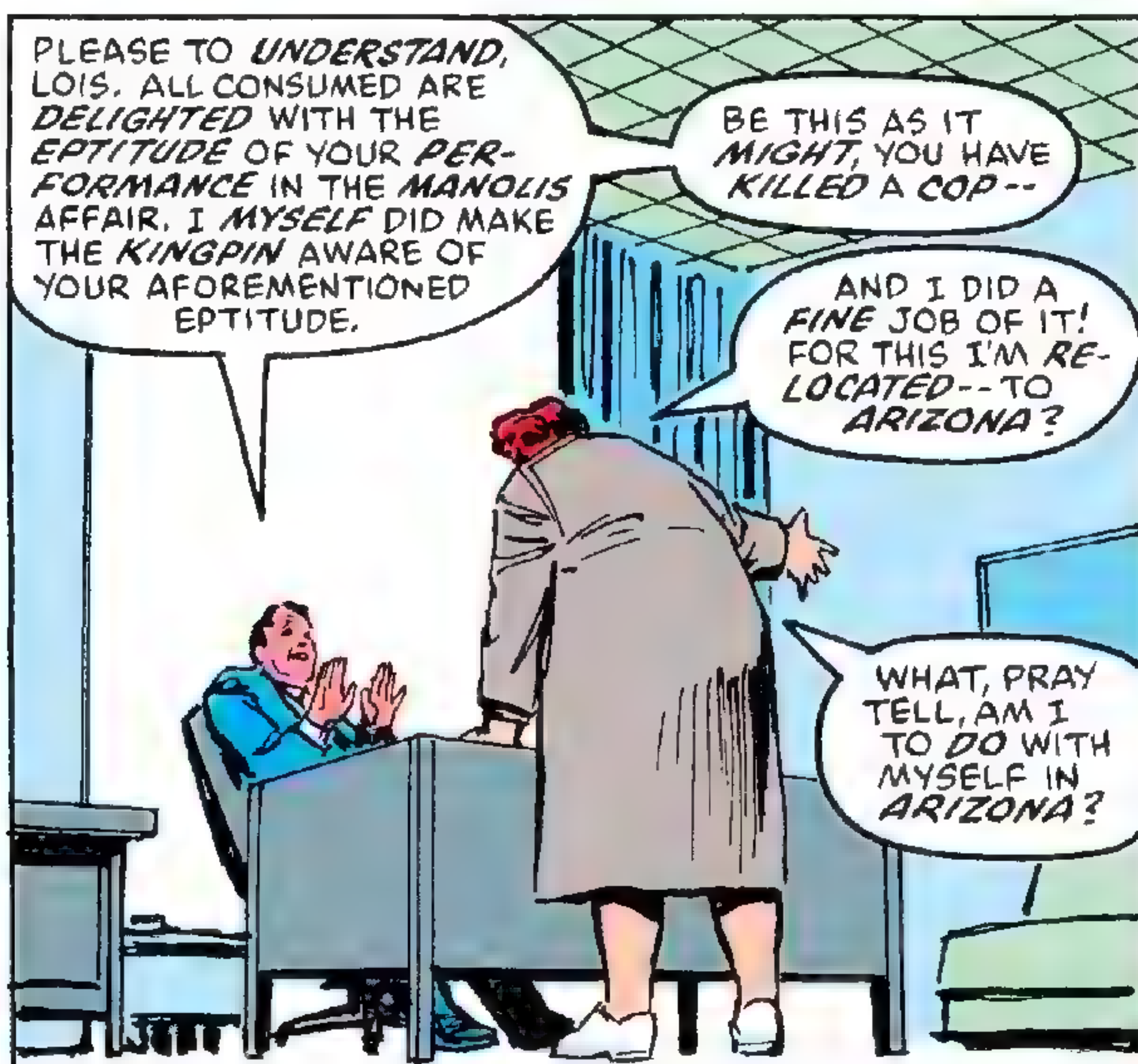
It's not like having YOU along, MATT. Nothing is.



Knowing you're ALIVE-- that would help.

The KINGPIN robbed you of your CAREER, your HOME, everything you HAD. All this while you were teetering on the edge of a nervous BREAKDOWN.

Nobody's SEEN you for WEEKS.



PLEASE TO UNDERSTAND, LOIS. ALL CONSUMED ARE DELIGHTED WITH THE EPTITUDE OF YOUR PERFORMANCE IN THE MANOLIS AFFAIR. I MYSELF DID MAKE THE KINGPIN AWARE OF YOUR AFOREMENTIONED EPTITUDE.

BE THIS AS IT MIGHT, YOU HAVE KILLED A COP--

AND I DID A FINE JOB OF IT! FOR THIS I'M RELOCATED-- TO ARIZONA?

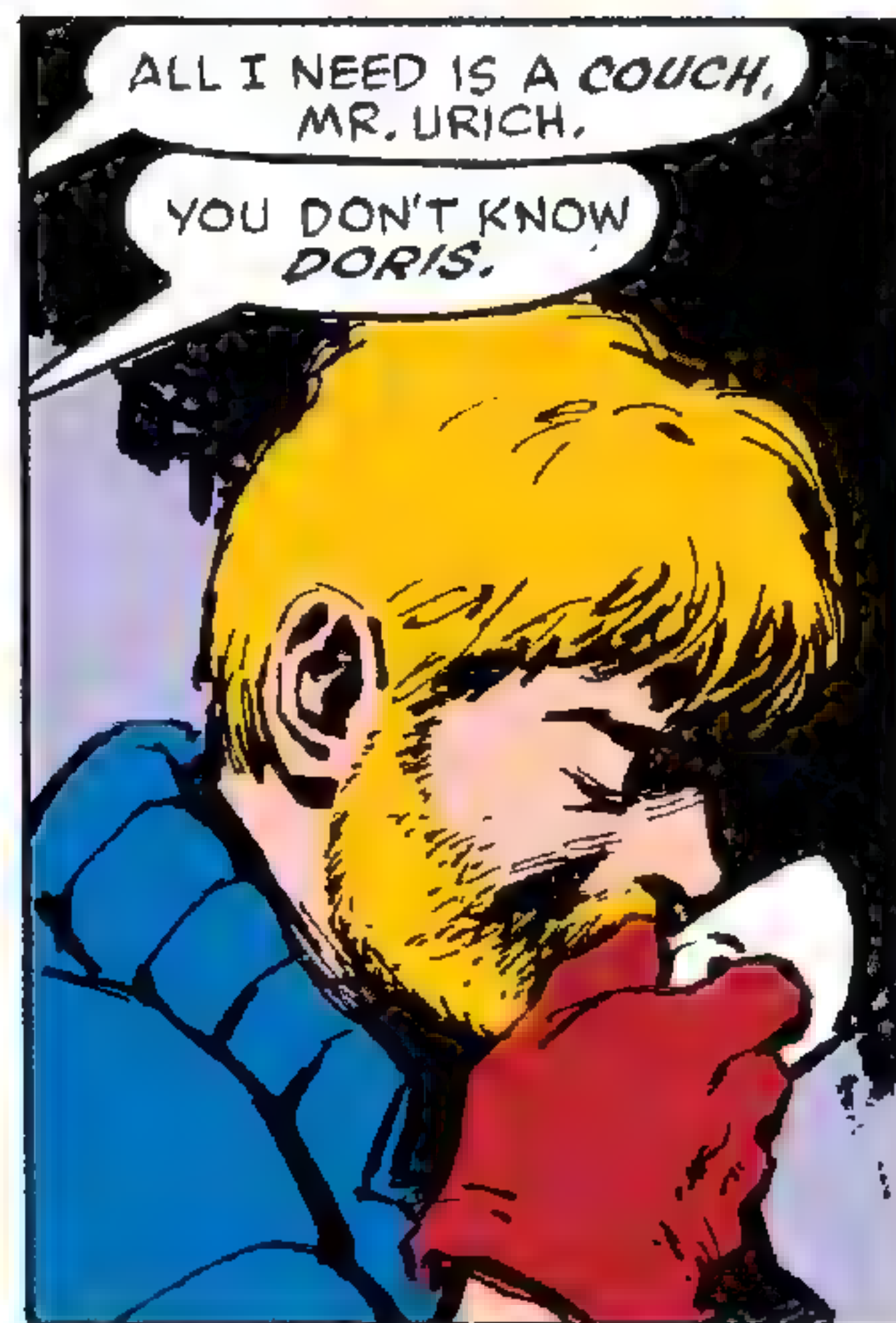
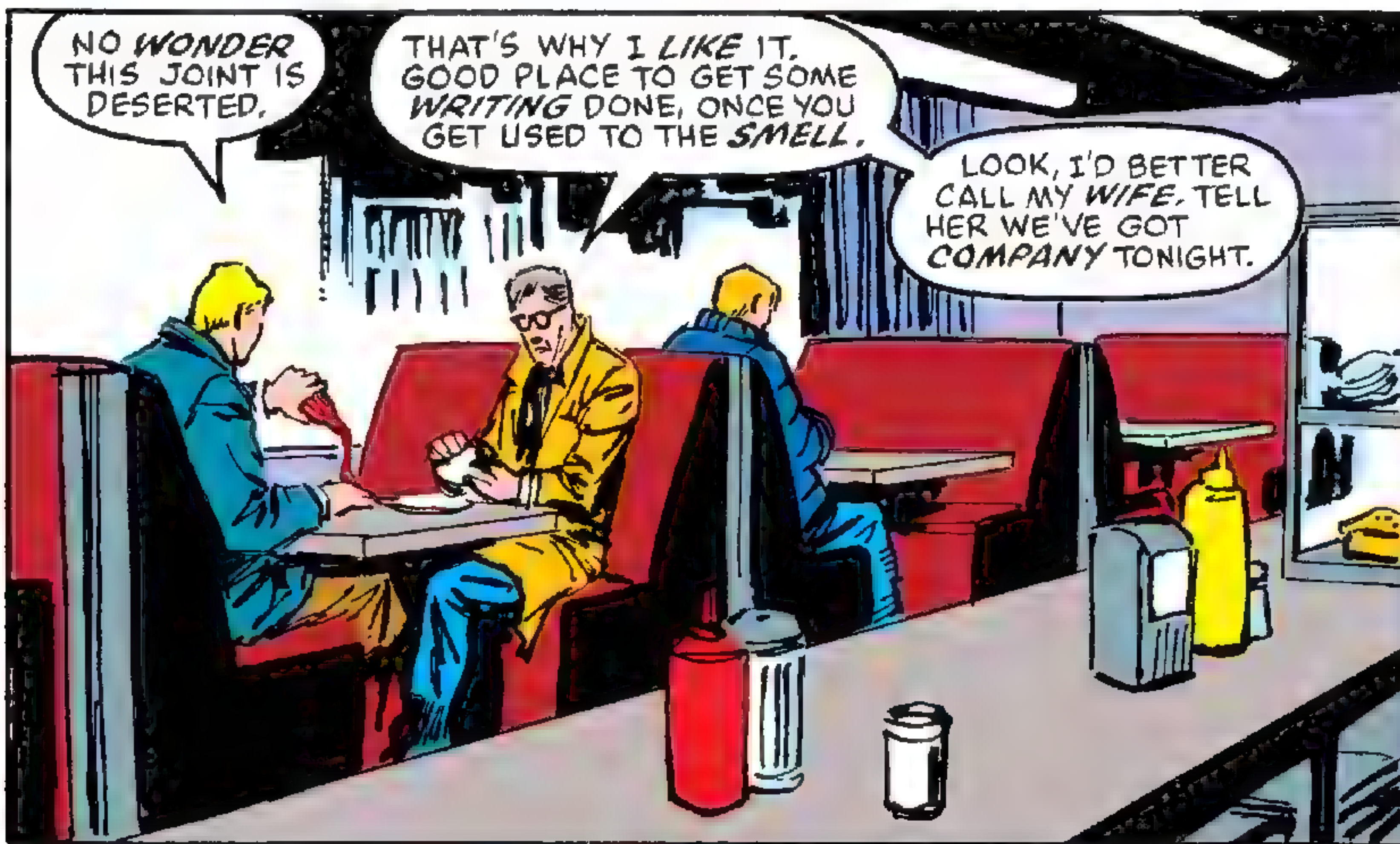
WHAT, PRAY TELL, AM I TO DO WITH MYSELF IN ARIZONA?

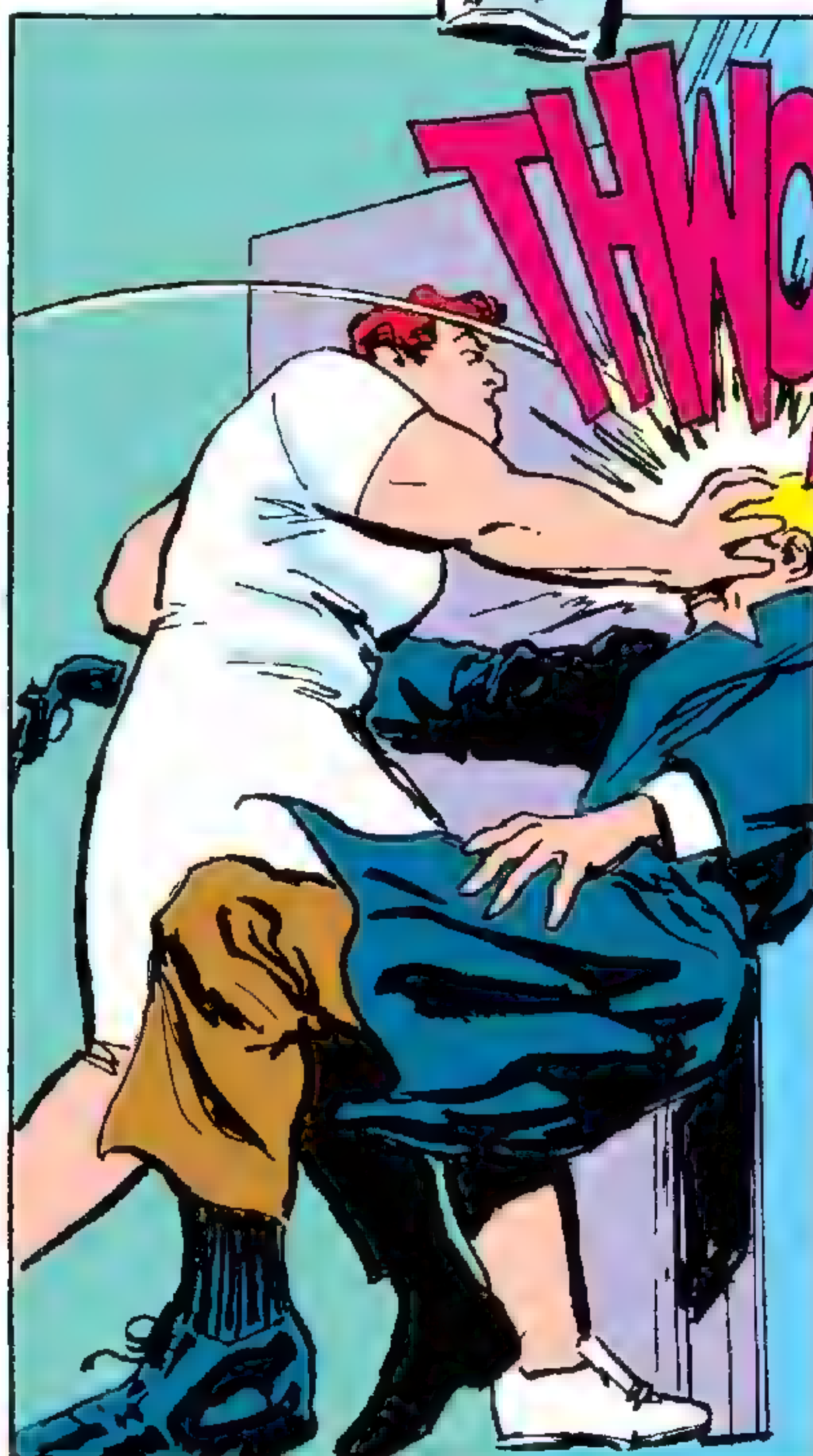
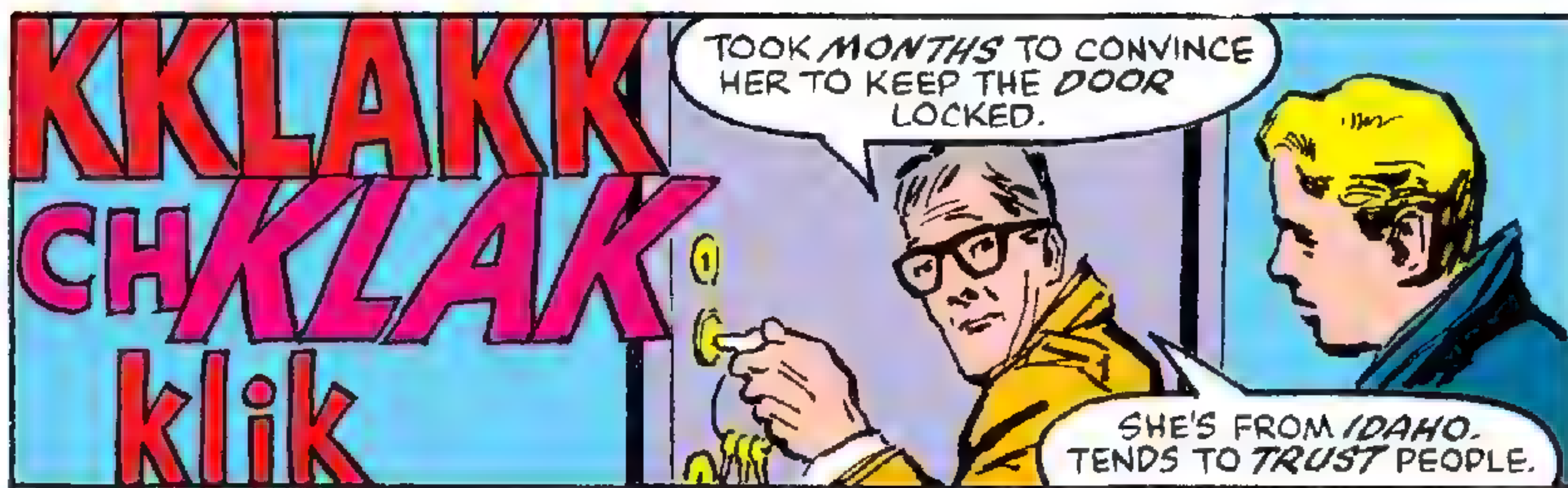
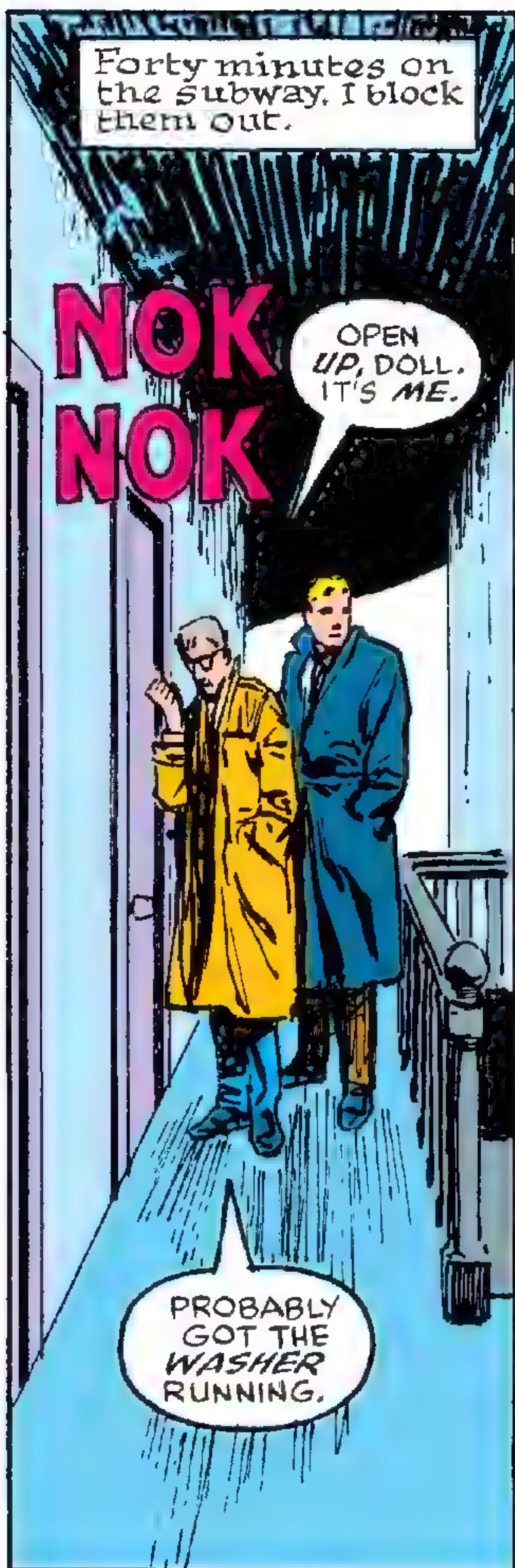


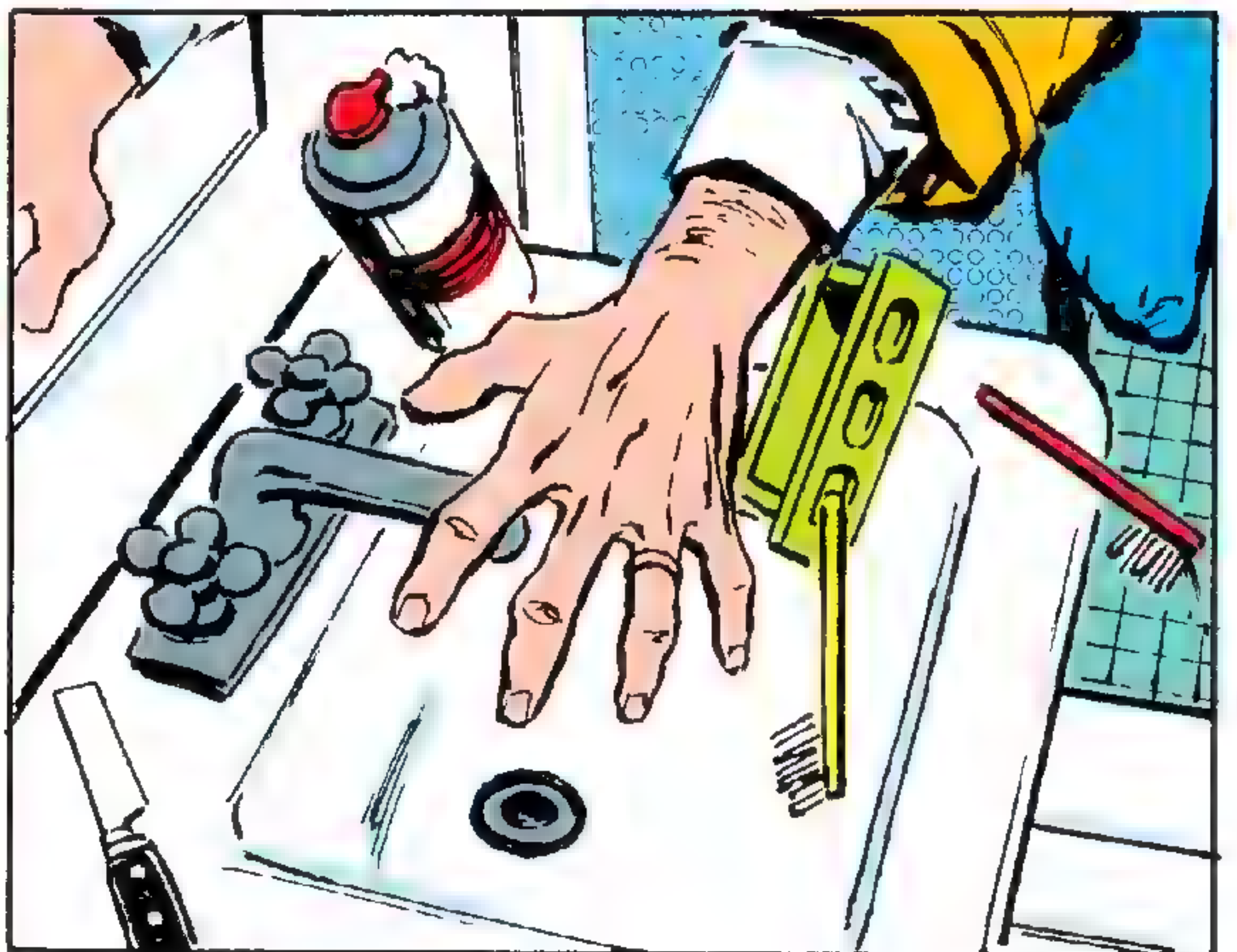
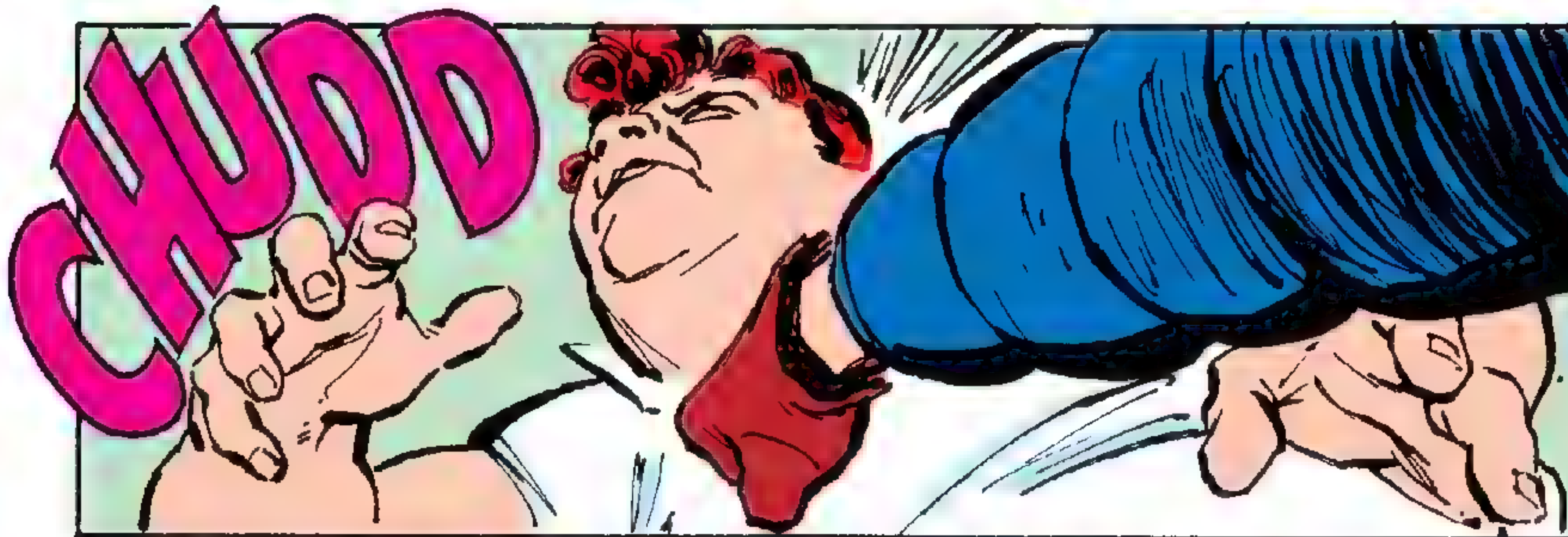
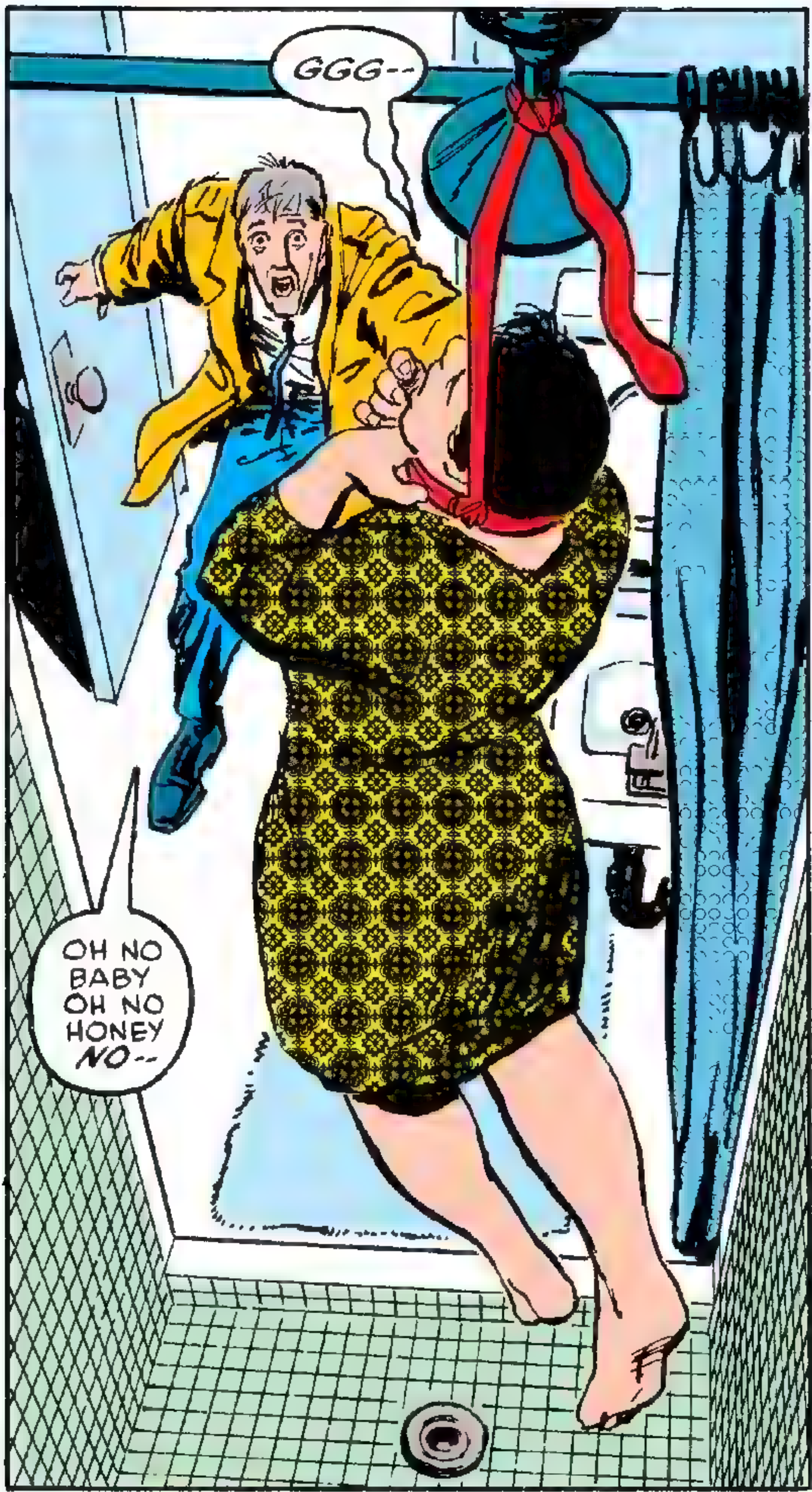
I ASSURE YOU THIS DISPLACEMENT IS OF A TEMPORARY NATURE. URICH'S SUDDEN ACQUISITION OF GUTS IS CAUSE FOR ORGANIZATION-WIDE CONCERN--

IF MR. URICH IS THE PROBLEM--

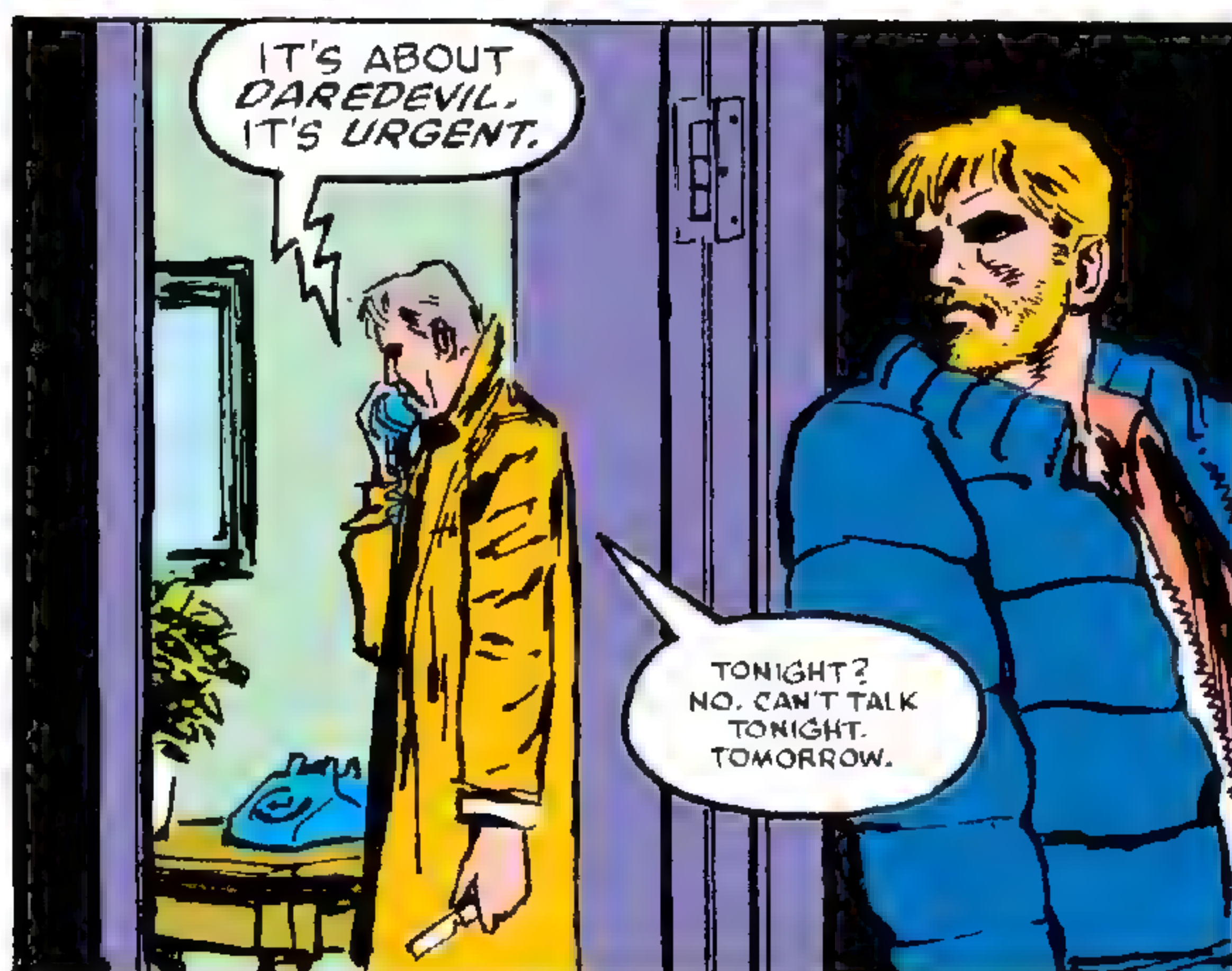
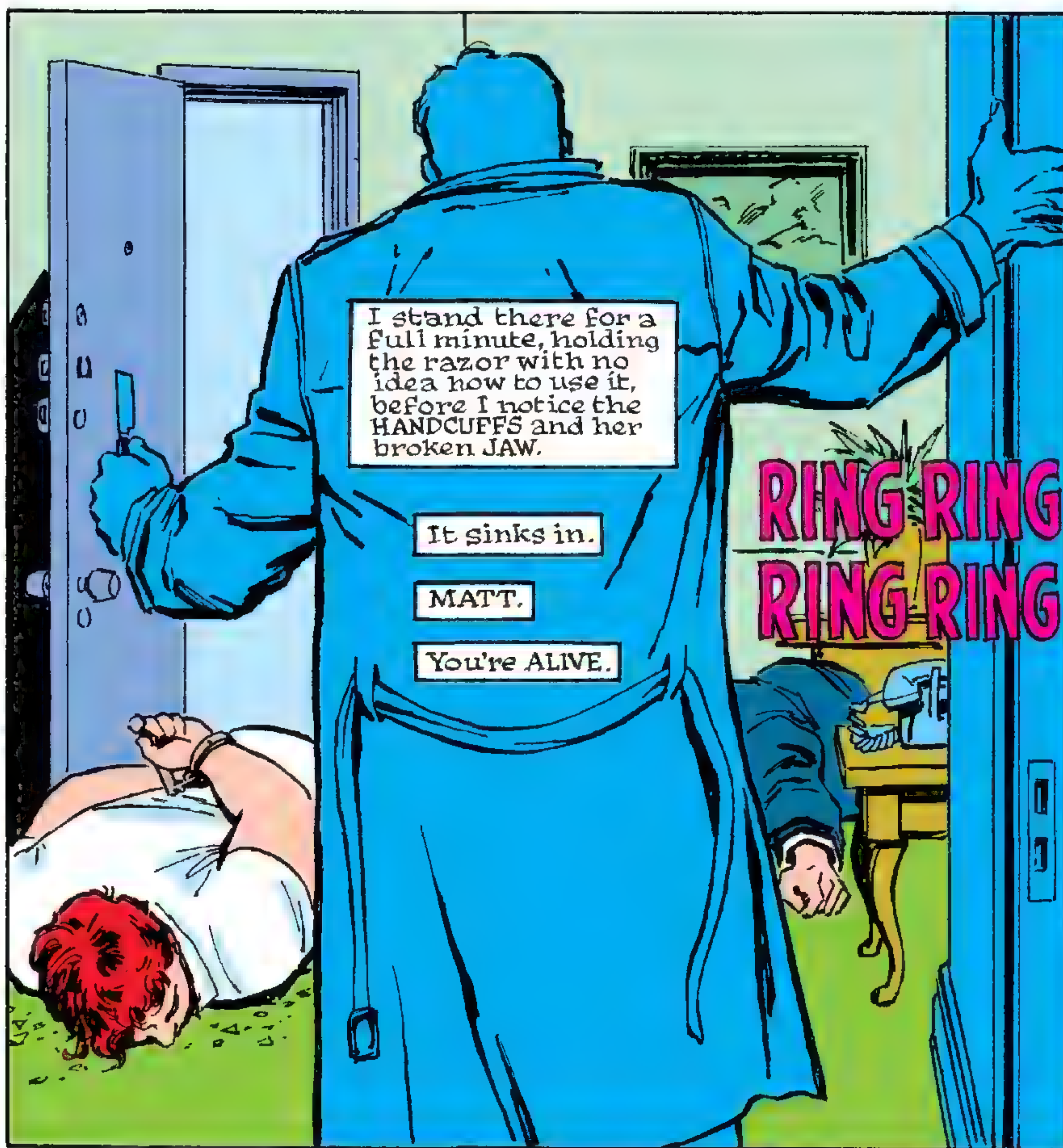
--LET ME RELOCATE HIM.

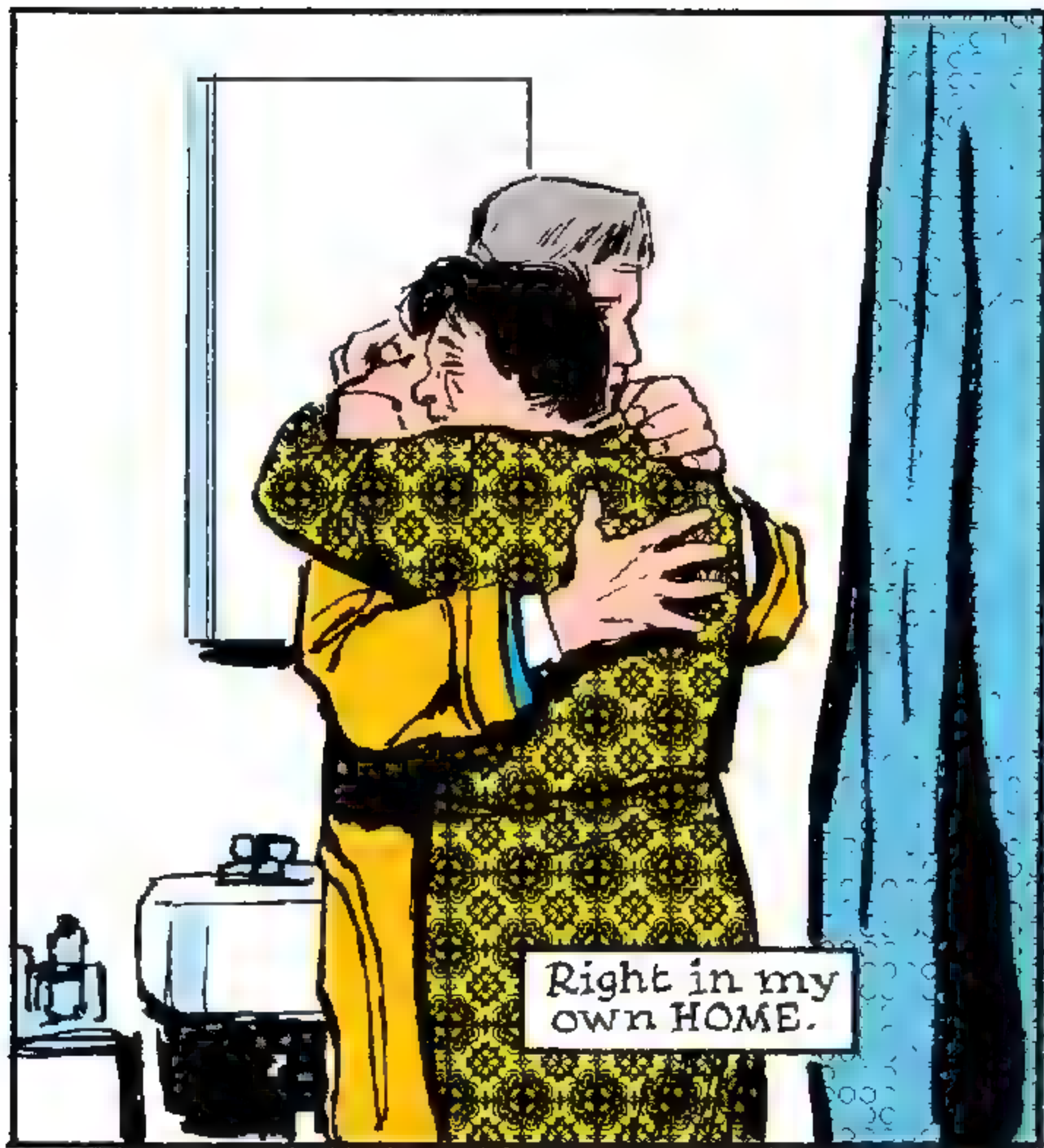












THIS ONE HAS A THING FOR FAMILIES.

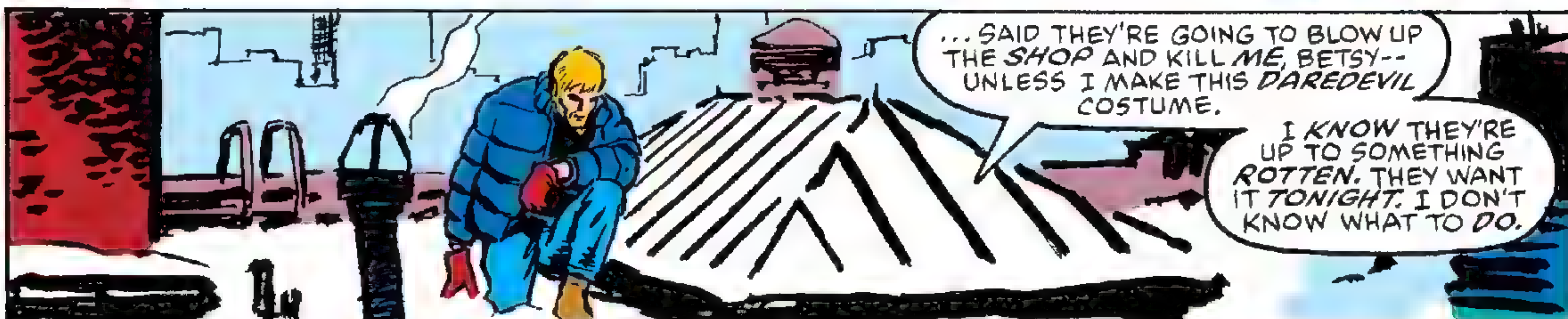
I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GIVE YOU AN EXACT BODY COUNT-- HIS LAWYER GOT HIS RECORD SEALED-- BUT IT'S RESPECTABLE.



GOES FOR KNIVES, MOSTLY. BUT I'M SURE HE COULD BE TALKED INTO USING A CLUB.

I SHOULD WARN YOU--HE'S UNPREDICTABLE.

HE WILL DO. ARRANGE FOR HIS RELEASE.



... SAID THEY'RE GOING TO BLOW UP THE SHOP AND KILL ME, BETSY-- UNLESS I MAKE THIS DAREDEVIL COSTUME.

I KNOW THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING ROTTEN. THEY WANT IT TONIGHT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.



... TERRIBLE, THAT'S HOW I FEEL. YOU KNOW WHAT DAREDEVIL'S DONE FOR ME. I'D BE IN PRISON IF NOT FOR HIM. BUT MY SHOP...

... BETSY-- PLEASE STOP ASKING ME HOW I FEEL. I DON'T NEED YOU AS A THERAPIST. I NEED TO KNOW WHAT TO DO.



...NO, NO--SKIP ALL THAT. YOU JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT I SHOULD DO. I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M SPEAKING WITH YOU.

GOOD-BYE, BETSY.



MELVIN.

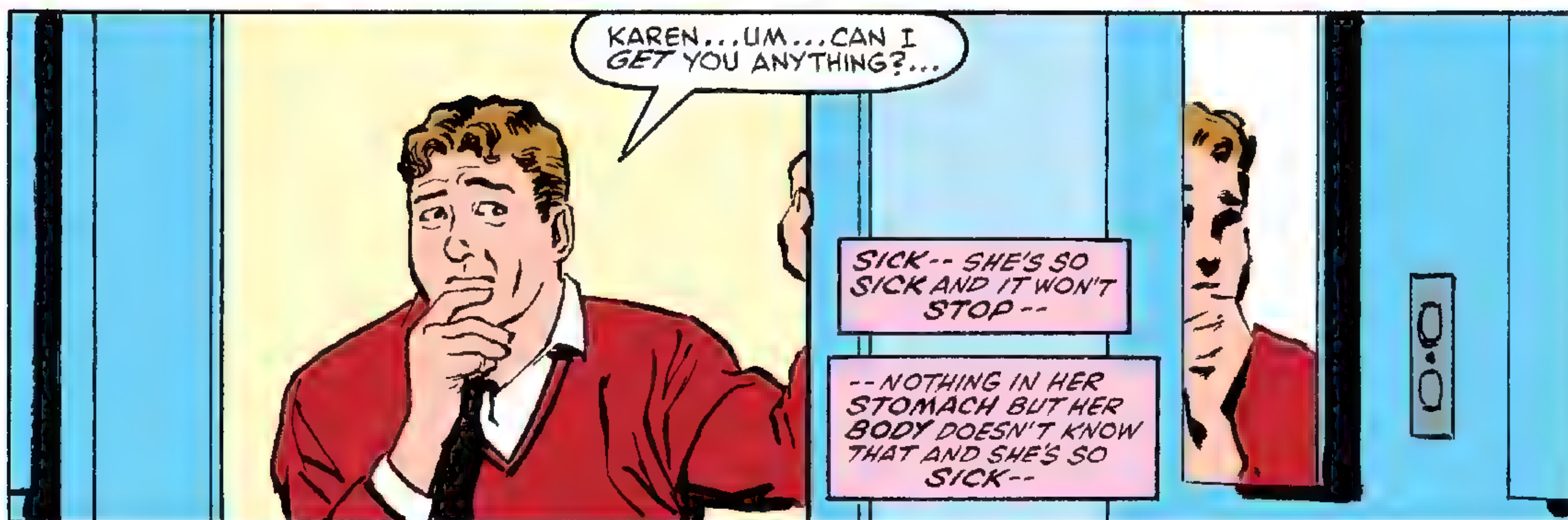


MAKE THE COSTUME.

NO ONE WILL BE HURT.



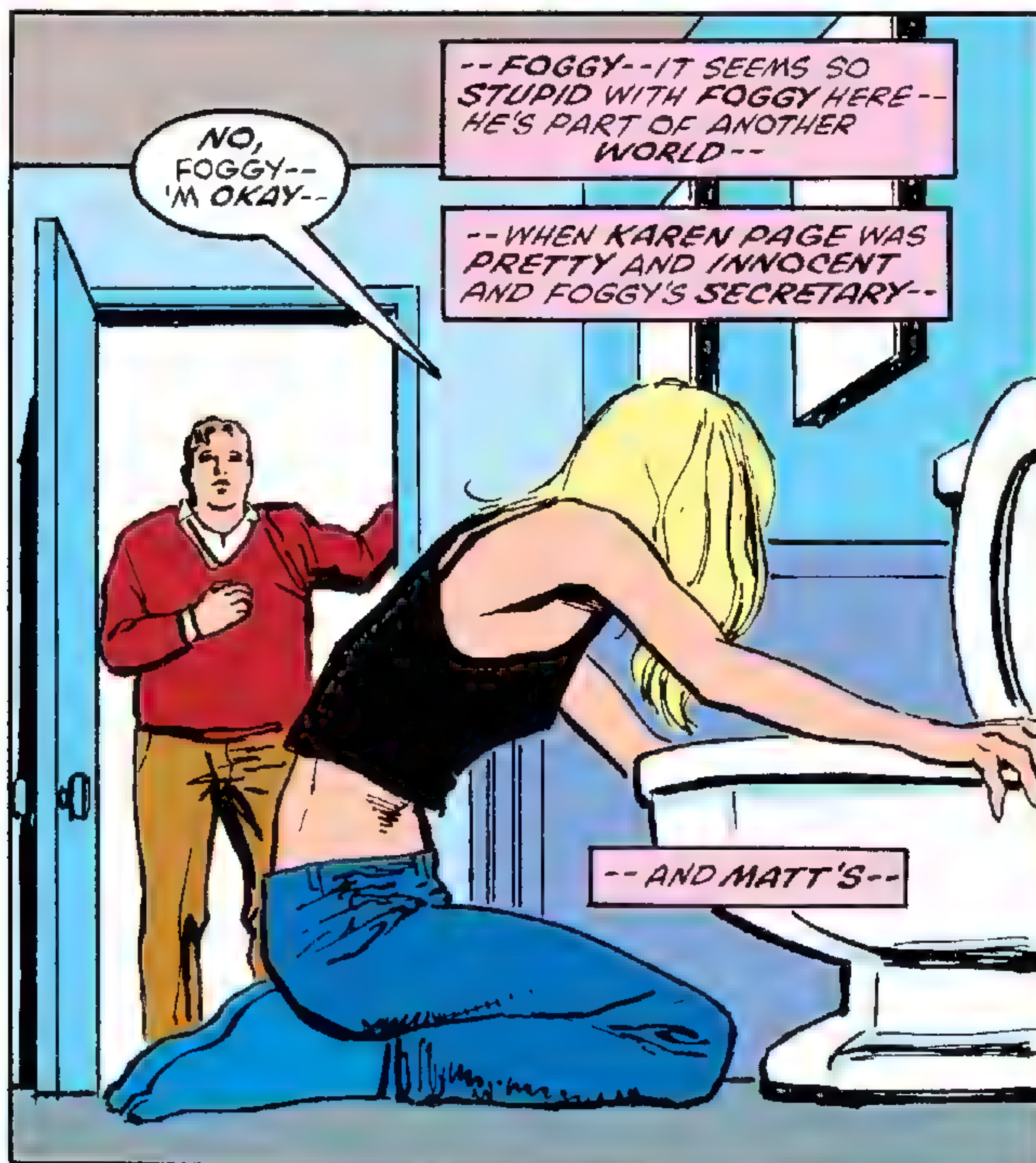
PLEASURE TO HEAR YOUR VOICE, DAREDEVIL.



KAREN...UM...CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING?...

SICK-- SHE'S SO SICK AND IT WON'T STOP--

-- NOTHING IN HER STOMACH BUT HER BODY DOESN'T KNOW THAT AND SHE'S SO SICK--

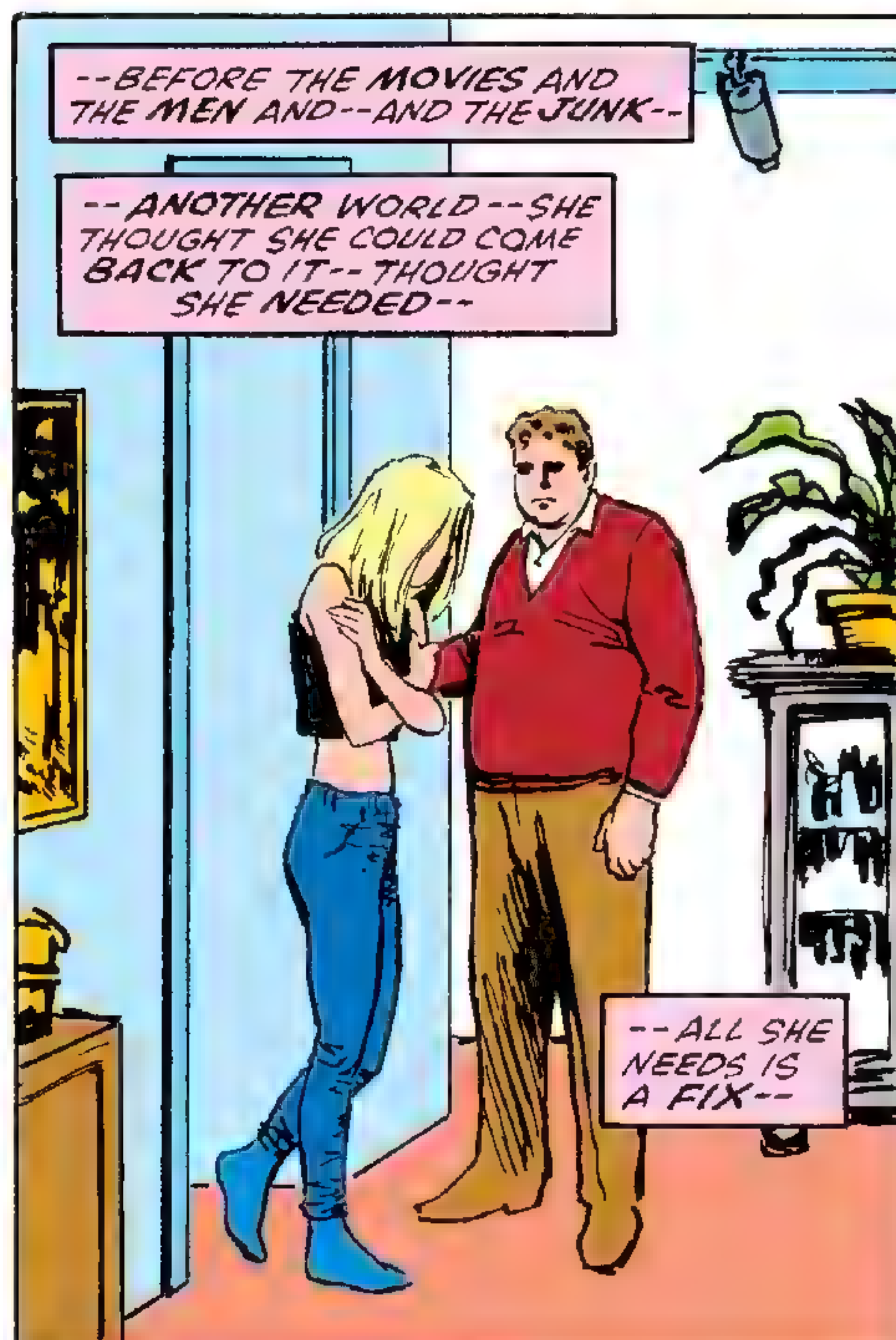


NO, FOGGY-- I'M OKAY--

-- FOGGY--IT SEEMS SO STUPID WITH FOGGY HERE-- HE'S PART OF ANOTHER WORLD--

-- WHEN KAREN PAGE WAS PRETTY AND INNOCENT AND FOGGY'S SECRETARY--

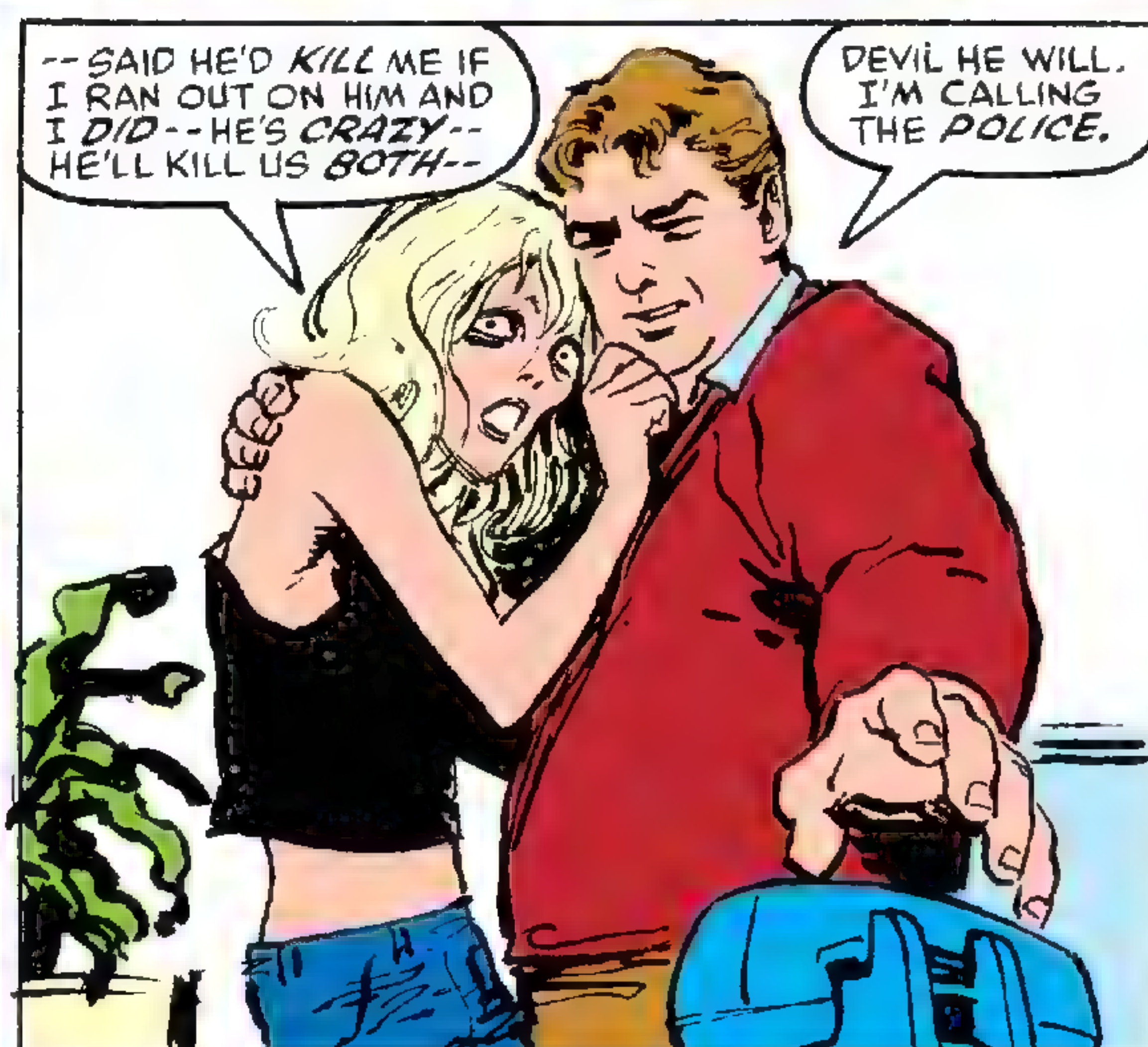
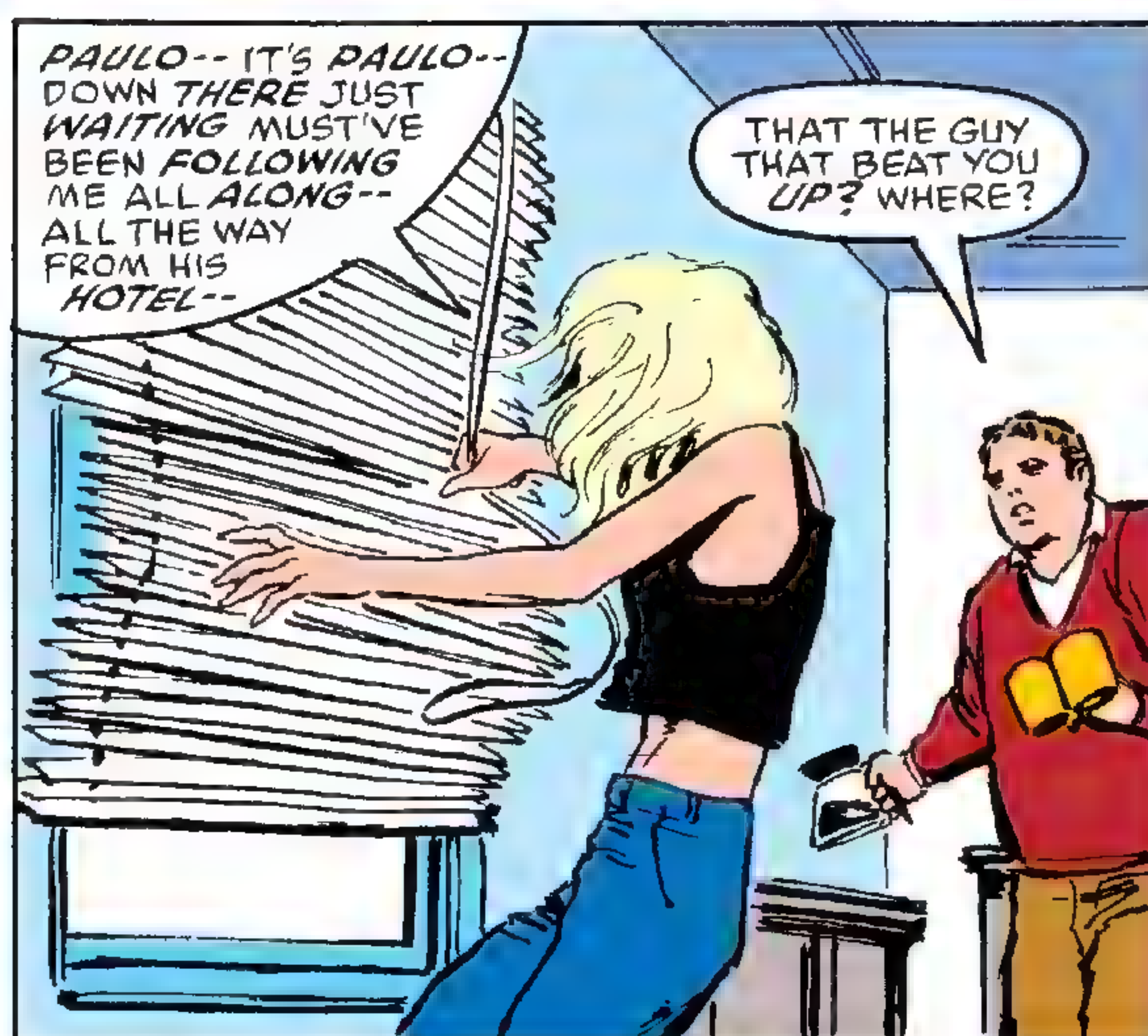
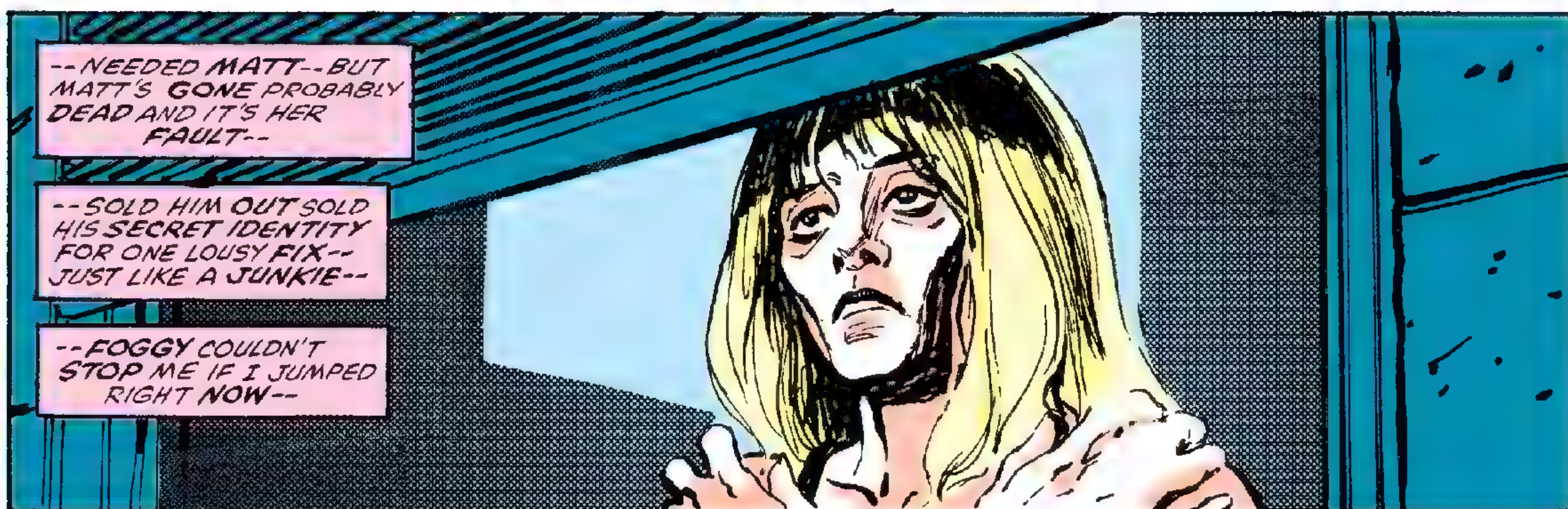
-- AND MATT'S--

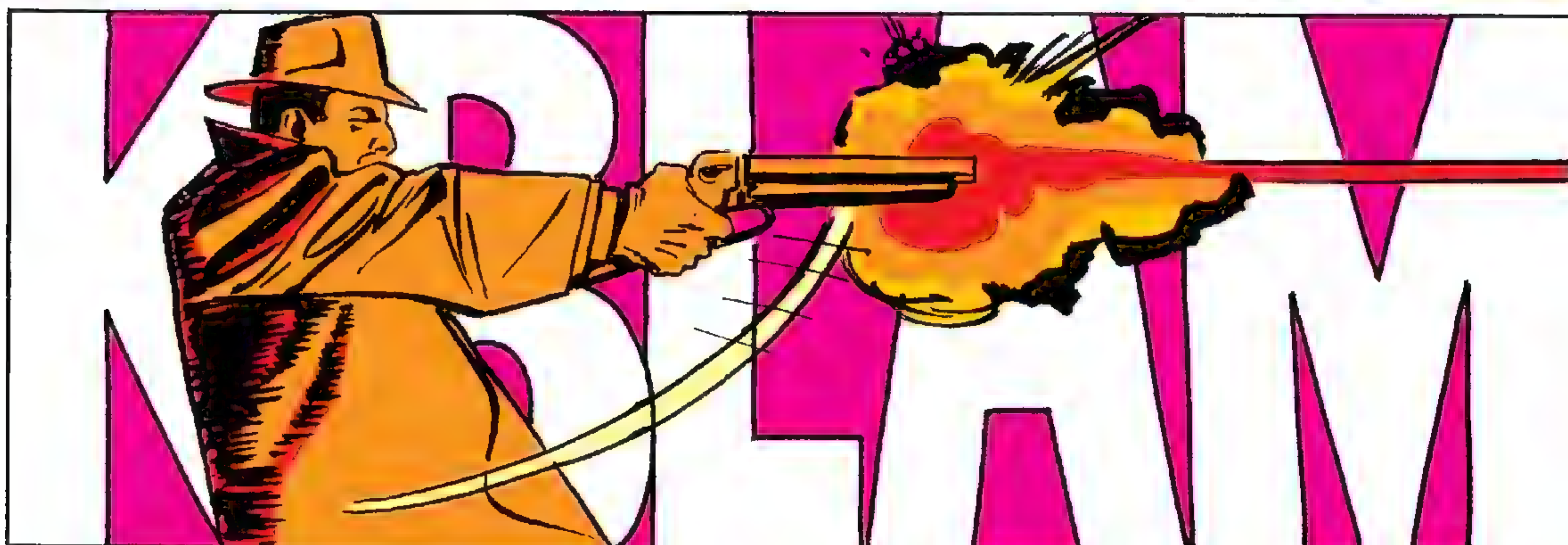
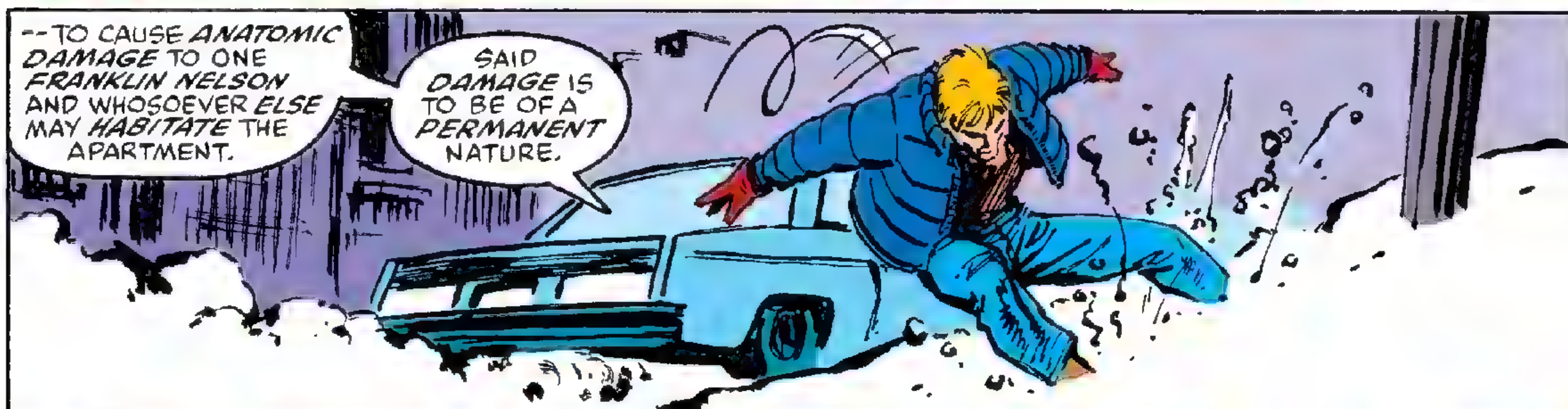
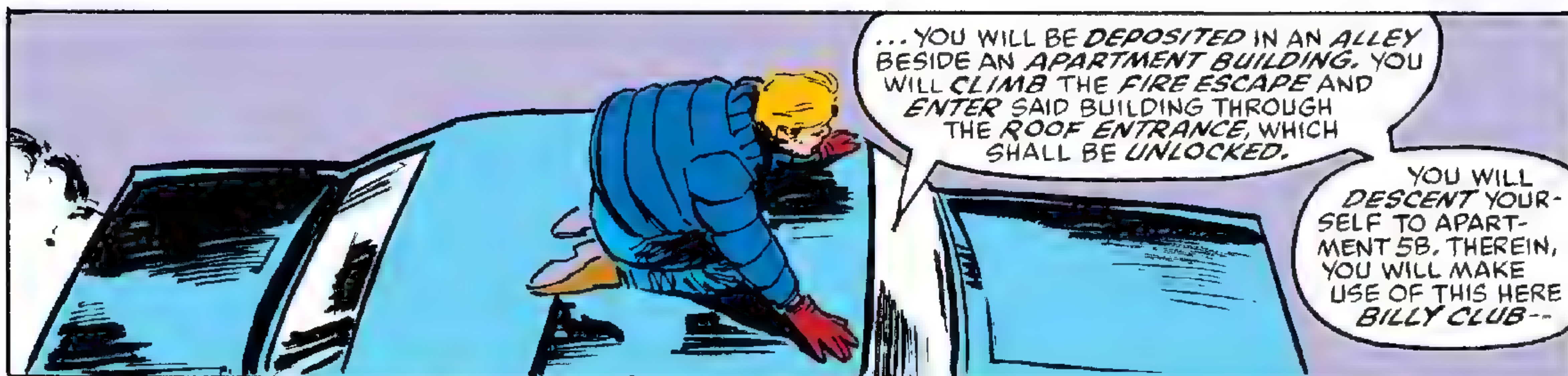


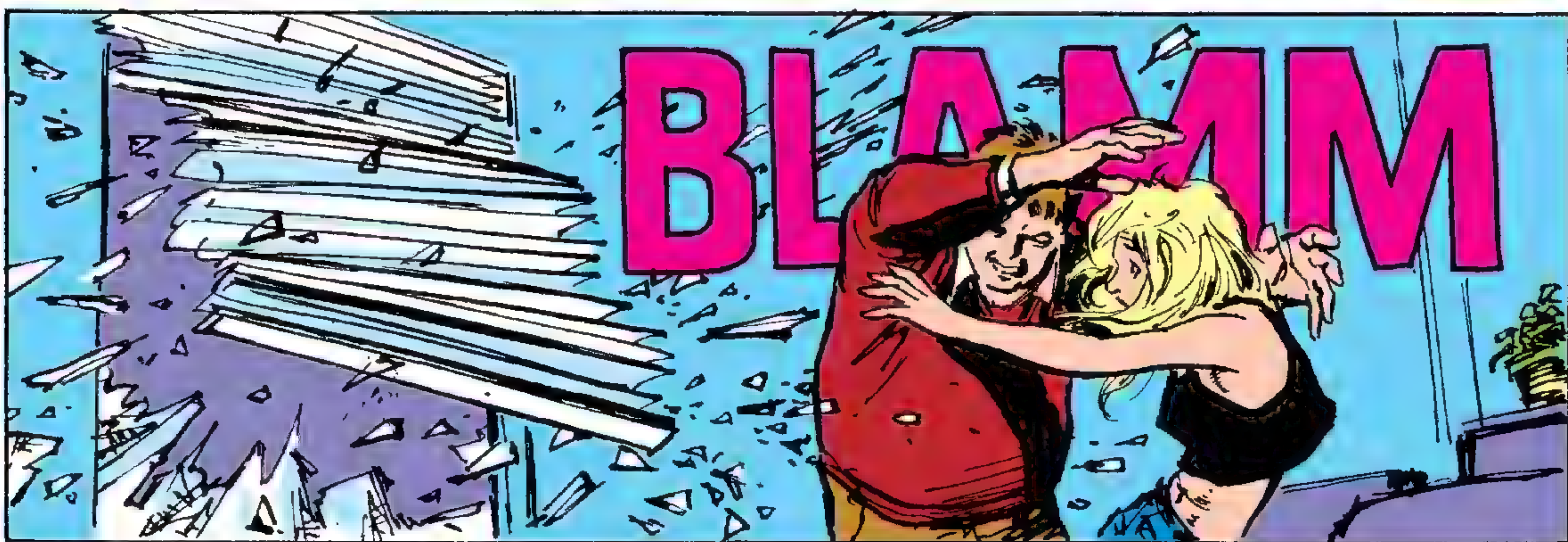
-- BEFORE THE MOVIES AND THE MEN AND--AND THE JUNK--

-- ANOTHER WORLD-- SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD COME BACK TO IT-- THOUGHT SHE NEEDED--

-- ALL SHE NEEDS IS A FIX--







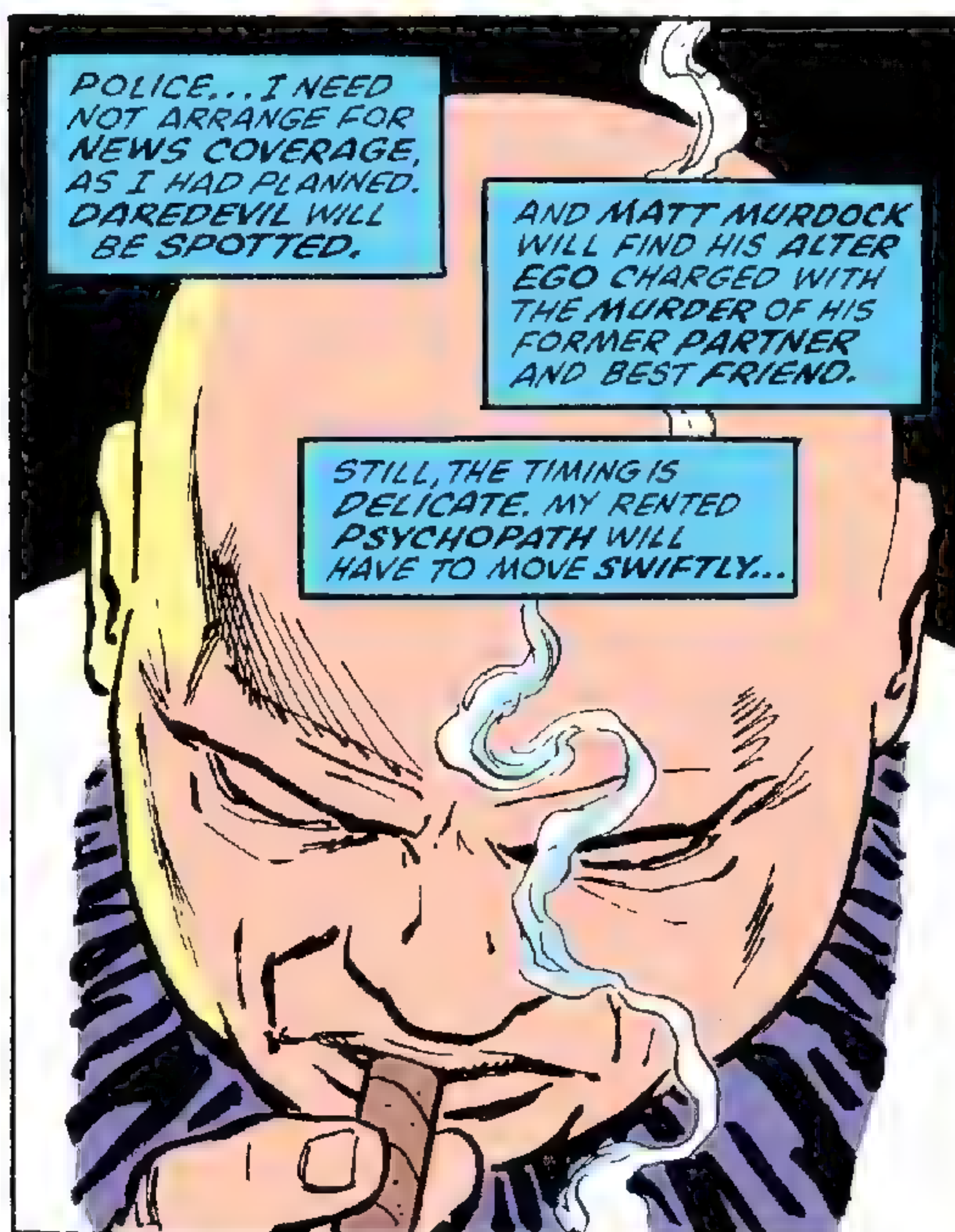
BEEN SOME ACTION, BOSS. FREAK WITH A SHOTGUN ACED TWO COPS.

PAGE IS STILL UP THERE. DO WE MOVE IN?



STAY WHERE YOU ARE.

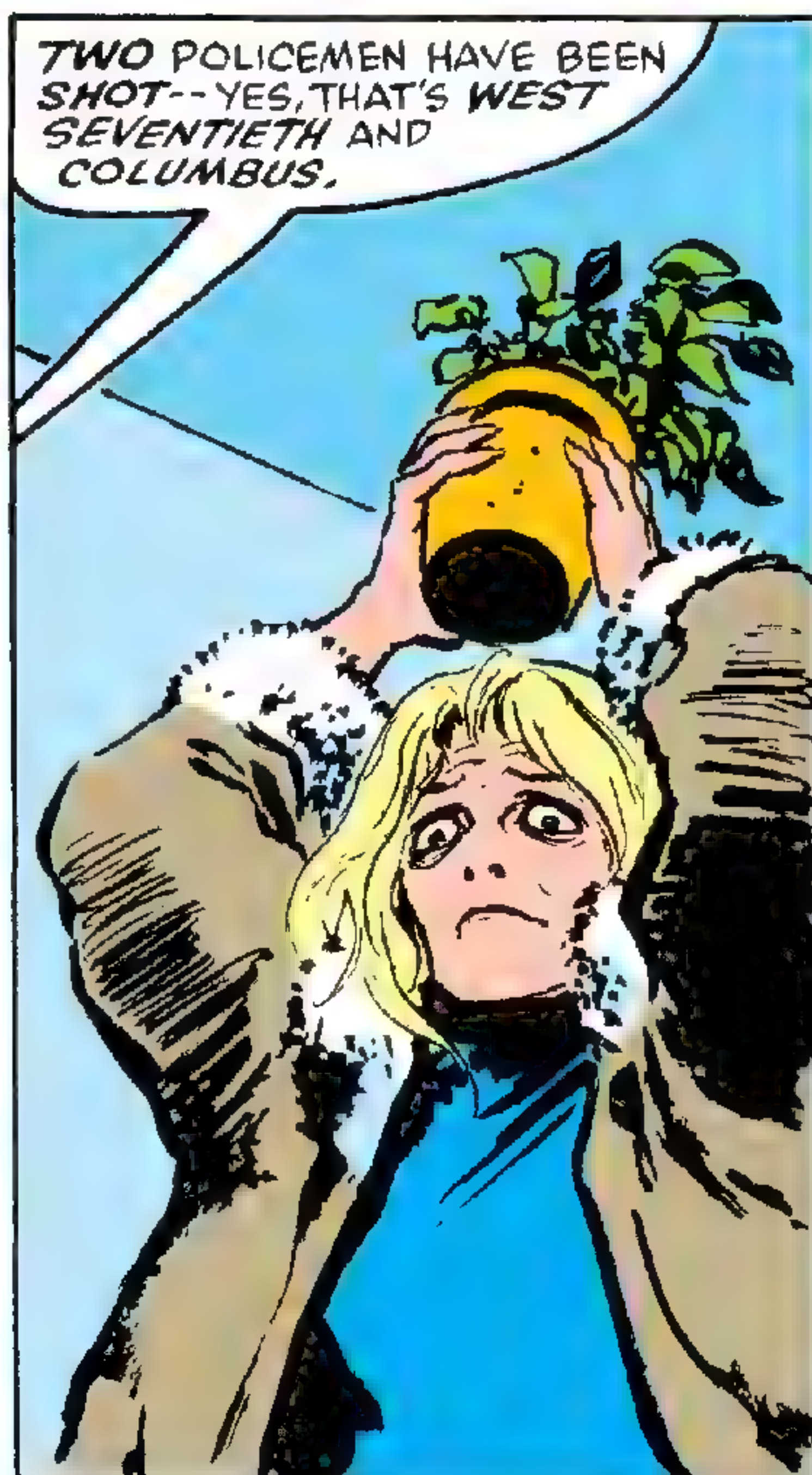
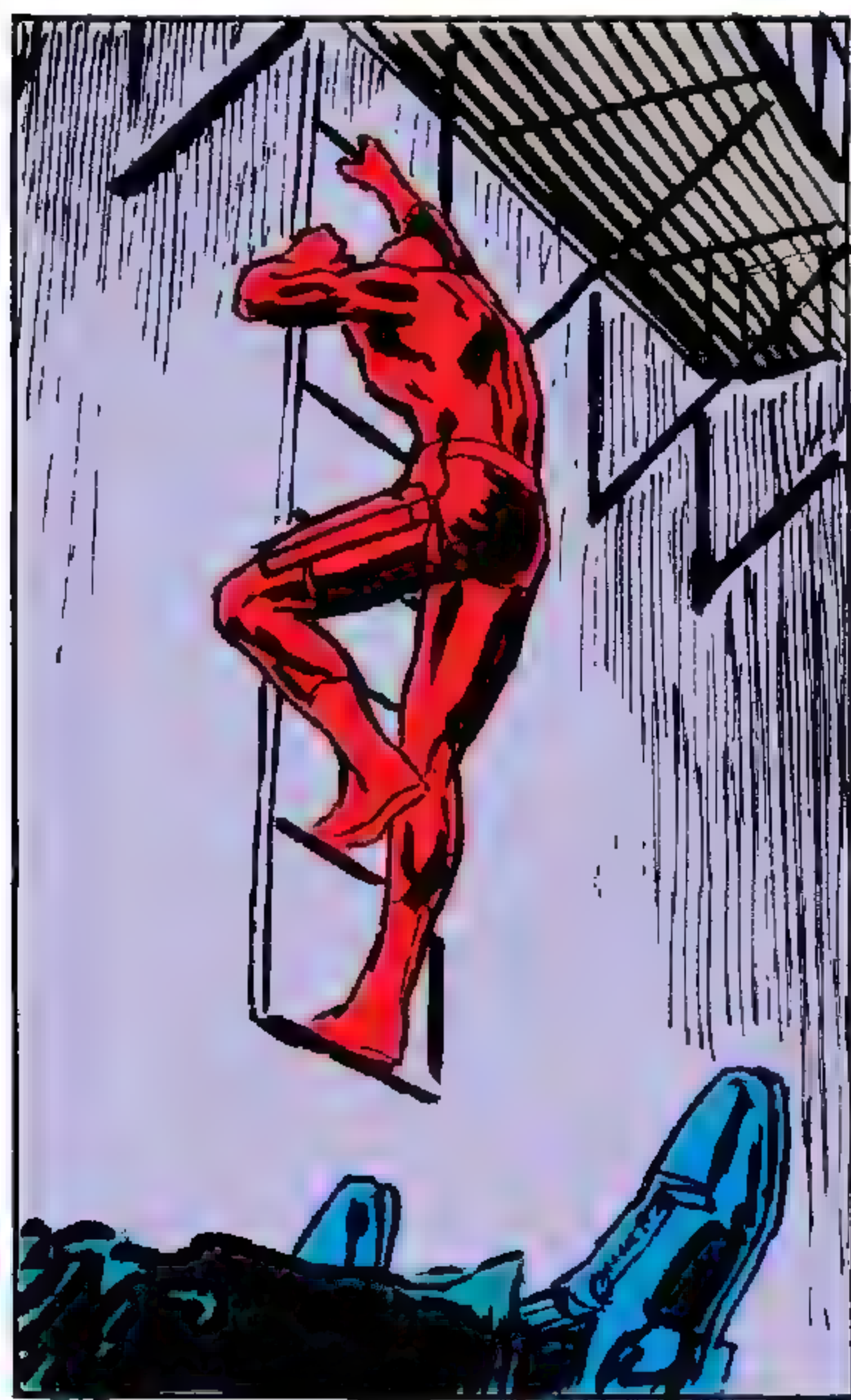
IF PAGE OR NELSON TRIES TO LEAVE THE BUILDING, KILL THEM. DO IT QUICKLY. THERE WILL BE MORE POLICE.

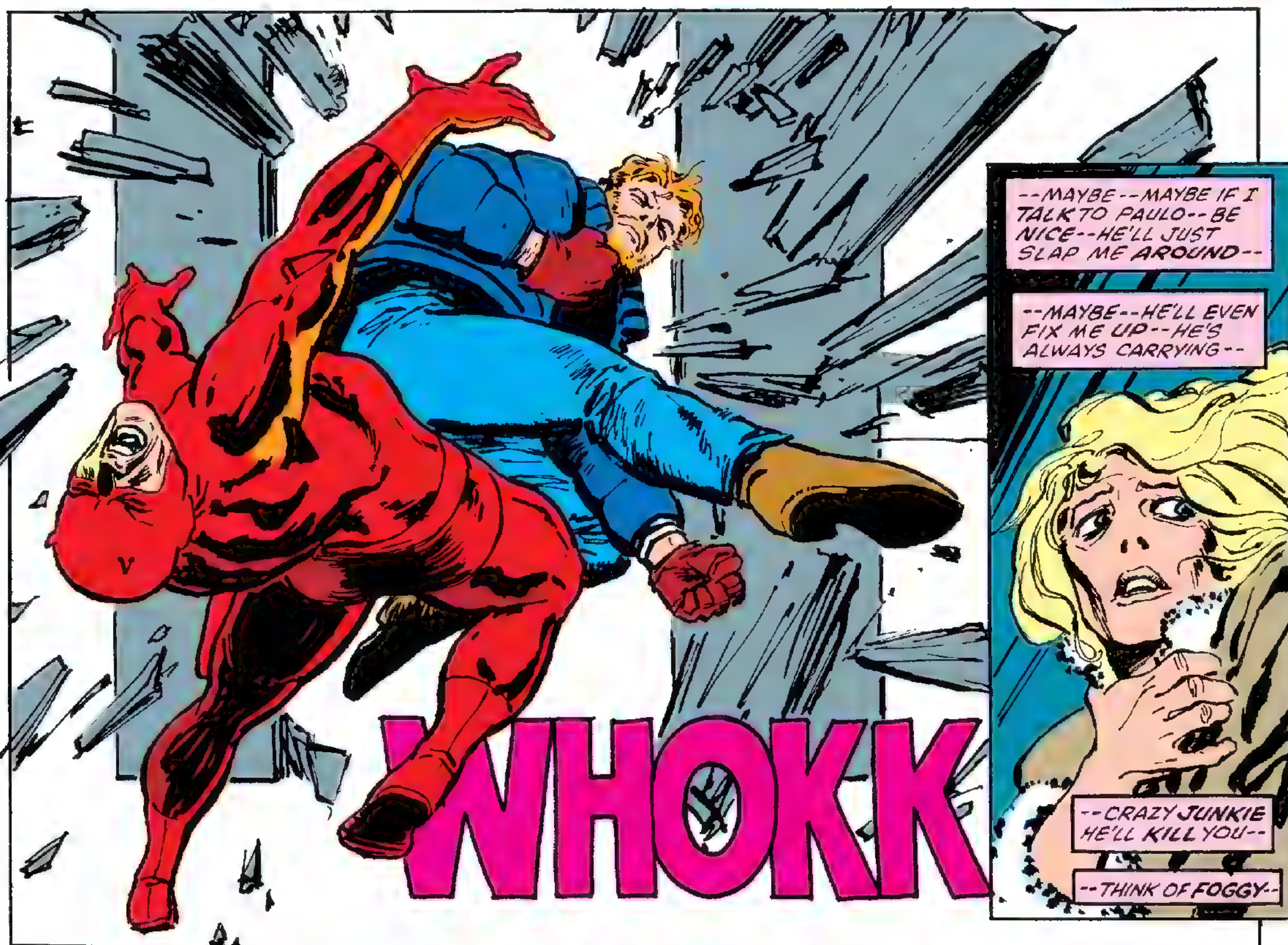
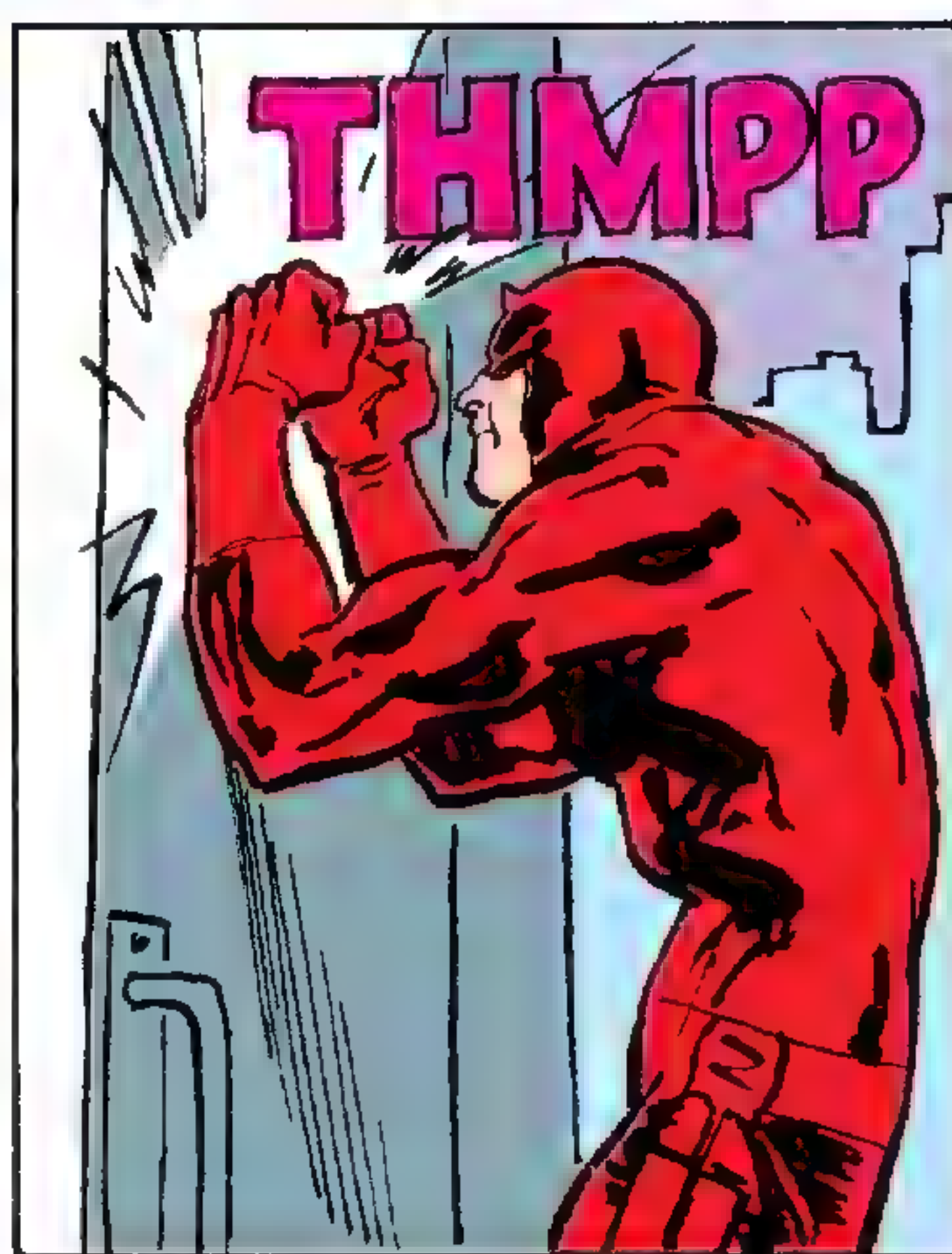
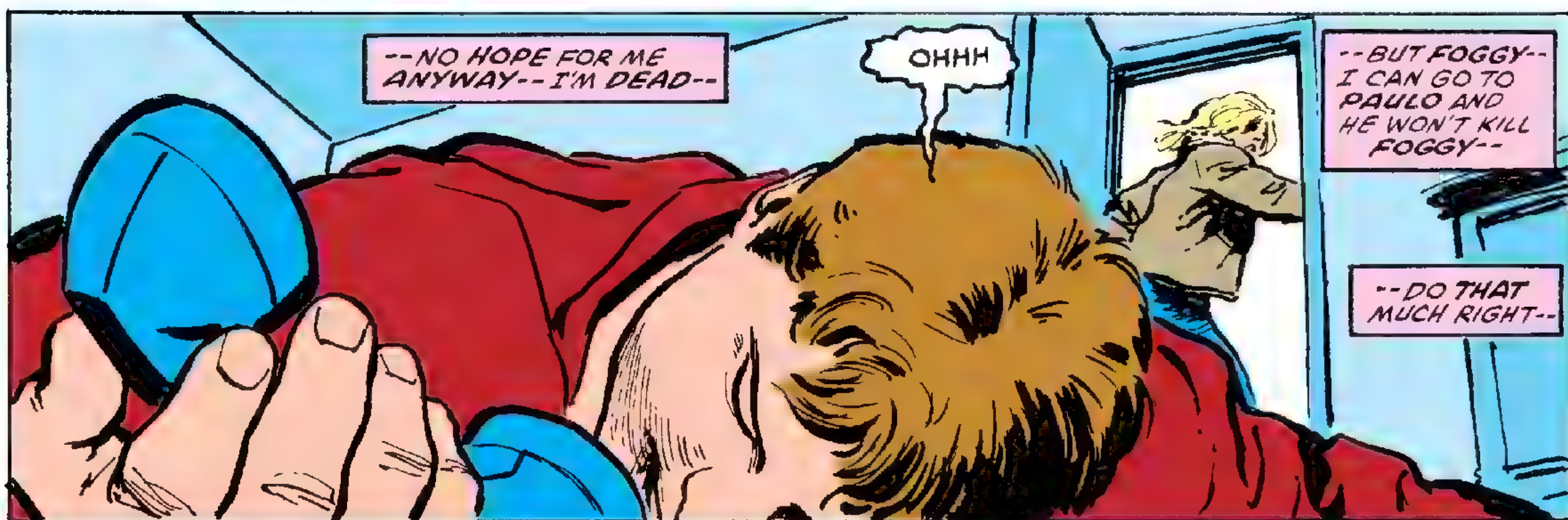


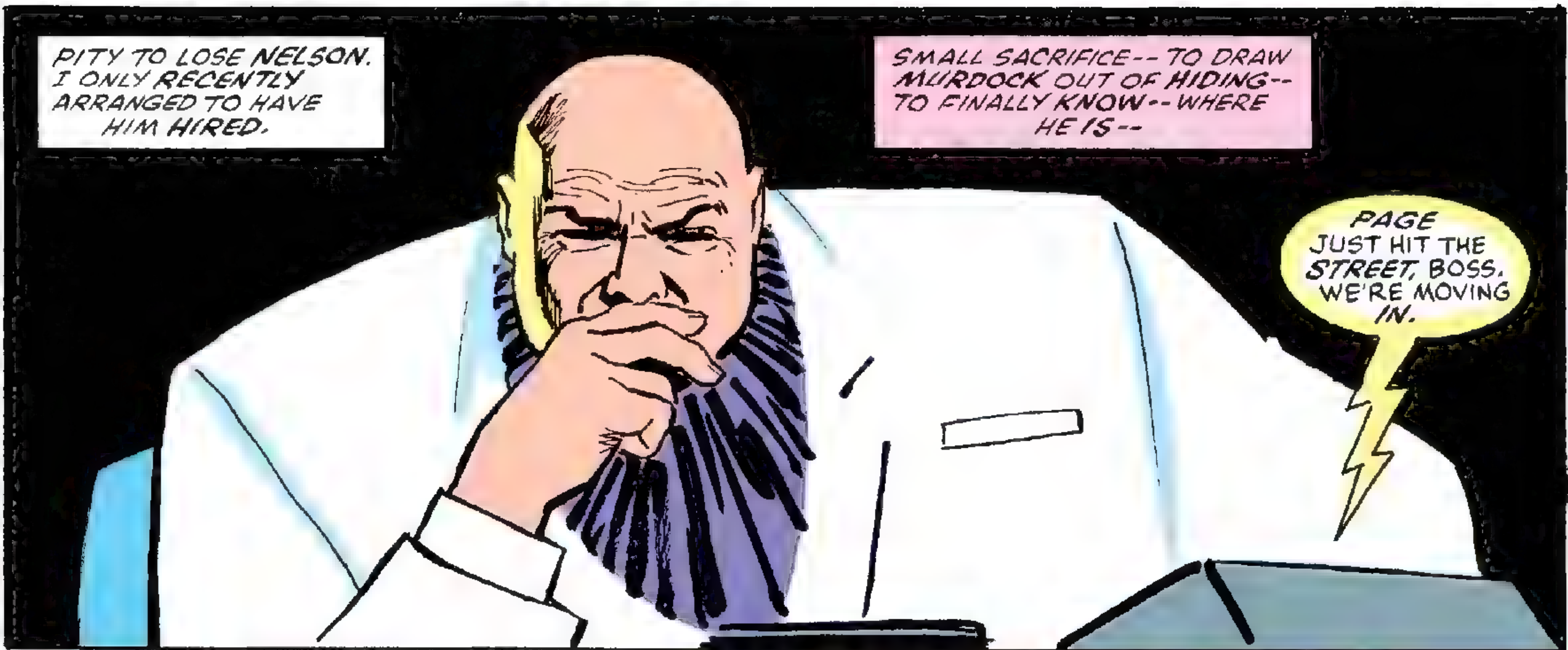
POLICE... I NEED NOT ARRANGE FOR NEWS COVERAGE, AS I HAD PLANNED. DAREDEVIL WILL BE SPOTTED.

AND MATT MURDOCK WILL FIND HIS ALTER EGO CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF HIS FORMER PARTNER AND BEST FRIEND.

STILL, THE TIMING IS DELICATE. MY RENTED PSYCHOPATH WILL HAVE TO MOVE SWIFTLY...



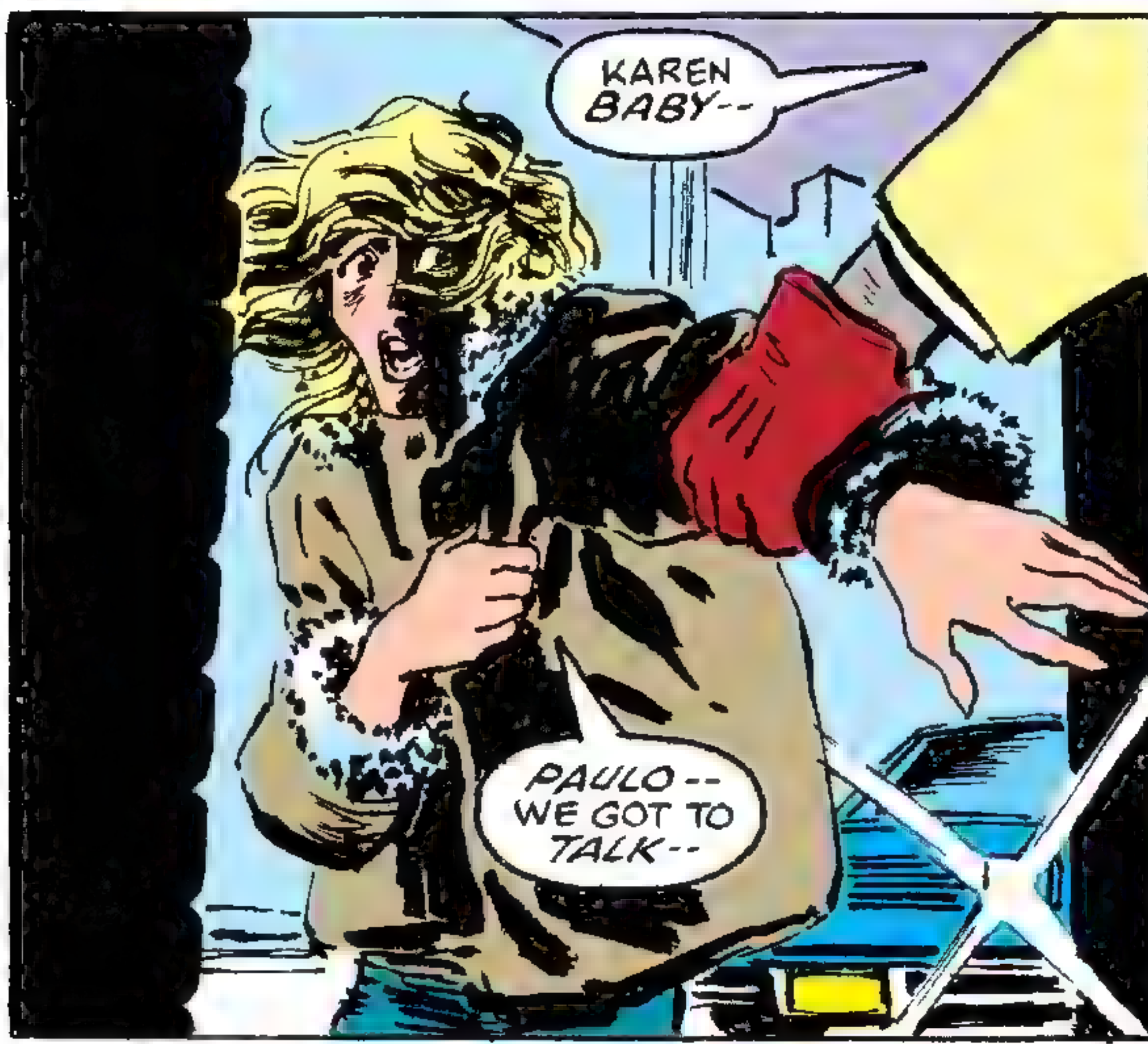




PITY TO LOSE NELSON.
I ONLY RECENTLY
ARRANGED TO HAVE
HIM HIRED.

SMALL SACRIFICE-- TO DRAW
MURDOCK OUT OF HIDING--
TO FINALLY KNOW-- WHERE
HE IS--

PAGE
JUST HIT THE
STREET, BOSS.
WE'RE MOVING
IN.



KAREN
BABY--

PAULO--
WE GOT TO
TALK--



SURE,
BABY.

LET'S
TALK.

AAA



BOTH?

'COURSE,

FUPP

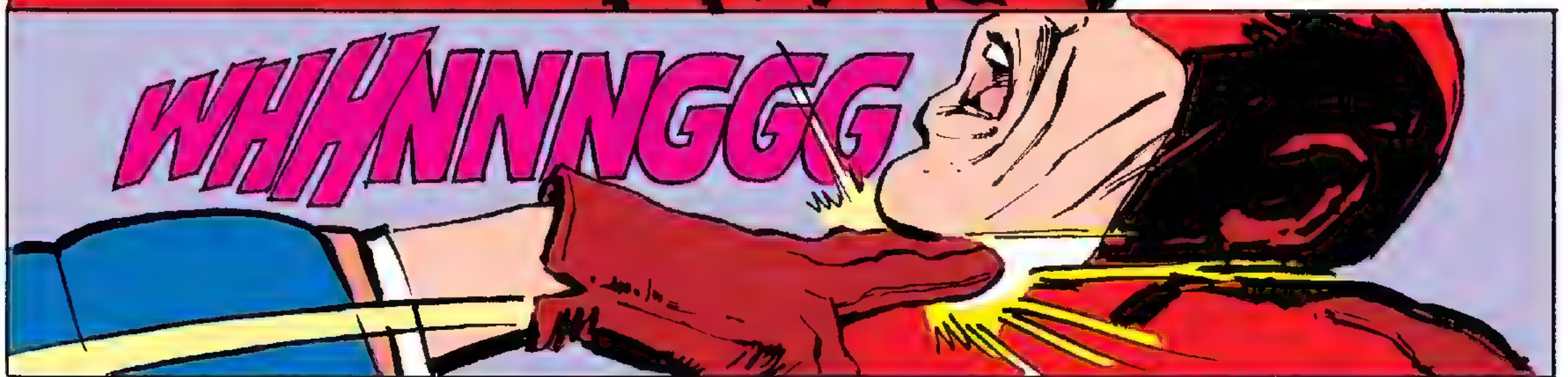
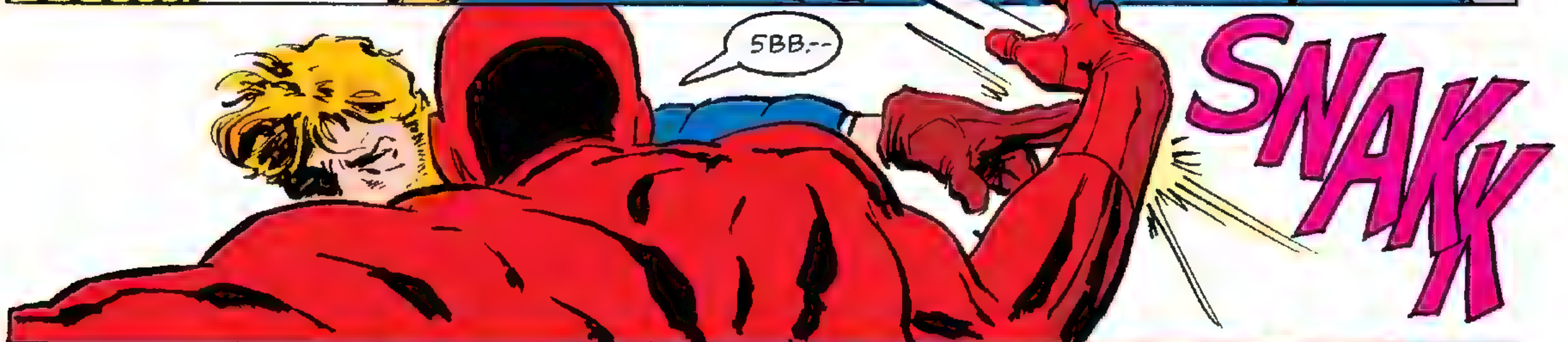
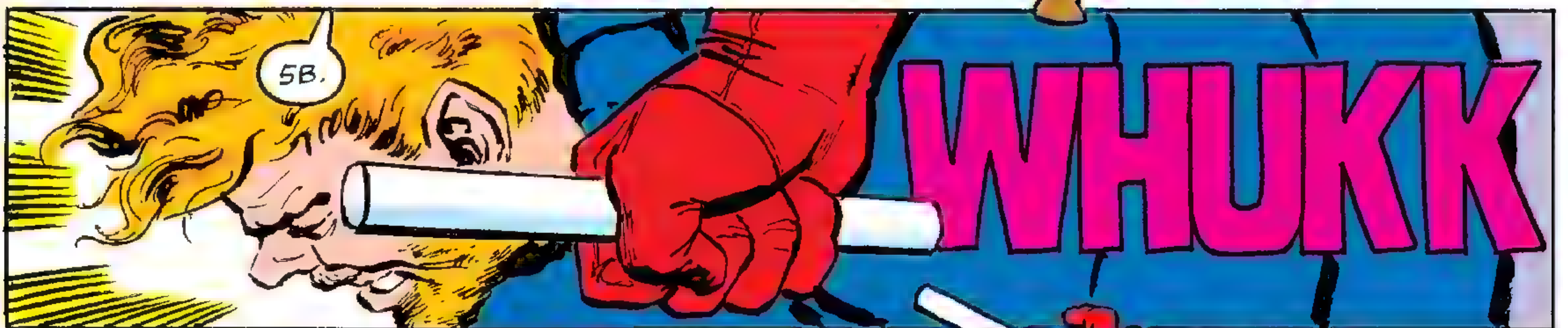
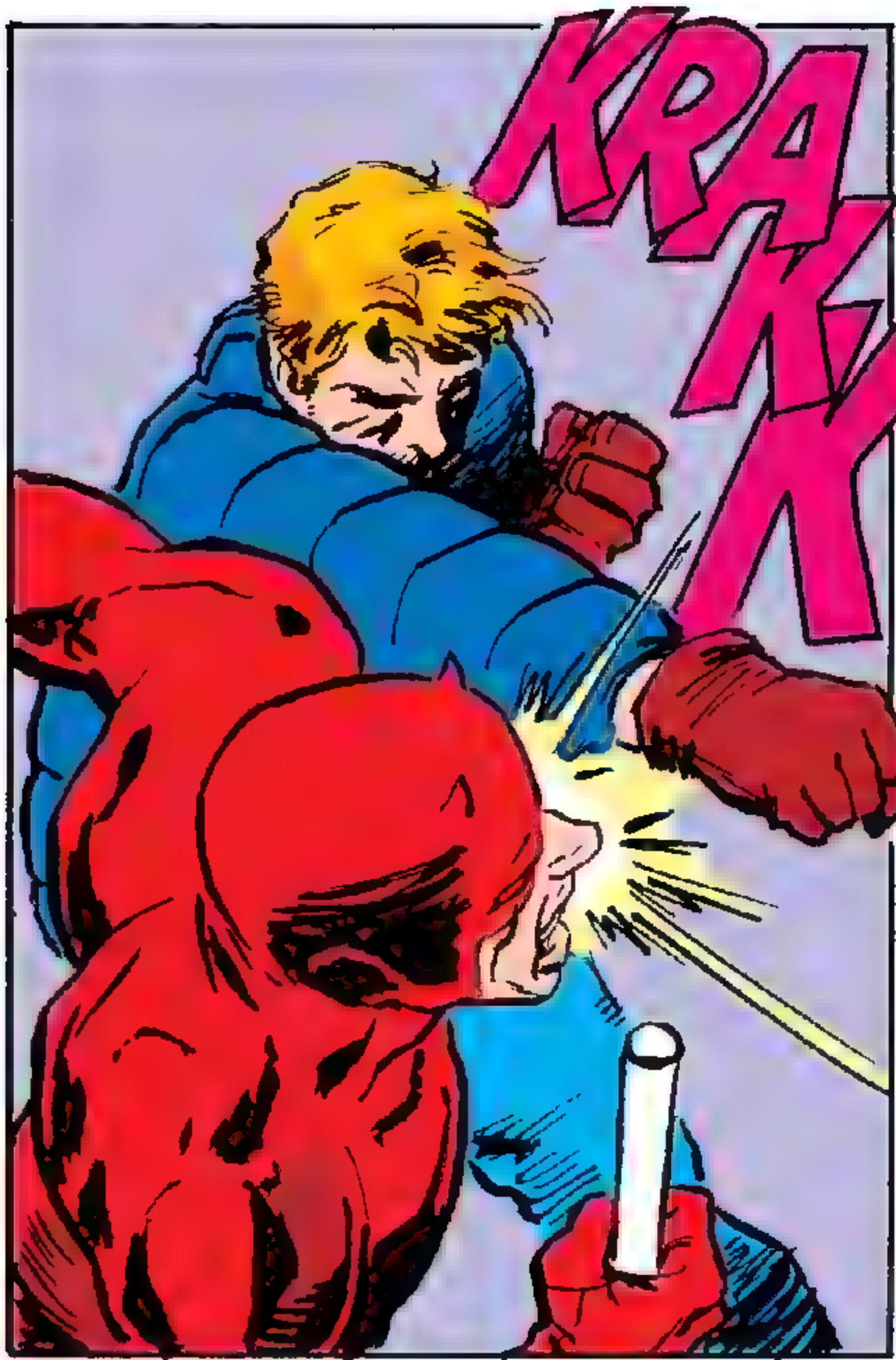


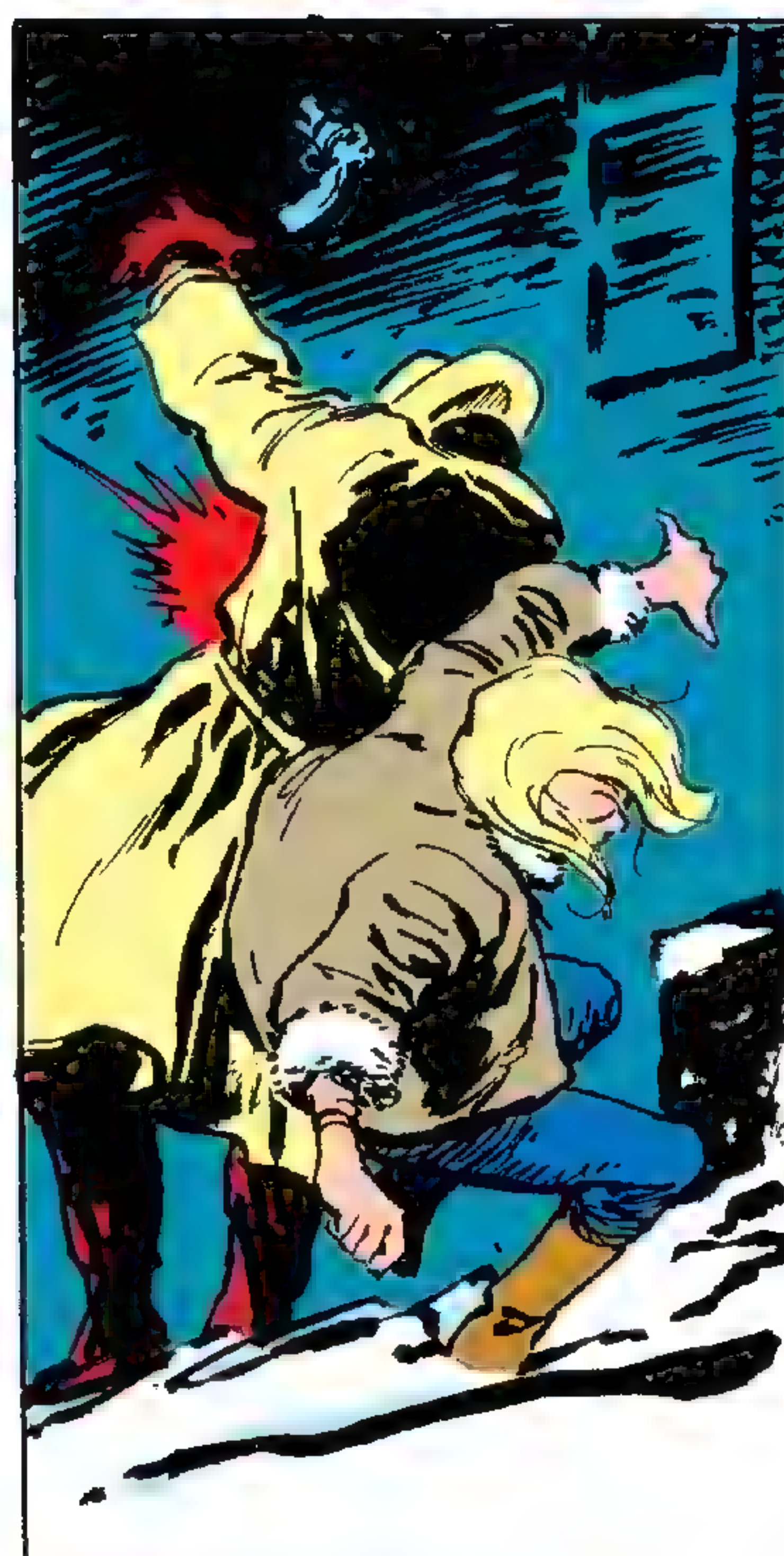
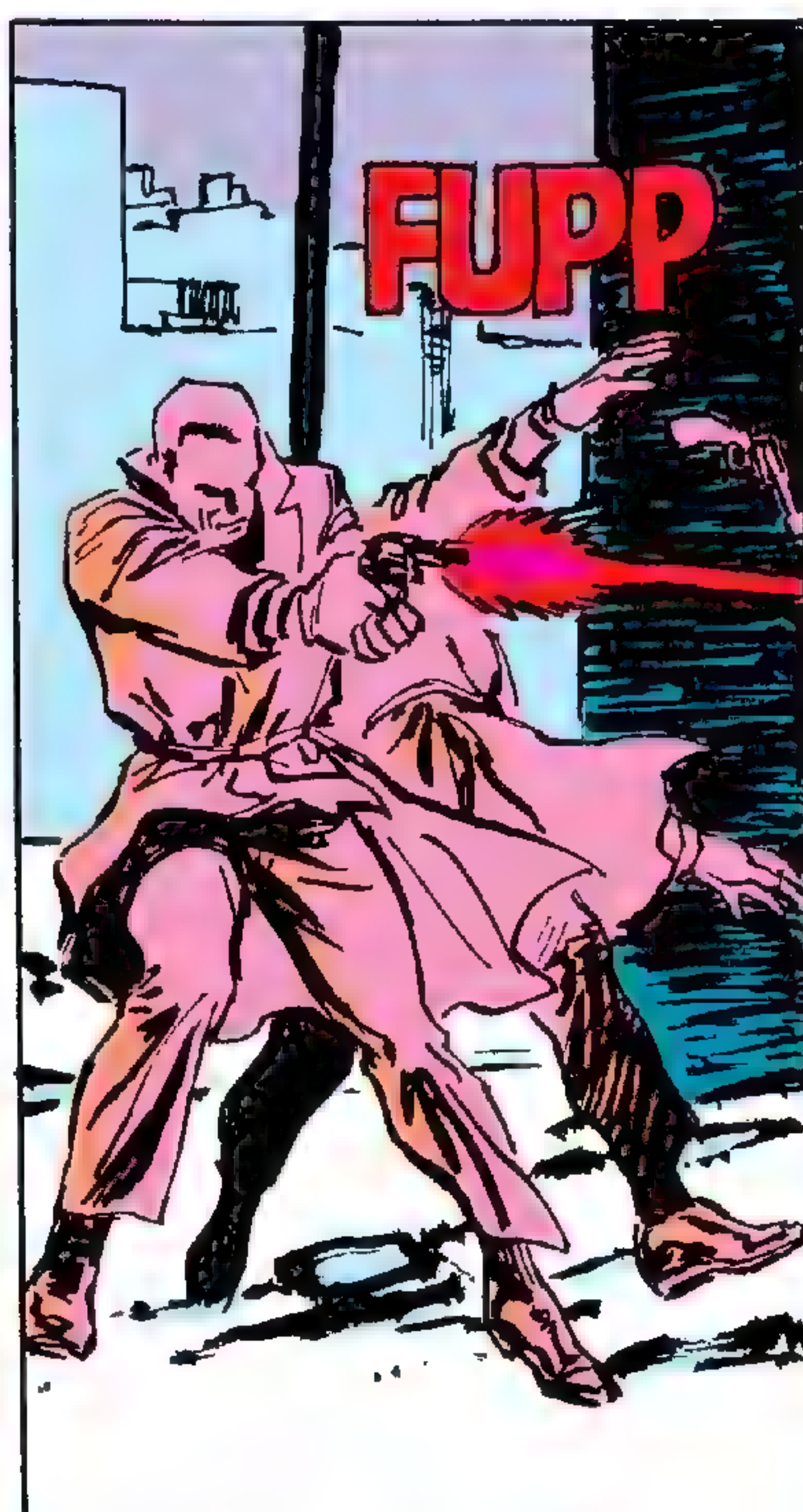
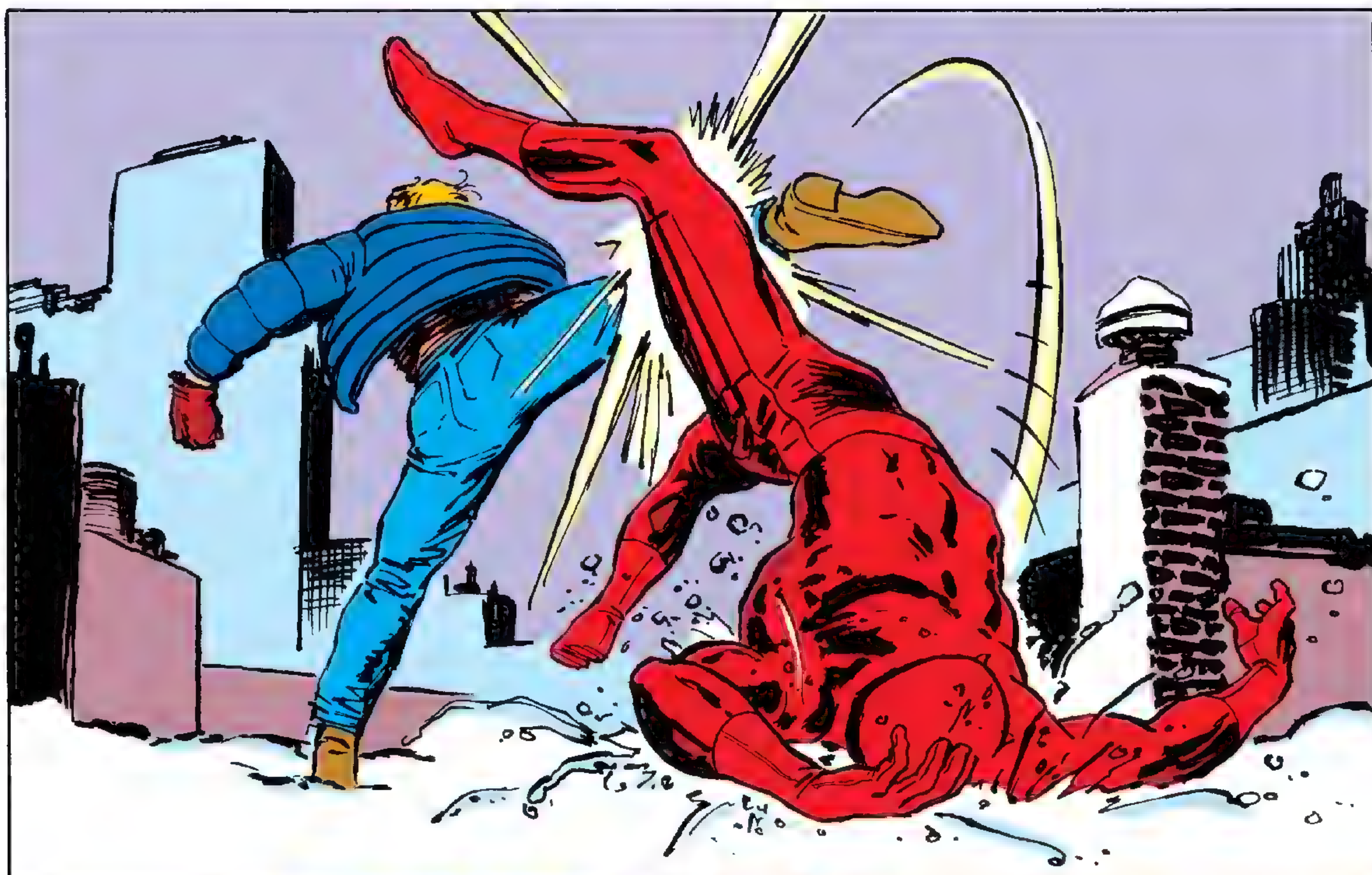
YAAA--
WHAT--

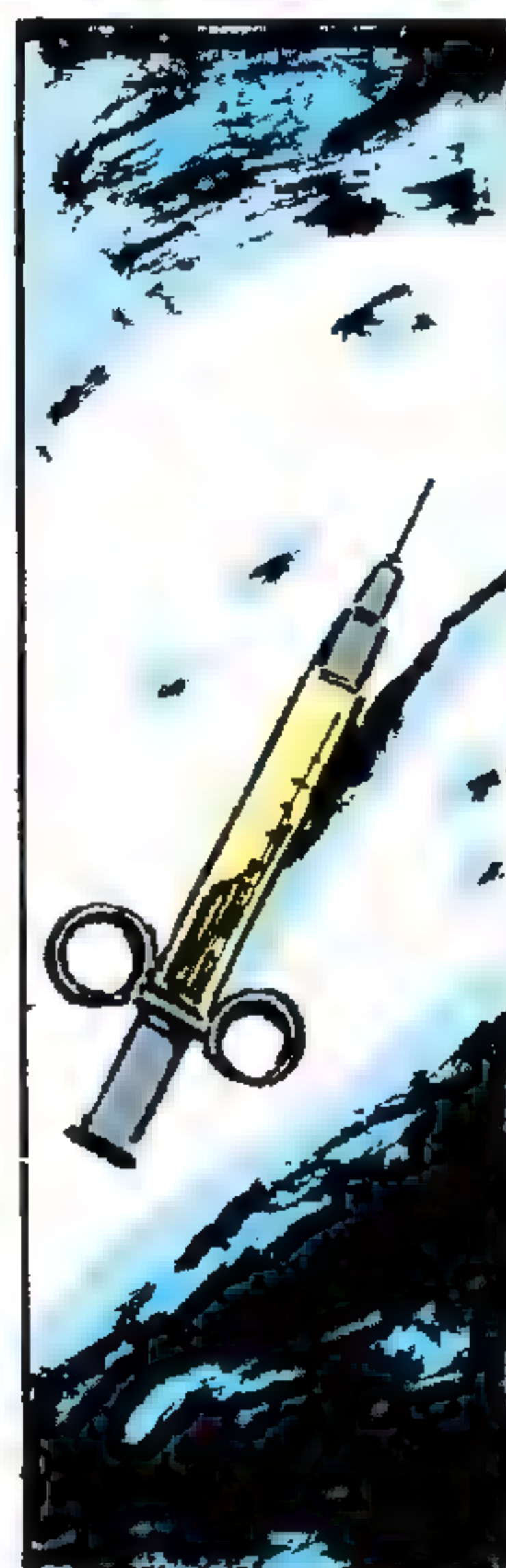
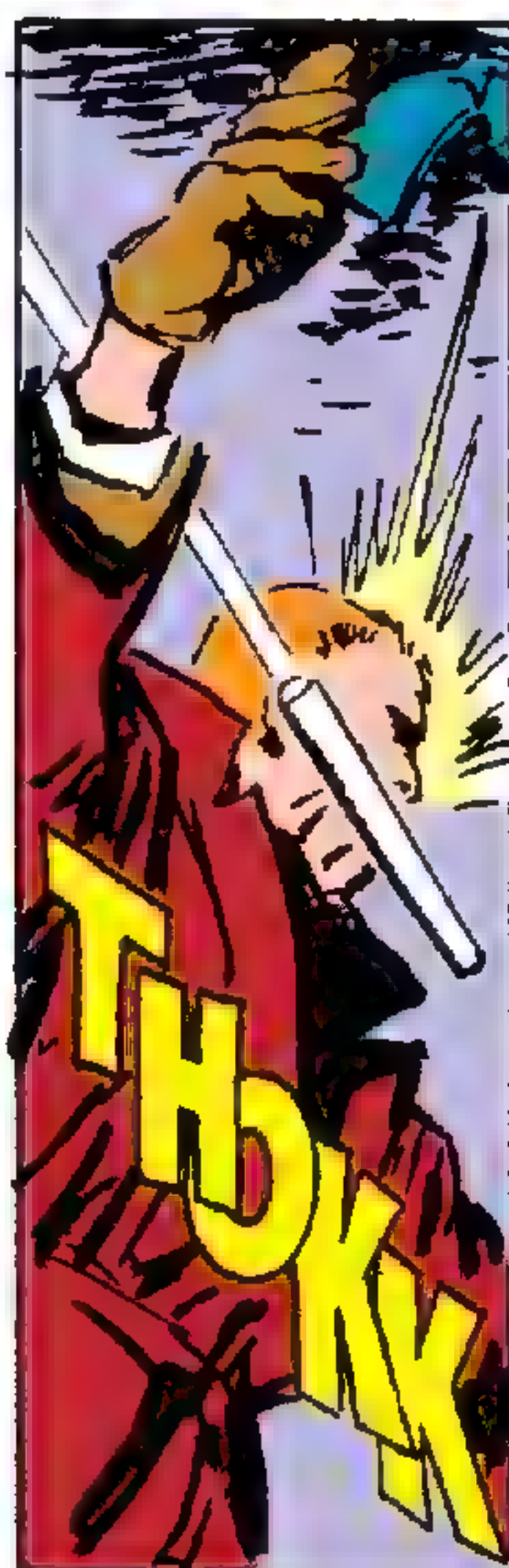
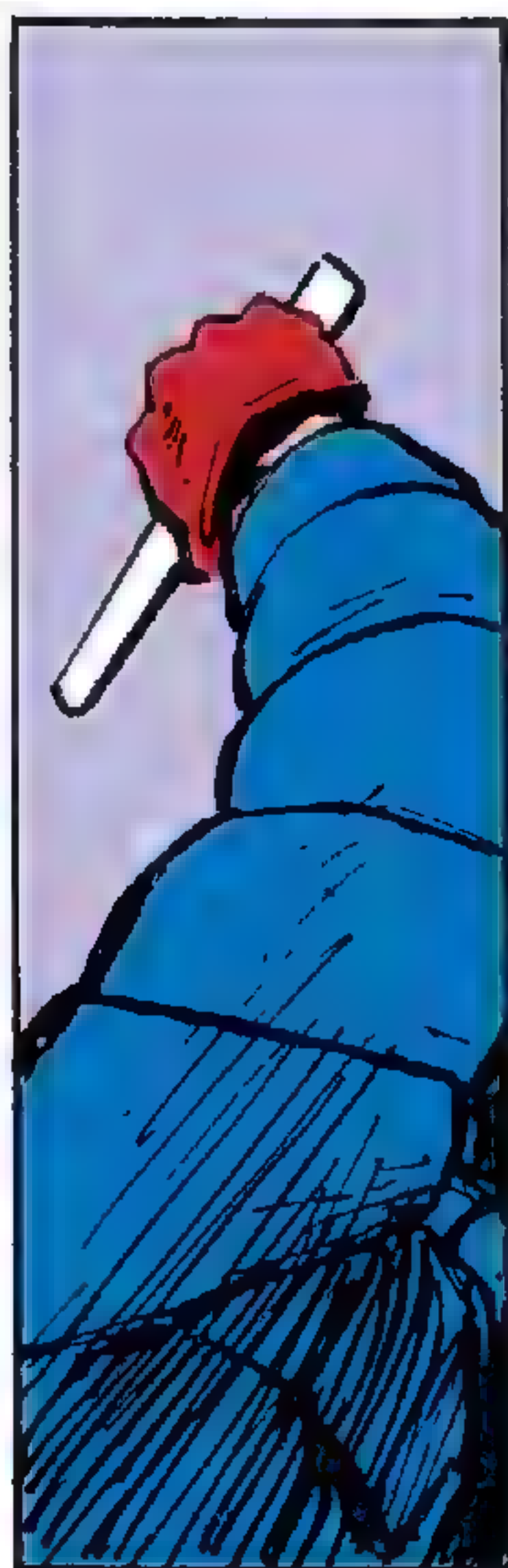
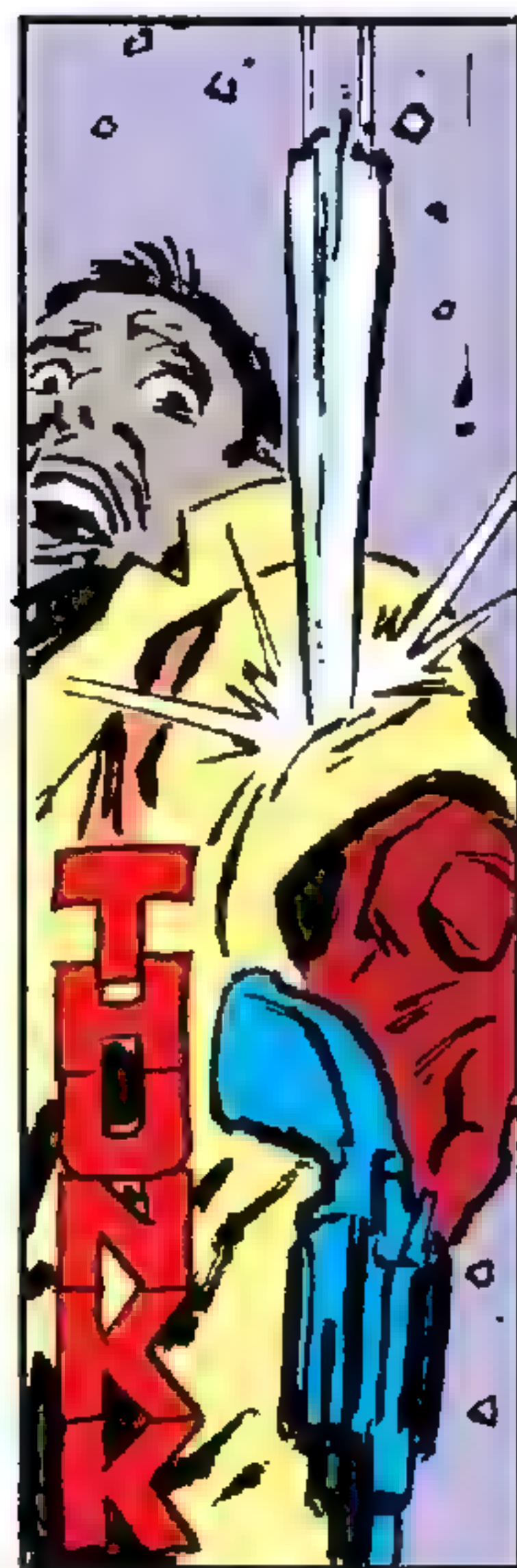
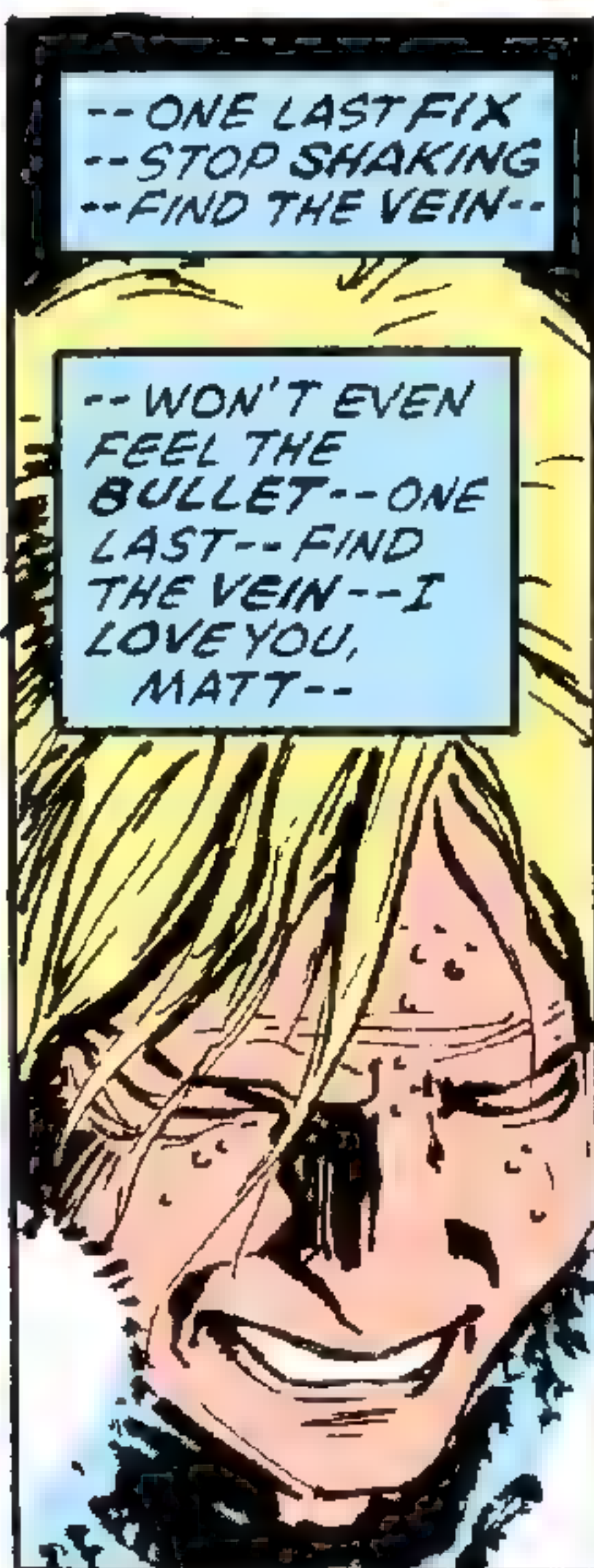


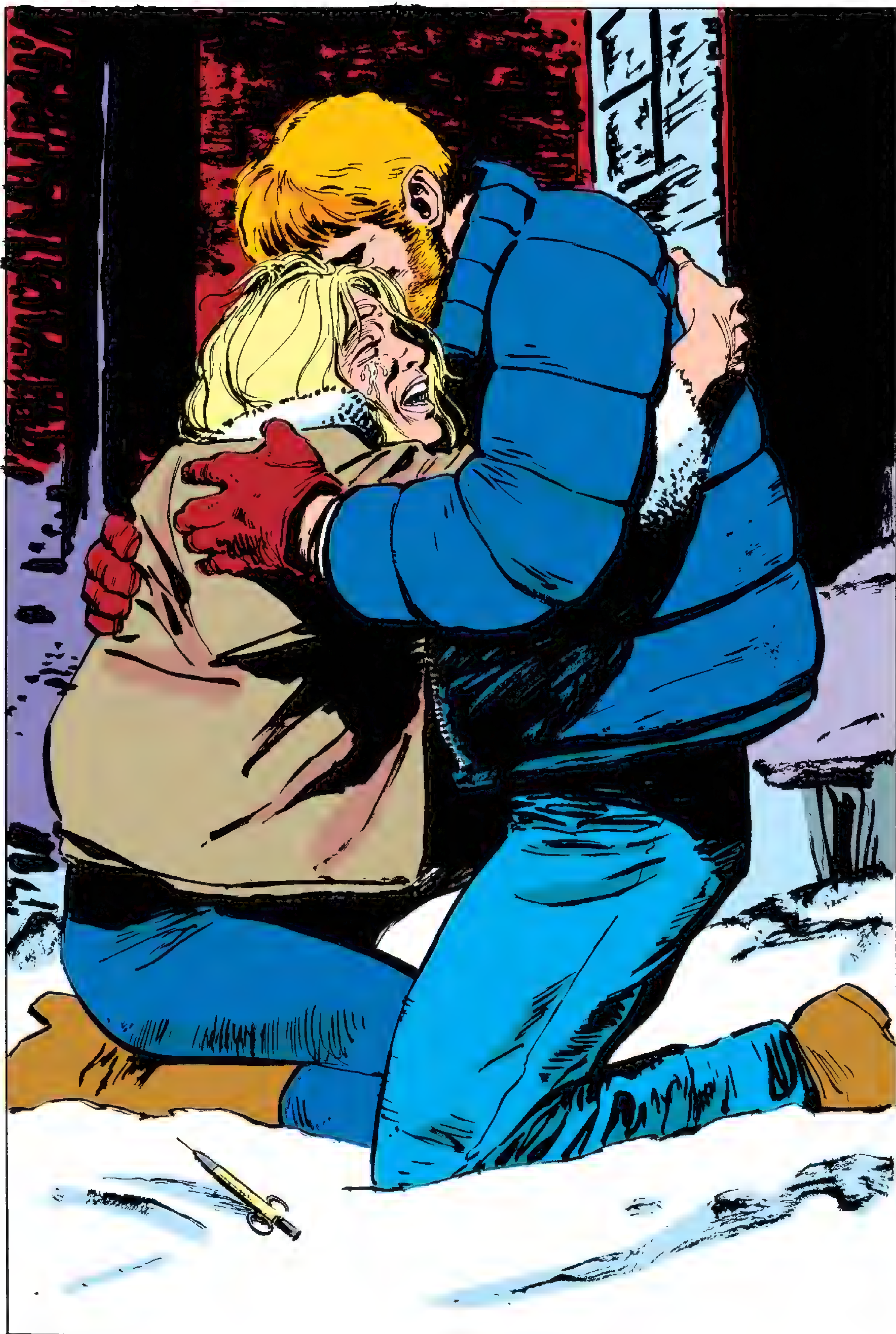
SPAK SPAK SPAK

COME
ON--









In case you're too LAZY to read the NEWSPAPER--or WORSE, you get it from TELEVISION--a LOT has happened.

FIVE BODIES were found by POLICE on and around a West Side APARTMENT BUILDING. The LIVE one was on the ROOF, stripped NAKED and suffering from multiple CONTUSIONS.

Turns out he's a certified LUNATIC.

The DOCTOR who arranged for his RELEASE is now working in FLORIDA.

As a GARDENER.

Two of the DEAD ones were known CRIMINALS. Both had previously served PRISON terms. One, in fact, FELIX MANNING by name, was still on PAROLE.

Their CORPSES and their EMPLOYMENT RECORDS have sparked an INVESTIGATION that will keep the Kingpin's ATTORNEYS busy for MONTHS.

The other two were OFFICERS SPANNER and TRUMBULL of the New York City POLICE. They leave a husband, a wife, and four kids behind to wonder WHY.

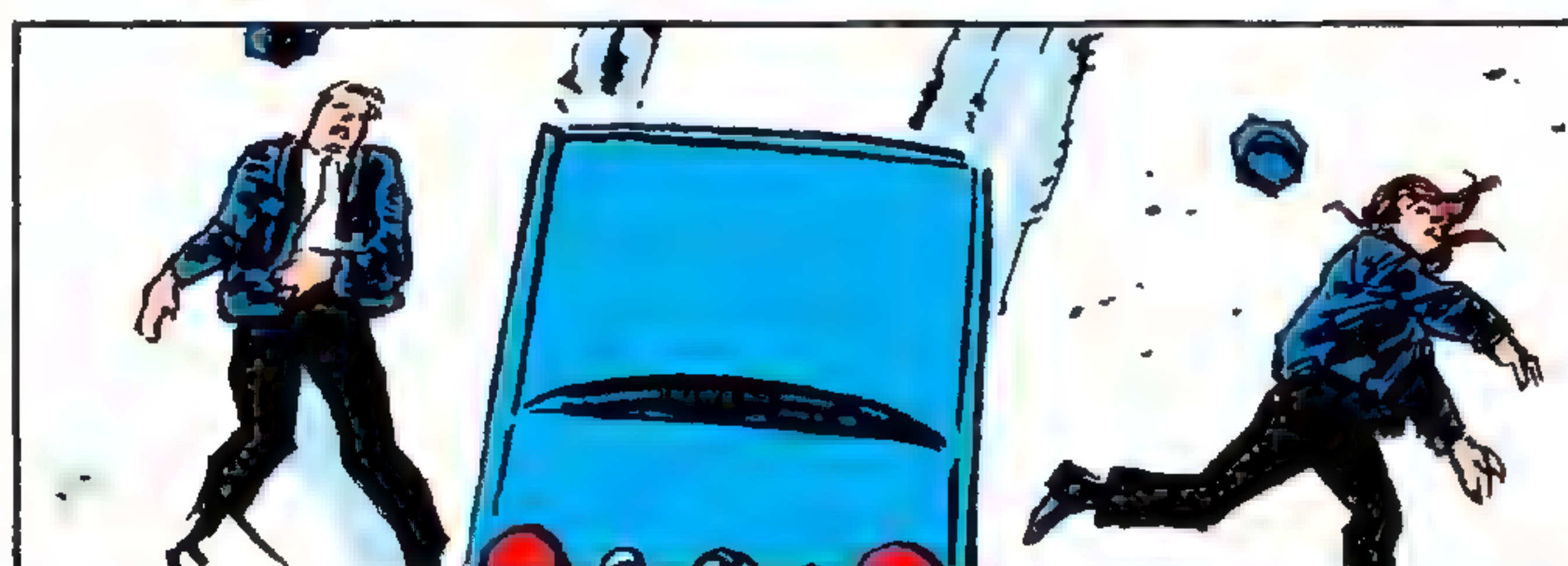
Two MORE were apprehended FLEEING the scene. One was MICHAEL KEMP, a three time LOSER. The other, PAULO SCORCESE, faces several LIFE SENTENCES for outstanding convictions of ARMED ROBBERY, DRUG TRAFFICKING, and MURDER.

Doris? Well, her NECK still hurts and she's taken to wearing a SCARF to hide the BRUISE. But she can TALK again and even LAUGHS when I say she sounds like BRENDA VACCARO.

As For ME -- like I TOLD you, I'm a REPORTER.

I'm going to find out where MATT MURDOCK is --

-- and what he has BECOME.



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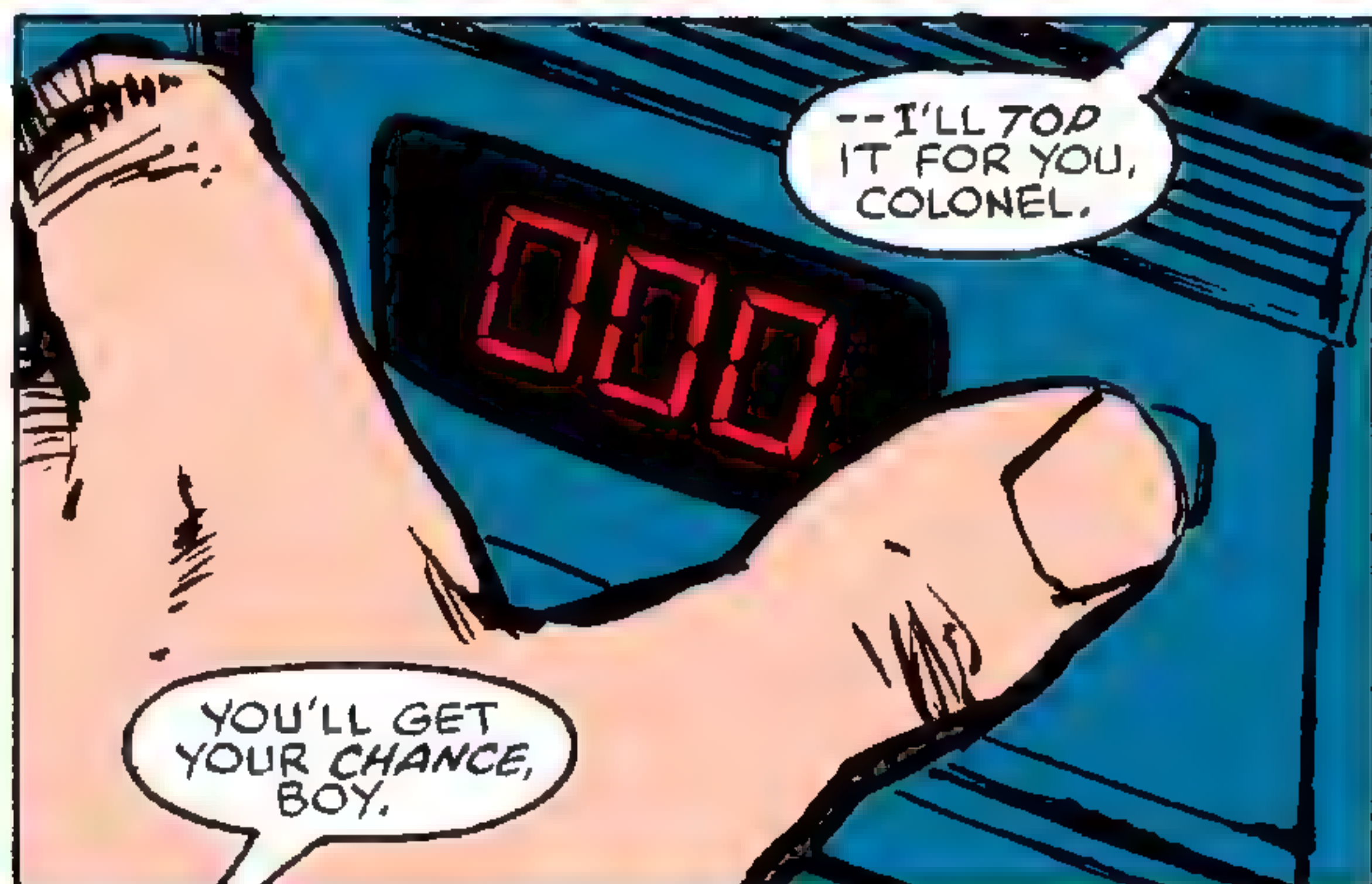
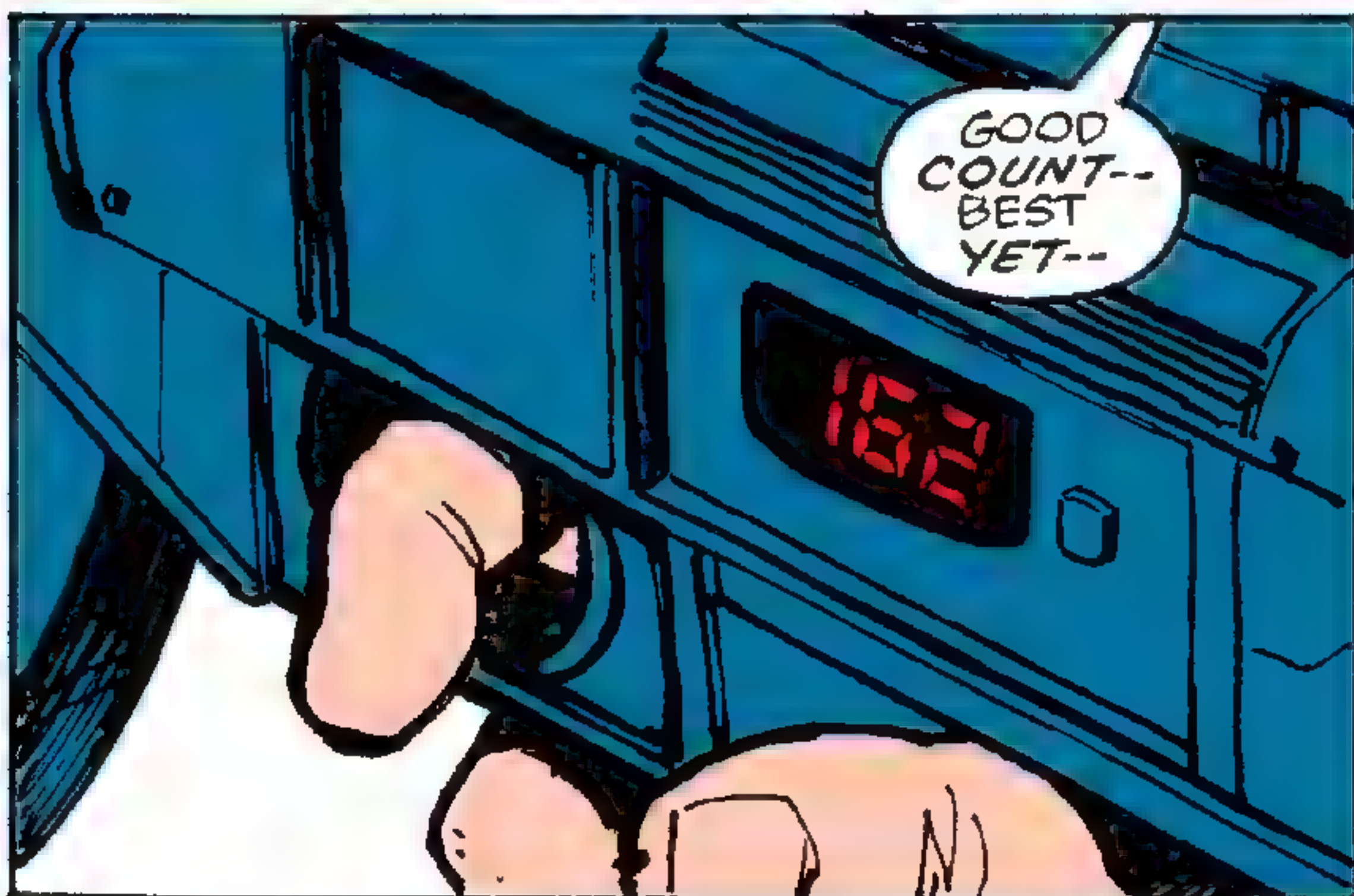
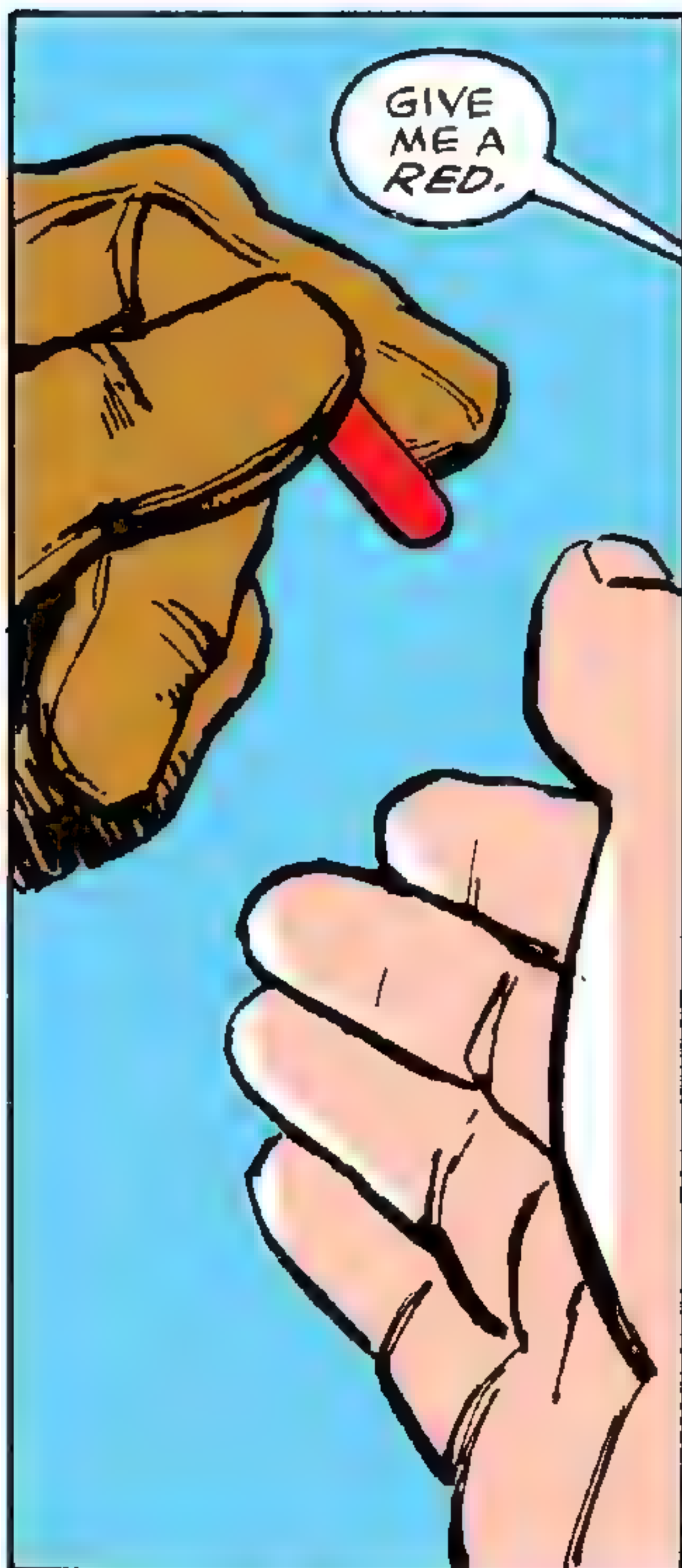
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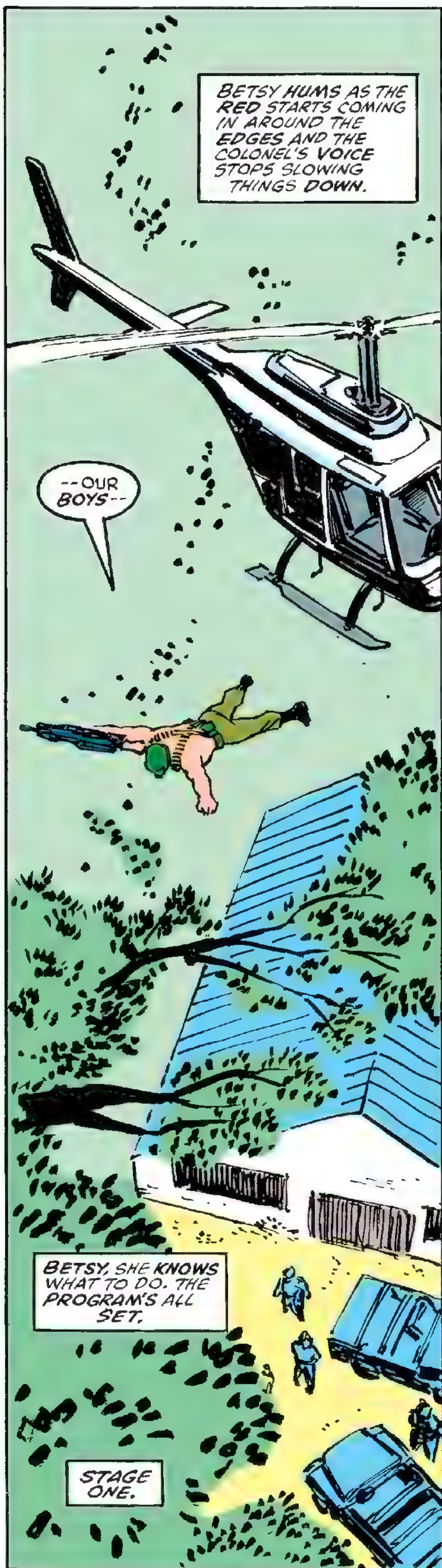
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MAZZUCHELLI

GOD AND COUNTRY





BETSY HUMS AS THE RED STARTS COMING IN AROUND THE EDGES AND THE COLONEL'S VOICE STOPS SLOWING THINGS DOWN.

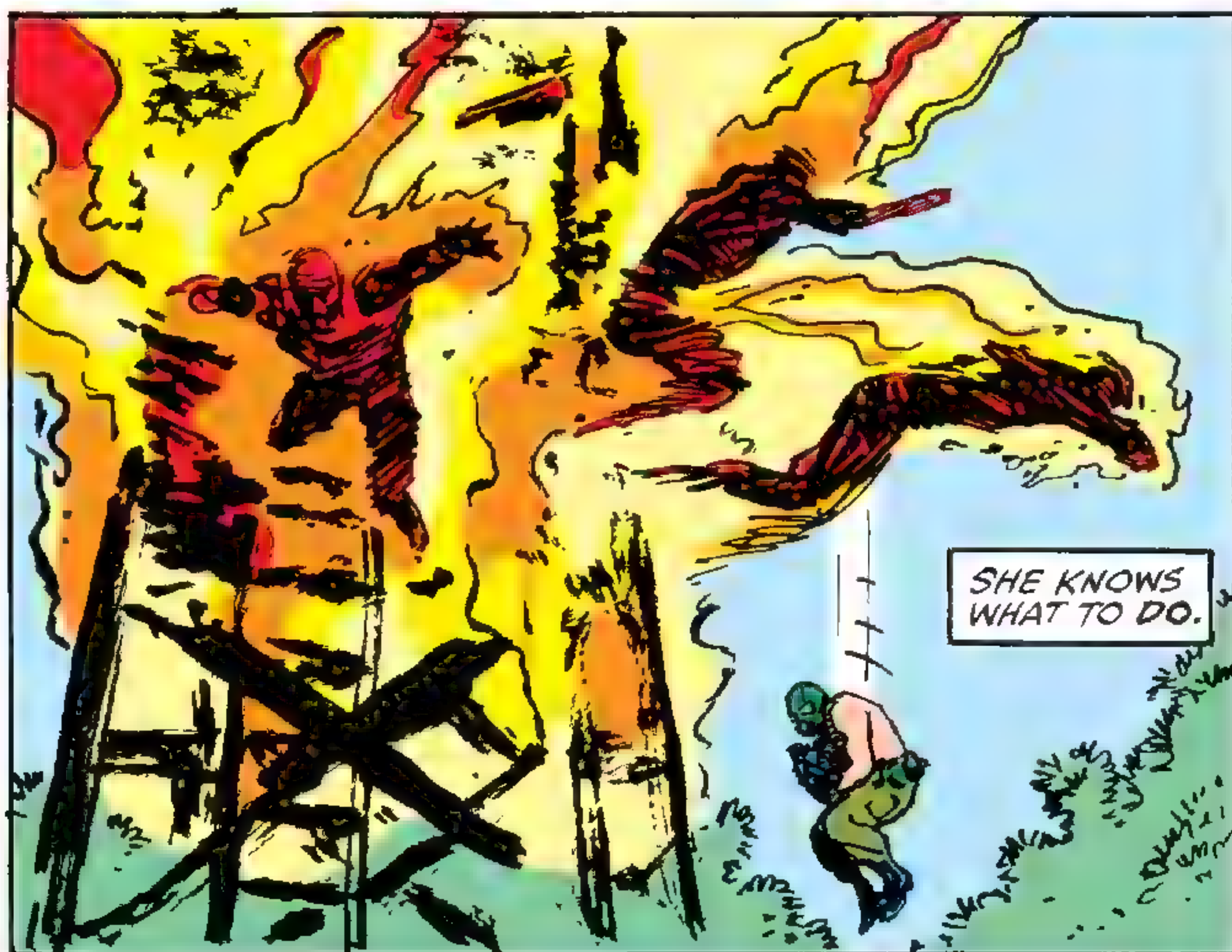
--OUR BOYS--

BETSY, SHE KNOWS WHAT TO DO. THE PROGRAM'S ALL SET.

STAGE ONE.



NAPALM.



SHE KNOWS WHAT TO DO.



SHE KEEPS THE COUNT.

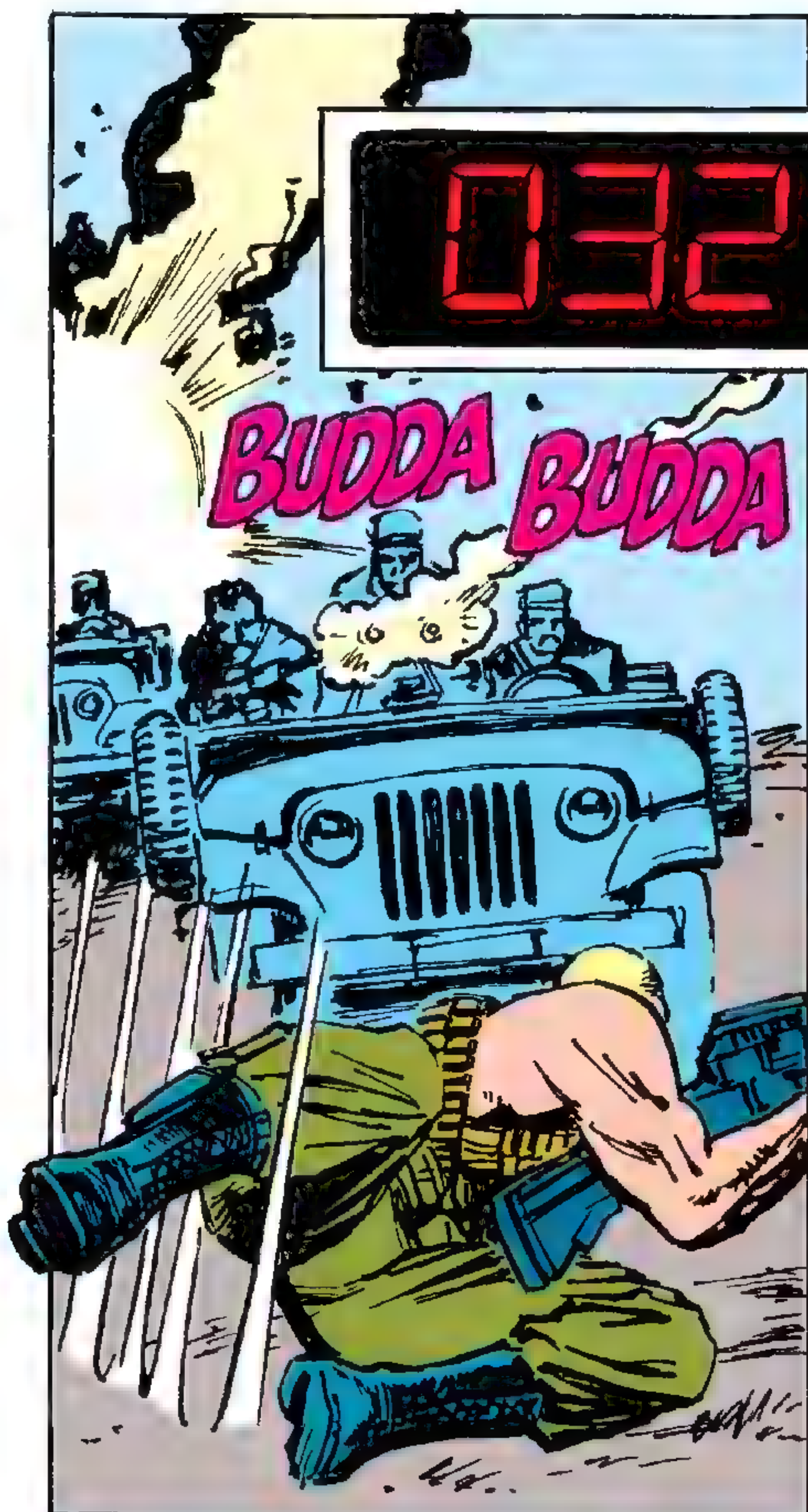
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RED'S KICKING IN BUT GOOD NOW-- ADRENALIN RUSH LIKE A ROCKET BLAST--

BE

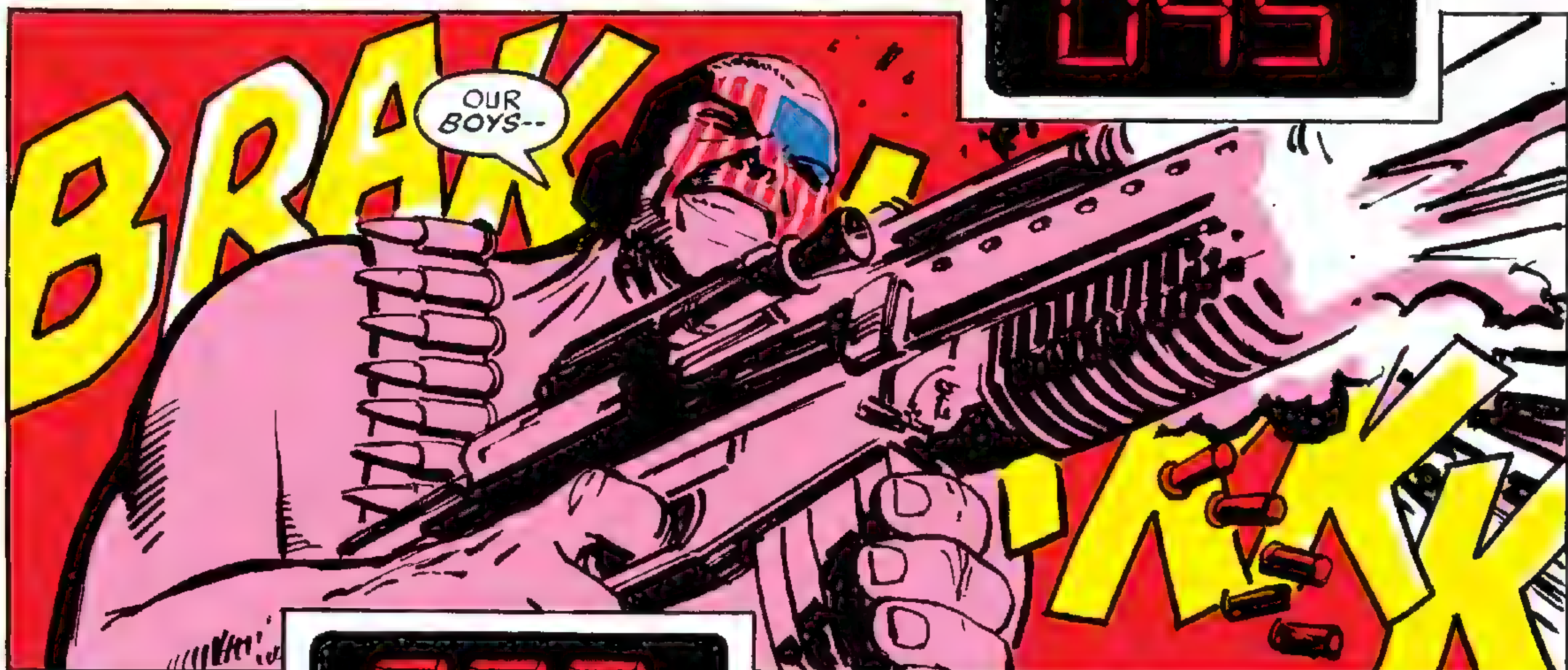
RAKABRAK



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GIVE ME A WHITE.



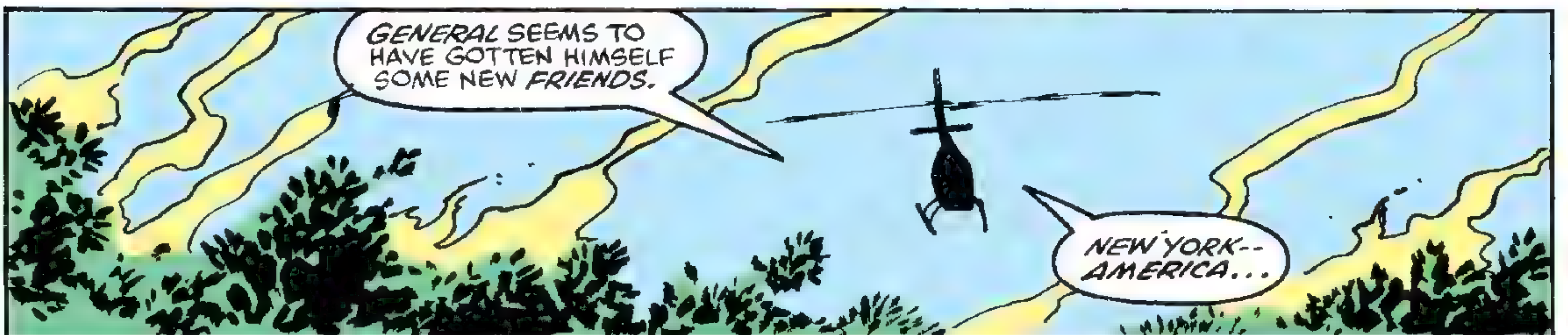
WHERE NEXT?

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS, BOY.



YOU'RE HOPPING A CIVILIAN PLANE. GOING STATESIDE. NEW YORK.

ORDER CAME DOWN WHILE YOU WERE MOPPING UP, STRAIGHT FROM THE GENERAL.



GENERAL SEEMS TO HAVE GOTTEN HIMSELF SOME NEW FRIENDS.

NEW YORK-- AMERICA...



AMERICA.

...SO GLAD YOU COULD TAKE MY CALL, MR. FISK... AH... JUST THOUGHT YOU'D BE GLAD TO KNOW...

...AH... NUKE--I MEAN AGENT SIMPSON... WELL, HE'S EN ROUTE, MR. FISK. COMING YOUR WAY, JUST LIKE YOU... LIKE YOU WANTED...



...I HAVE... AH... DELIVERED THE GOODS, MR. FISK... AND... AND, WELL...

...WELL, I'M WAITING FOR THE GOODS YOU PROMISED ME...



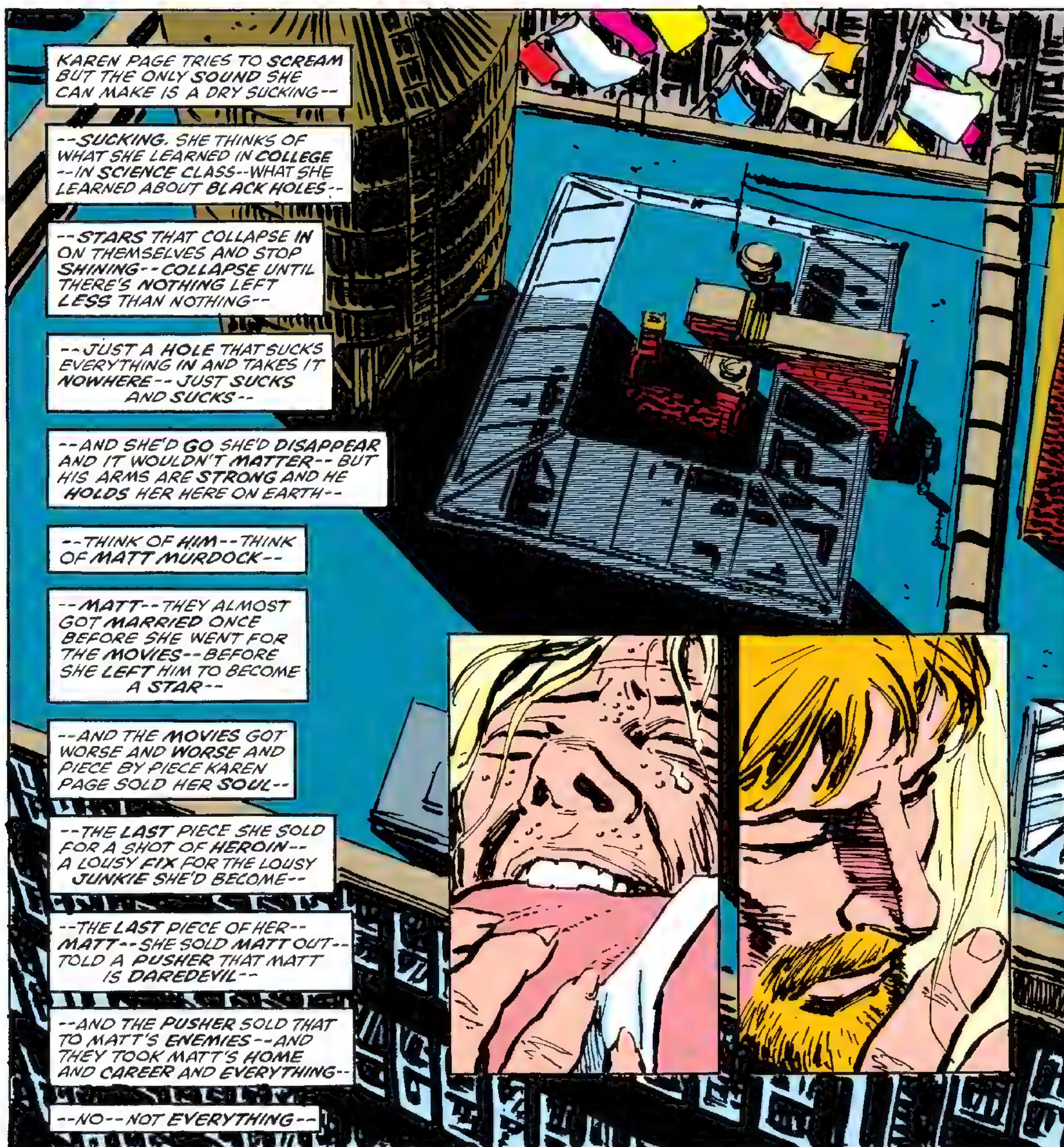
NUKE.

SUCH A SIMPLE TERM. SO DIRECT.

AND NOW THE KING-
PIN OF CRIME WILL
AIM THIS NUKE AT
THE MAN HE IS
LEARNING TO HATE.

THE MAN HE IS
LEARNING TO
FEAR.

MURDOCK.



KAREN PAGE TRIES TO SCREAM
BUT THE ONLY SOUND SHE
CAN MAKE IS A DRY SUCKING--

--SUCKING. SHE THINKS OF
WHAT SHE LEARNED IN COLLEGE
--IN SCIENCE CLASS--WHAT SHE
LEARNED ABOUT BLACK HOLES--

--STARS THAT COLLAPSE IN
ON THEMSELVES AND STOP
SHINING-- COLLAPSE UNTIL
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT
LESS THAN NOTHING--

--JUST A HOLE THAT SUCKS
EVERYTHING IN AND TAKES IT
NOWHERE-- JUST SUCKS
AND SUCKS--

--AND SHE'D GO SHE'D DISAPPEAR
AND IT WOULDN'T MATTER-- BUT
HIS ARMS ARE STRONG AND HE
HOLDS HER HERE ON EARTH--

--THINK OF HIM--THINK
OF MATT MURDOCK--

--MATT--THEY ALMOST
GOT MARRIED ONCE
BEFORE SHE WENT FOR
THE MOVIES-- BEFORE
SHE LEFT HIM TO BECOME
A STAR--

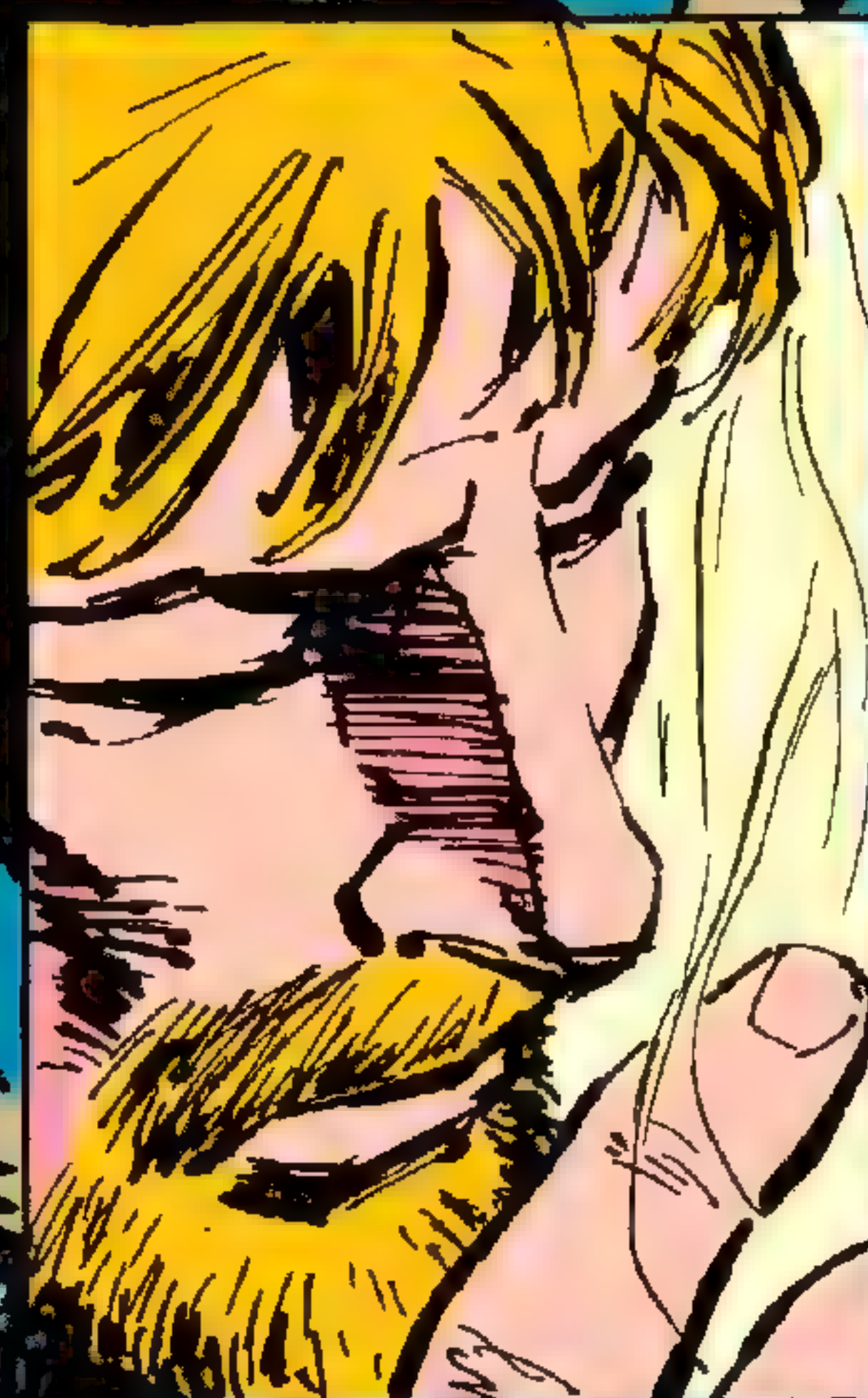
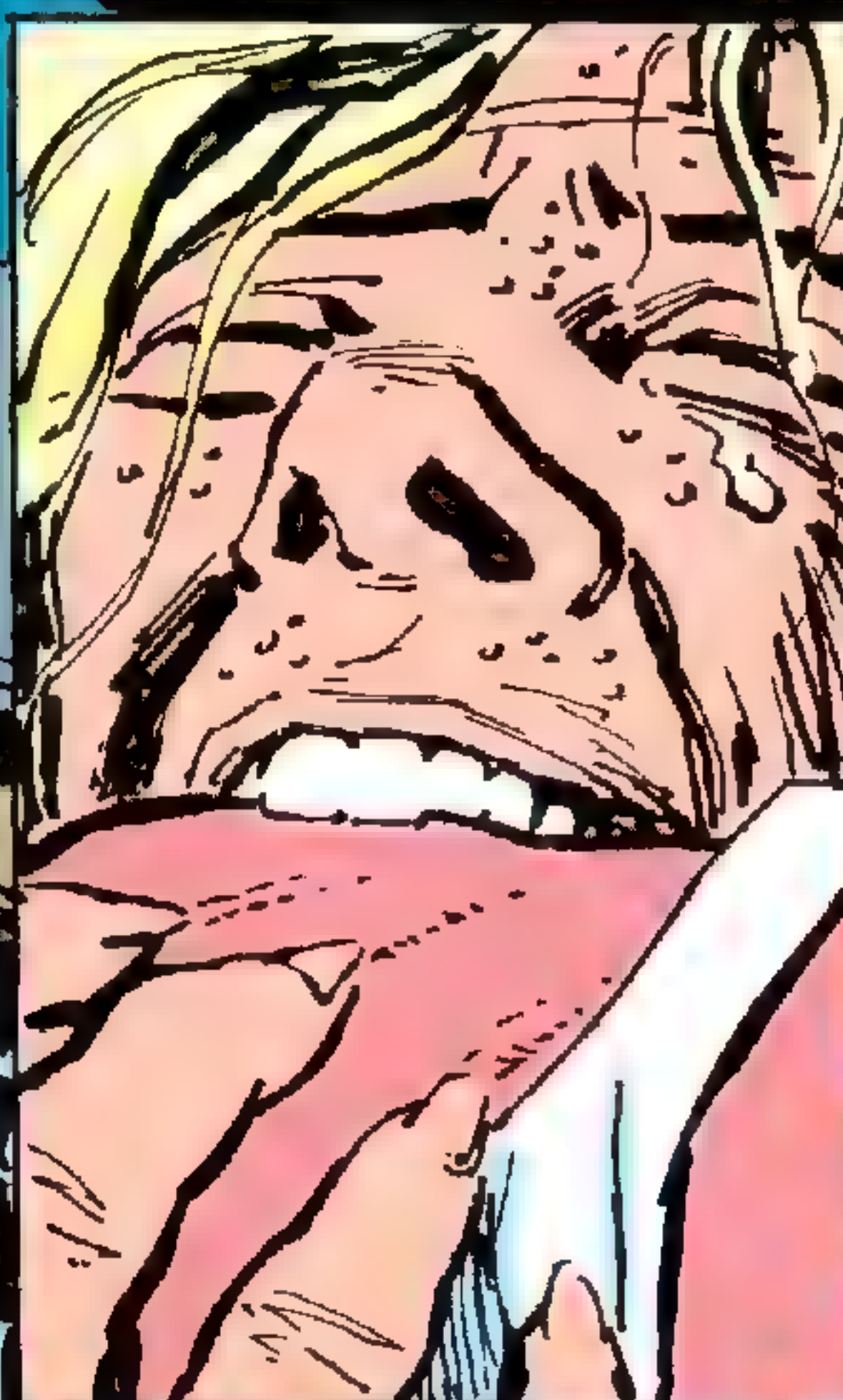
--AND THE MOVIES GOT
WORSE AND WORSE AND
PIECE BY PIECE KAREN
PAGE SOLD HER SOUL--

--THE LAST PIECE SHE SOLD
FOR A SHOT OF HEROIN--
A LOUSY FIX FOR THE LOUSY
JUNKIE SHE'D BECOME--

--THE LAST PIECE OF HER--
MATT-- SHE SOLD MATT OUT--
TOLD A PUSHER THAT MATT
IS DAREDEVIL--

--AND THE PUSHER SOLD THAT
TO MATT'S ENEMIES-- AND
THEY TOOK MATT'S HOME
AND CAREER AND EVERYTHING--

--NO-- NOT EVERYTHING--



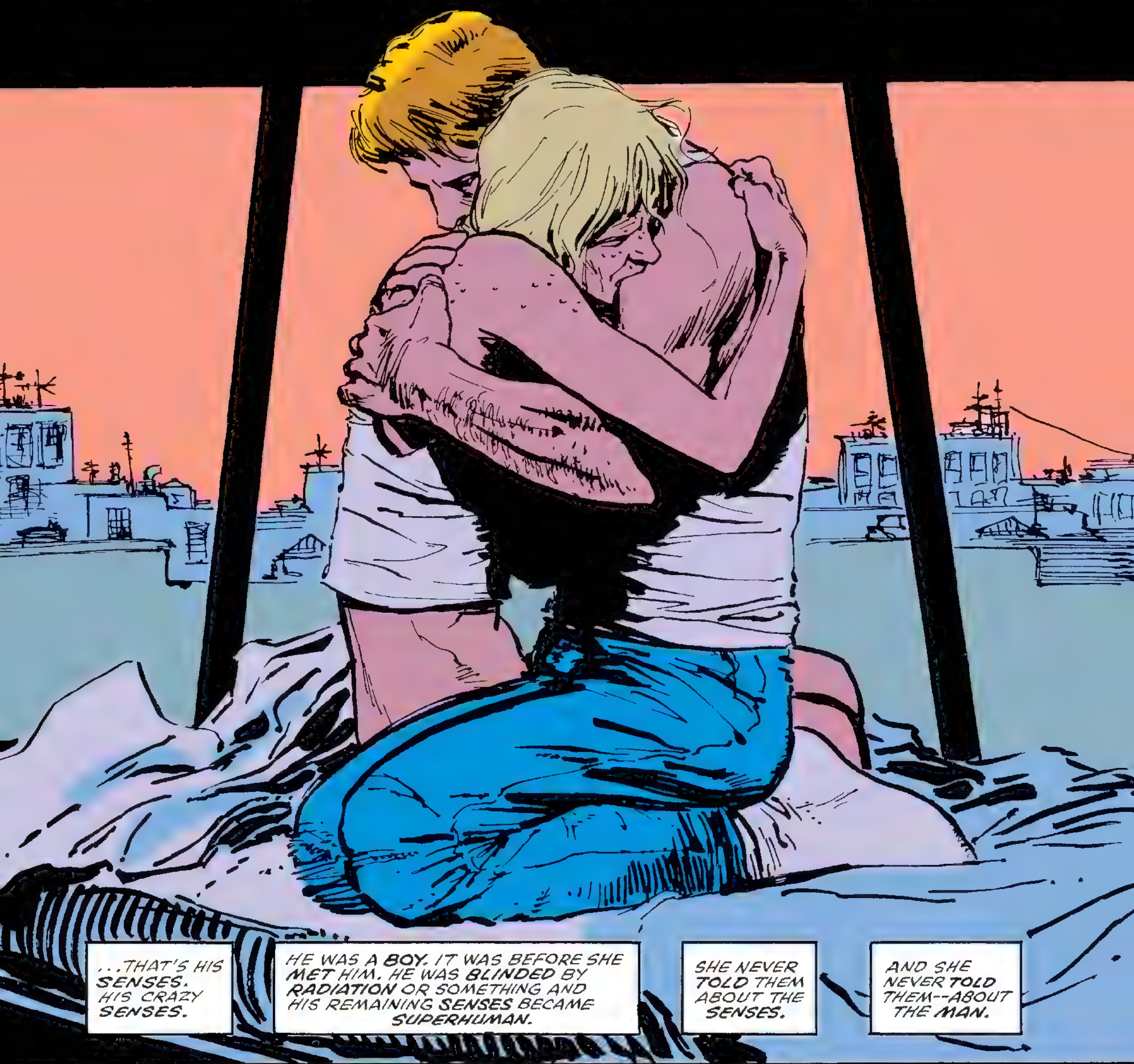
--"NOTHING" HE'D SAID, MATT DID, WHEN SHE TOLD HIM WHAT SHE'D DONE--

--"I'VE LOST NOTHING," MATT SAID, AND LAUGHED LIKE A BOY--

--AND KAREN DIDN'T UNDERSTAND--AND MATT KISSED HER--

--AND HELD HER...

...AND KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT TO SAY AND WHEN TO MAKE HER EAT AND HOW TO TOUCH THE MUSCLES IN HER BACK TO MAKE HER SLEEP...



...THAT'S HIS SENSES. HIS CRAZY SENSES.

HE WAS A BOY. IT WAS BEFORE SHE MET HIM. HE WAS BLINDED BY RADIATION OR SOMETHING AND HIS REMAINING SENSES BECAME SUPERHUMAN.

SHE NEVER TOLD THEM ABOUT THE SENSES.

AND SHE NEVER TOLD THEM--ABOUT THE MAN.

STAN LEE presents

GOD AND COUNTRY

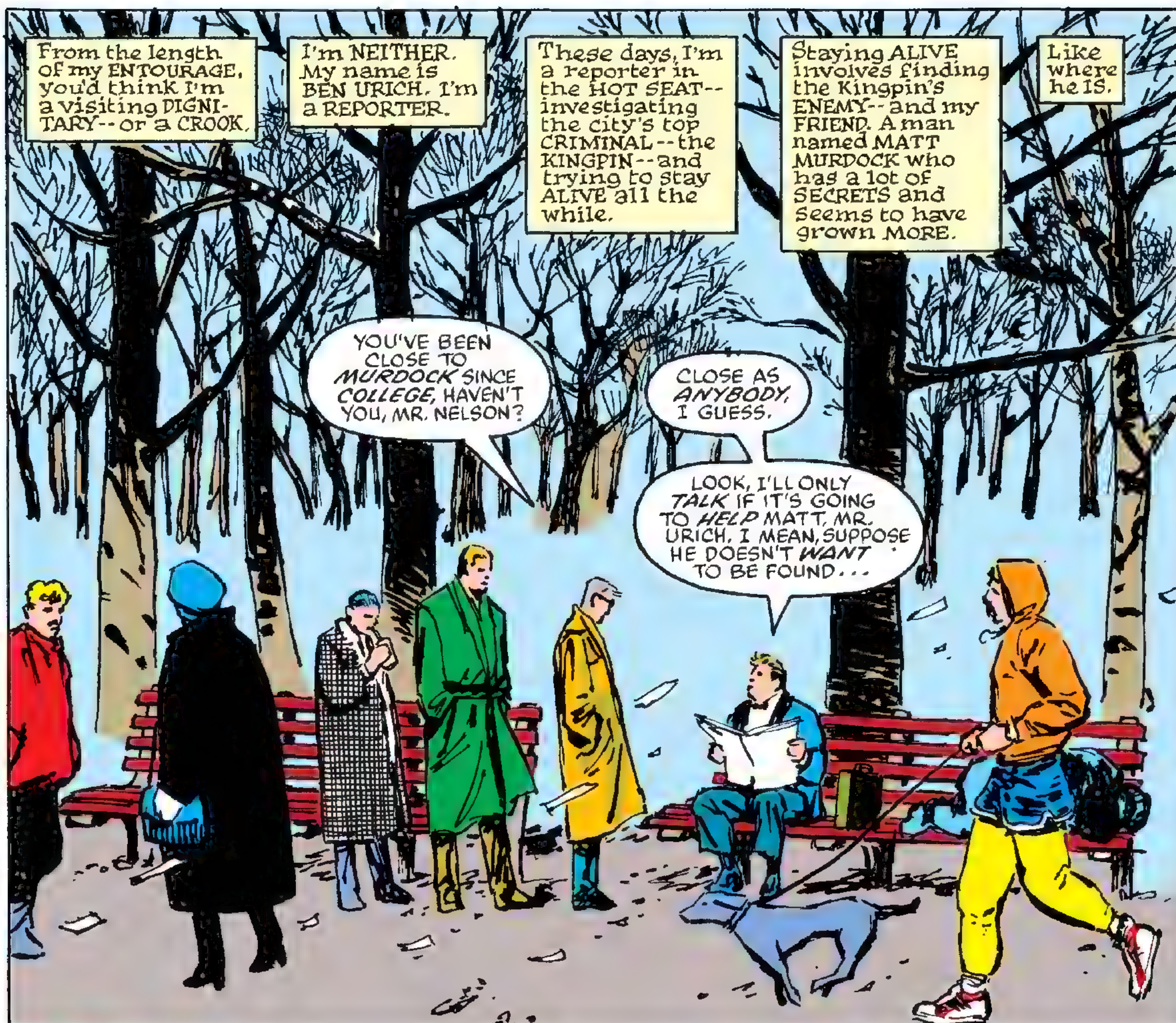
by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF



From the length of my ENTOURAGE, you'd think I'm a visiting DIGNITARY-- or a CROOK.

I'm NEITHER. My name is BEN URICH. I'm a REPORTER.

These days, I'm a reporter in the HOT SEAT-- investigating the city's top CRIMINAL--the KINGPIN--and trying to stay ALIVE all the while.

Staying ALIVE involves finding the Kingpin's ENEMY--and my FRIEND. A man named MATT MURDOCK who has a lot of SECRETS and seems to have grown MORE.

Like where he IS.

YOU'VE BEEN CLOSE TO MURDOCK SINCE COLLEGE, HAVEN'T YOU, MR. NELSON?

CLOSE AS ANYBODY, I GUESS.

LOOK, I'LL ONLY TALK IF IT'S GOING TO HELP MATT, MR. URICH. I MEAN, SUPPOSE HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE FOUND...

YOU THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA FOR A BLIND MAN TO WANDER OFF ALONE?

NO, BUT...

But MATT is no ORDINARY blind man. I know that, NELSON. Do YOU?

...OKAY, MR. URICH, I'LL TRUST YOU. MATT ALWAYS SPOKE WELL OF YOU AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

ALL OF THOSE CHARGES AGAINST HIM ARE FALSE-- AND YOU CAN BET I'LL HAVE HIS APPEAL READY, JUST AS SOON AS THIS WHOLE MESS GETS UNTANGLED. BUT...WELL...

...WELL, EVER SINCE OUR LAW FIRM WENT UNDER -- AND EVEN BEFORE-- MATT'S BEEN...



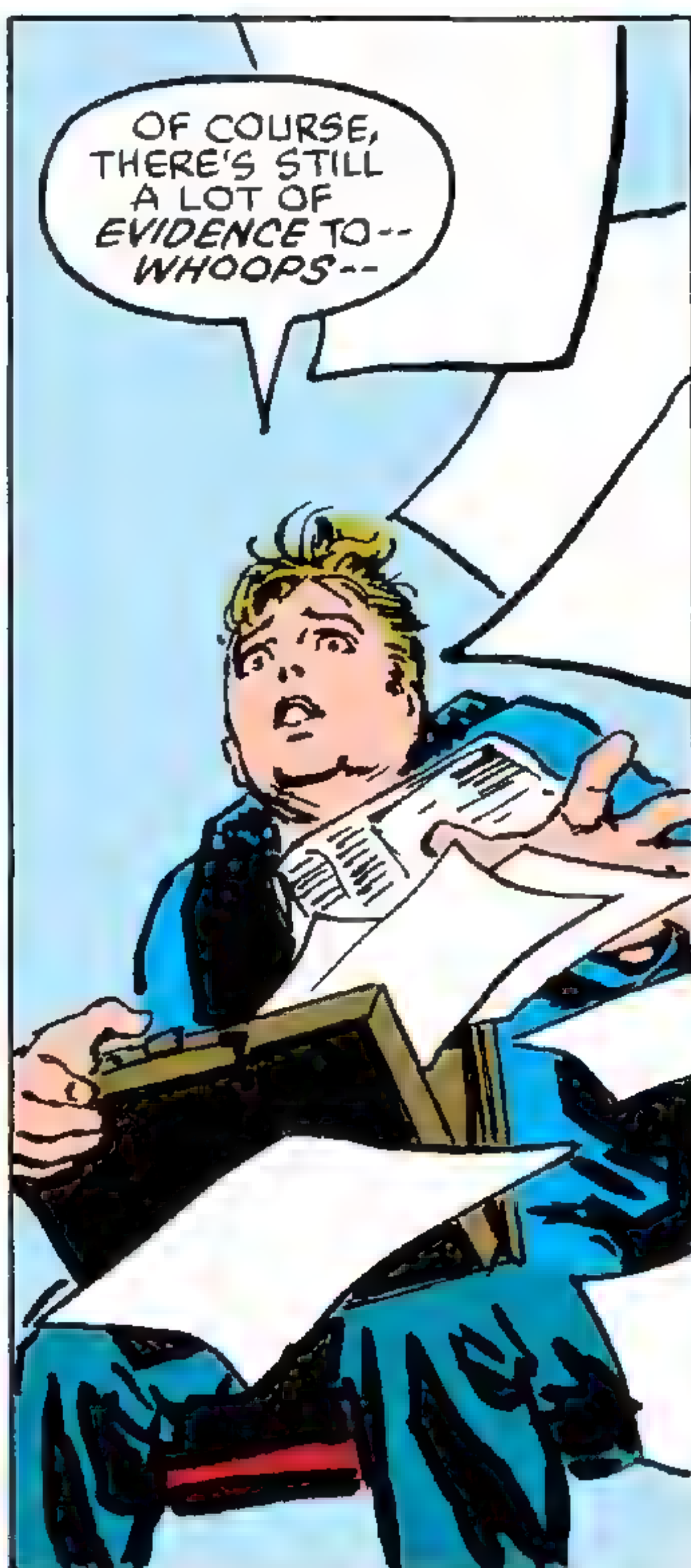
...WELL, I SPOKE WITH HIM--I MEAN, HE *PHONED* ME, AFTER HIS *HOUSE BLEW UP*, AND... HE SOUNDED VERY *CONFUSED*...

HE SOUNDED *CRAZY*, MR. NELSON. I'VE SPOKEN WITH HIM *MYSELF*.

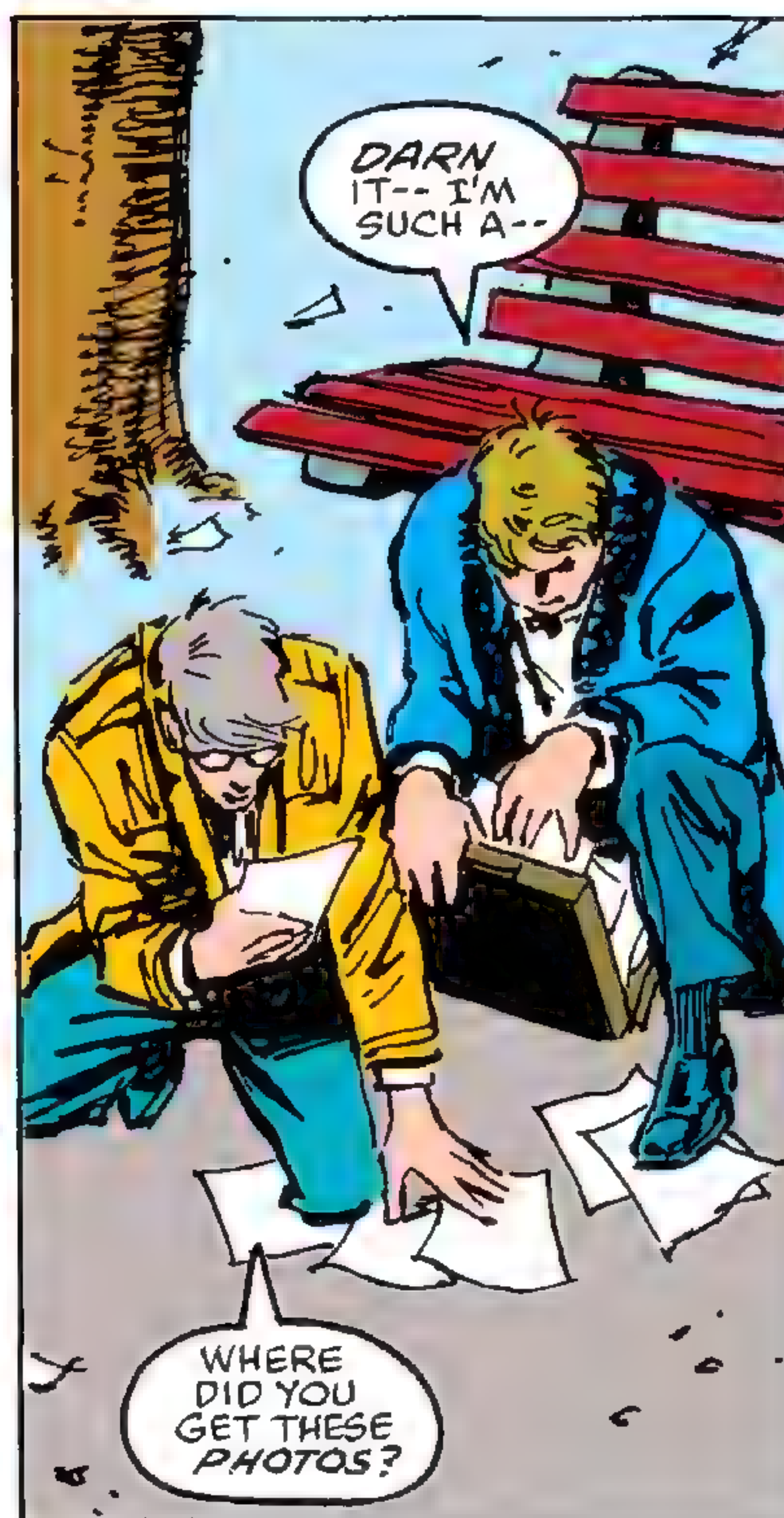


I WOULDN'T GO SO FAR AS TO SAY *THAT*. MATT'S ALWAYS BEEN KIND OF *HIGH STRUNG*. I MEAN, YOU JUST CAN'T ALWAYS *WORRY*...

...I'M SURE HE'LL BE ...LOOK, LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT I'VE GOT WORKED UP FOR THE *APPEAL*.



OF COURSE, THERE'S STILL A LOT OF *EVIDENCE* TO--
WHOOPS--



DARN IT-- I'M SUCH A--

WHERE DID YOU GET THESE *PHOTOS*?



GLORI... UM ...GLORIANNA O'BREEN... SHE'S--

MATT'S GIRLFRIEND? HE NEVER TOLD ME, BUT THEN, HE WOULDN'T *KNOW*...

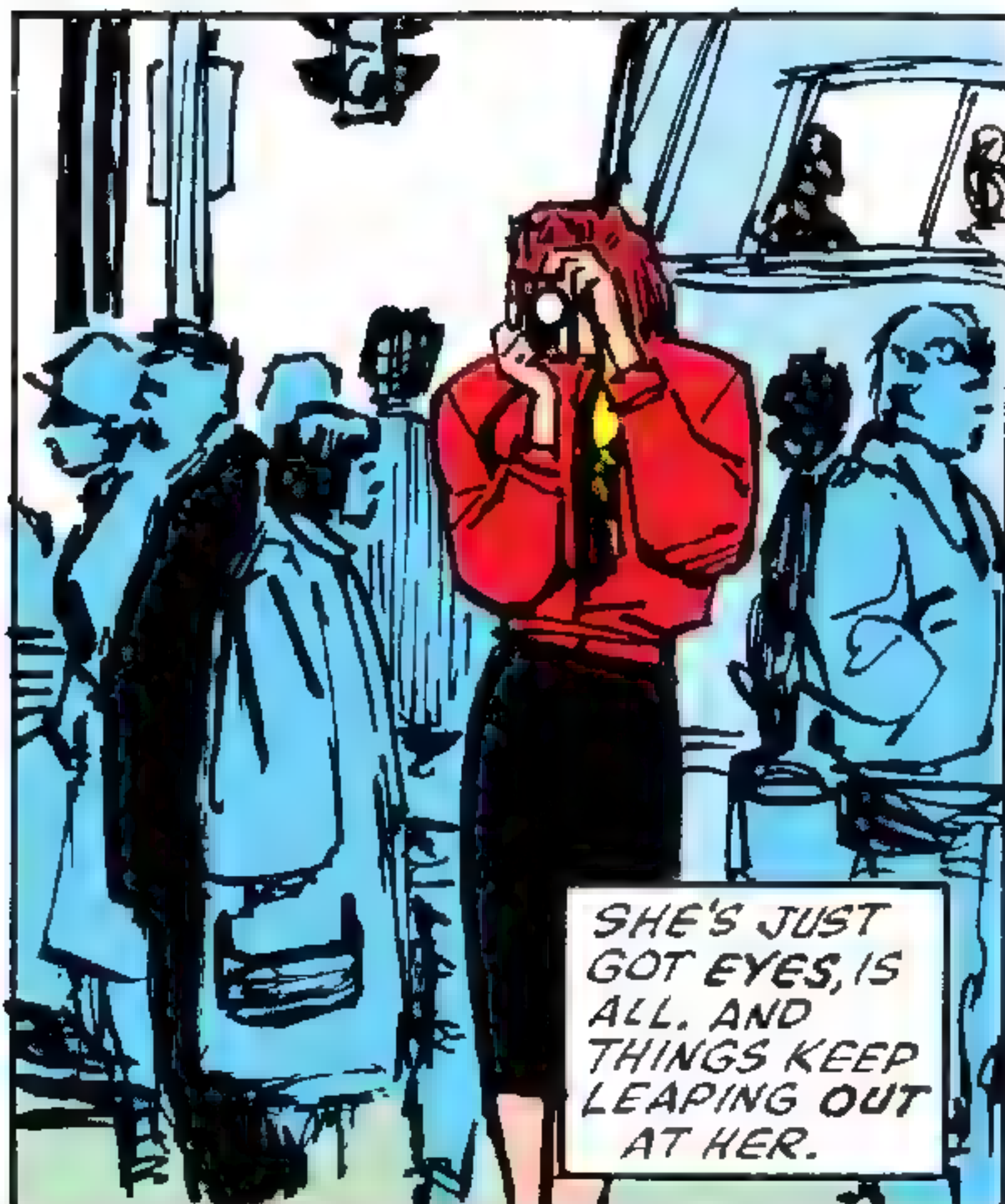
WILL YOU BE *SEEING* HER ANY TIME SOON?



YEAH, YEAH. I... UM... I'LL BE *SEEING* HER *TONIGHT*...

ASK HER TO CALL ME, PLEASE.

IT'S NOT LIKE SHE'S SOME FINE ART GALLERY FLIRT LOOKING TO COURT THE WINE AND CHEESE CROWD AND TALK ABOUT HER CHILDHOOD AS IF IT WERE WORTH THE TELLING.



LIKE THAT MAN THERE SO BIG AND TOUGH AND JUST THE SAME HOLDING ONTO THAT JACKHAMMER FOR DEAR LIFE--



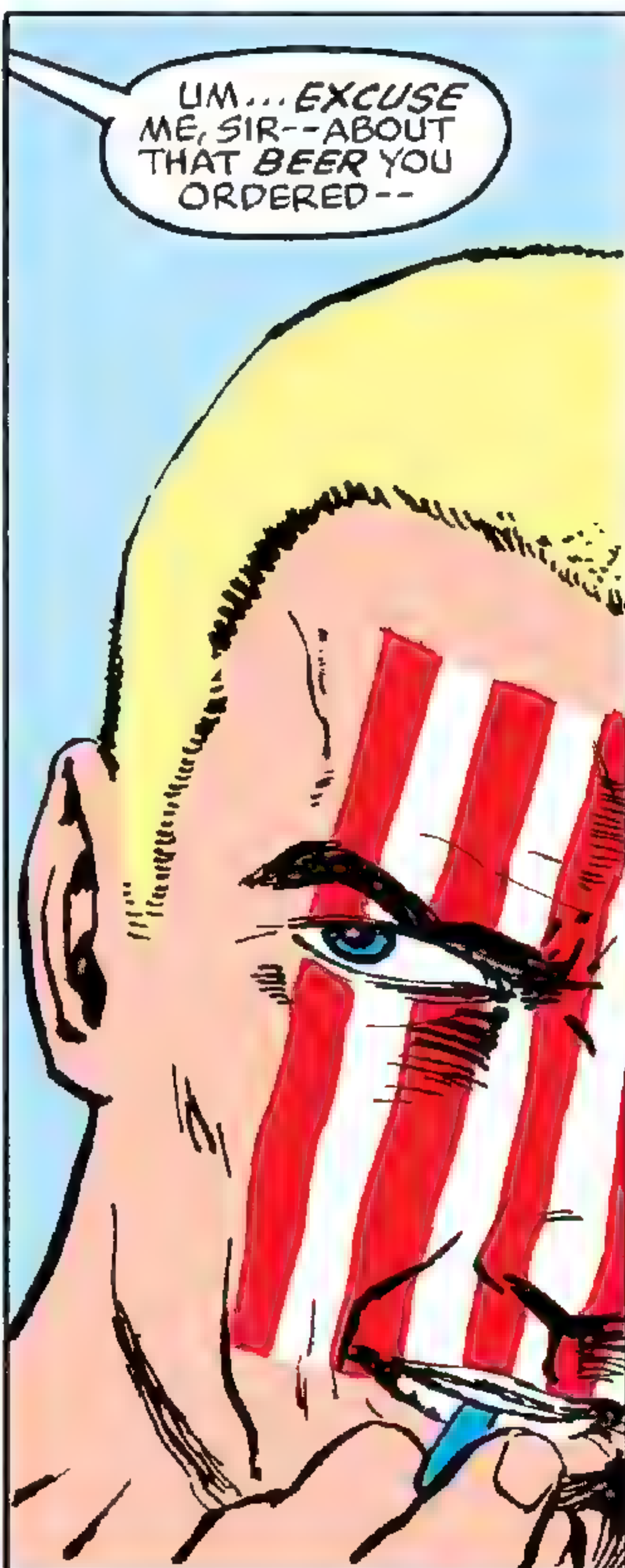
--JUST LEAPED OUT AND BEGGED TO BE TAKEN.



GIVE ME A BLUE.



UM... EXCUSE ME, SIR-- ABOUT THAT BEER YOU ORDERED--



--WE DON'T HAVE THE BRAND YOU ASKED FOR-- IT ISN'T MADE ANYMORE-- SO WE SUBSTITUTED--

AAAA--

THIS BRAND-- WHERE WAS IT BREWED?



M--MILWAUKEE.

DON'T WORRY, BOY. IT'S AMERICAN.

ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT.





TROUBLE, MR. FISK. IT'S YOUR GIRL LOIS.

SINCE SHE WAS APPREHENDED TRYING TO MURDER BEN URICH'S WIFE--SHE'S BEEN TALKING ABOUT YOU.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAS AGREED TO REDUCED CHARGES IN EXCHANGE FOR HER TURNING STATE'S EVIDENCE.



I'M AFRAID THAT'S NOT ALL. EVER SINCE URICH GOT ON YOUR CASE, HE'S BEEN COZY WITH THE D.A.--

--AND NOW HE'S LANDED AN INTERVIEW WITH LOIS.



COMMISSIONER...YOU WILL SEE TO IT THAT OFFICER COOGAN IS ON DUTY AT THE TIME OF THE INTERVIEW.

THAT IS ALL.

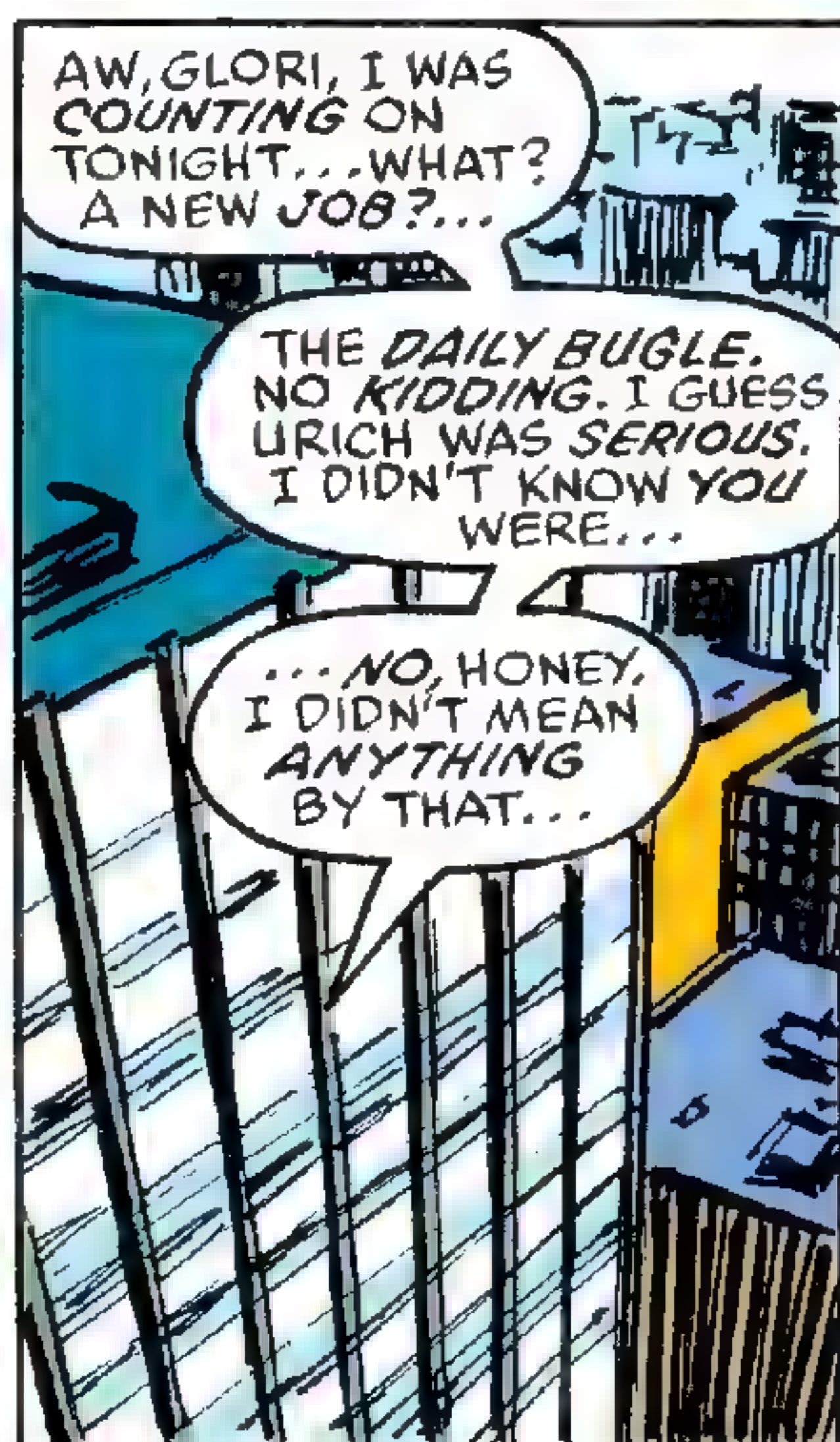
MR. FISK-- ABOUT THOSE PICTURES...



EMBARRASSING, AREN'T THEY, COMMISSIONER? SUCH AN ORDINARY COCKTAIL WAITRESS. YOUR WIFE WOULD BE INSULTED.

YOU NEED NOT WORRY, MY FRIEND. I WILL KEEP THE PHOTOS SAFE.

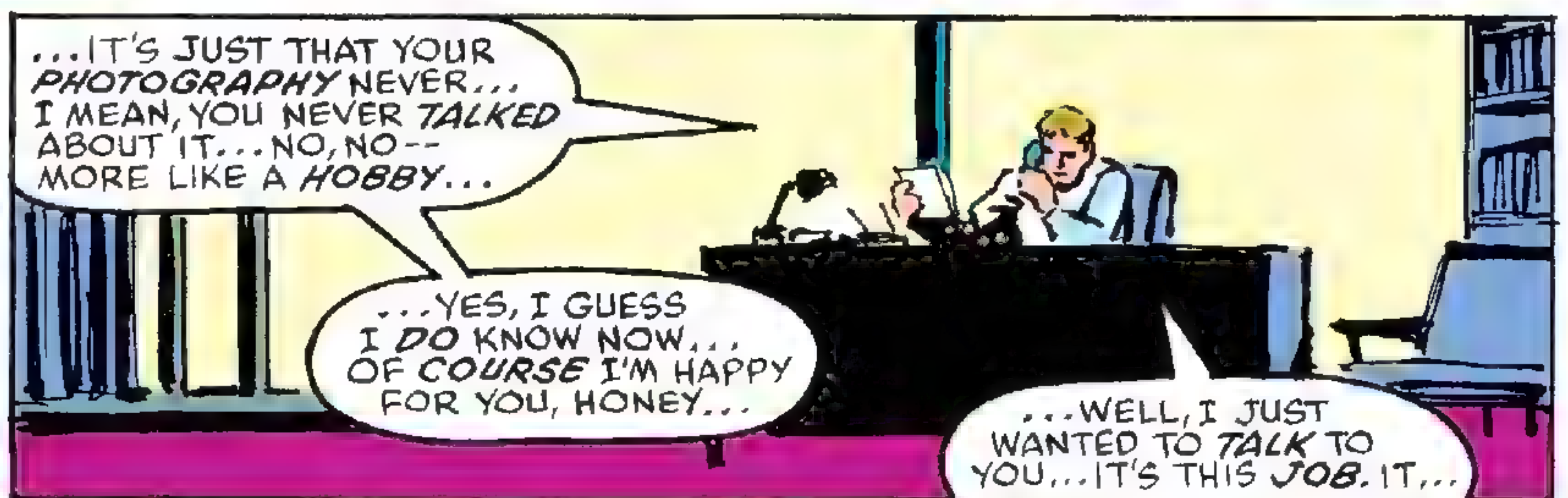
QUITE SAFE.



AW, GLORI, I WAS COUNTING ON TONIGHT...WHAT? A NEW JOB?...

THE DAILY BUGLE. NO KIDDING. I GUESS URICH WAS SERIOUS. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE...

...NO, HONEY. I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING BY THAT...



...IT'S JUST THAT YOUR PHOTOGRAPHY NEVER... I MEAN, YOU NEVER TALKED ABOUT IT...NO, NO-- MORE LIKE A HOBBY...

...YES, I GUESS I DO KNOW NOW... OF COURSE I'M HAPPY FOR YOU, HONEY...

...WELL, I JUST WANTED TO TALK TO YOU...IT'S THIS JOB. IT...



...OH, FOR CORPORATE WORK IT'S OKAY... AND THE PAY IS GREAT... BUT...

...BUT SOME OF THE WORK THEY DO HERE... I'M NOT SURE IT'S LEGITIMATE...

HE'D BEEN UP ALL NIGHT WITH HER.



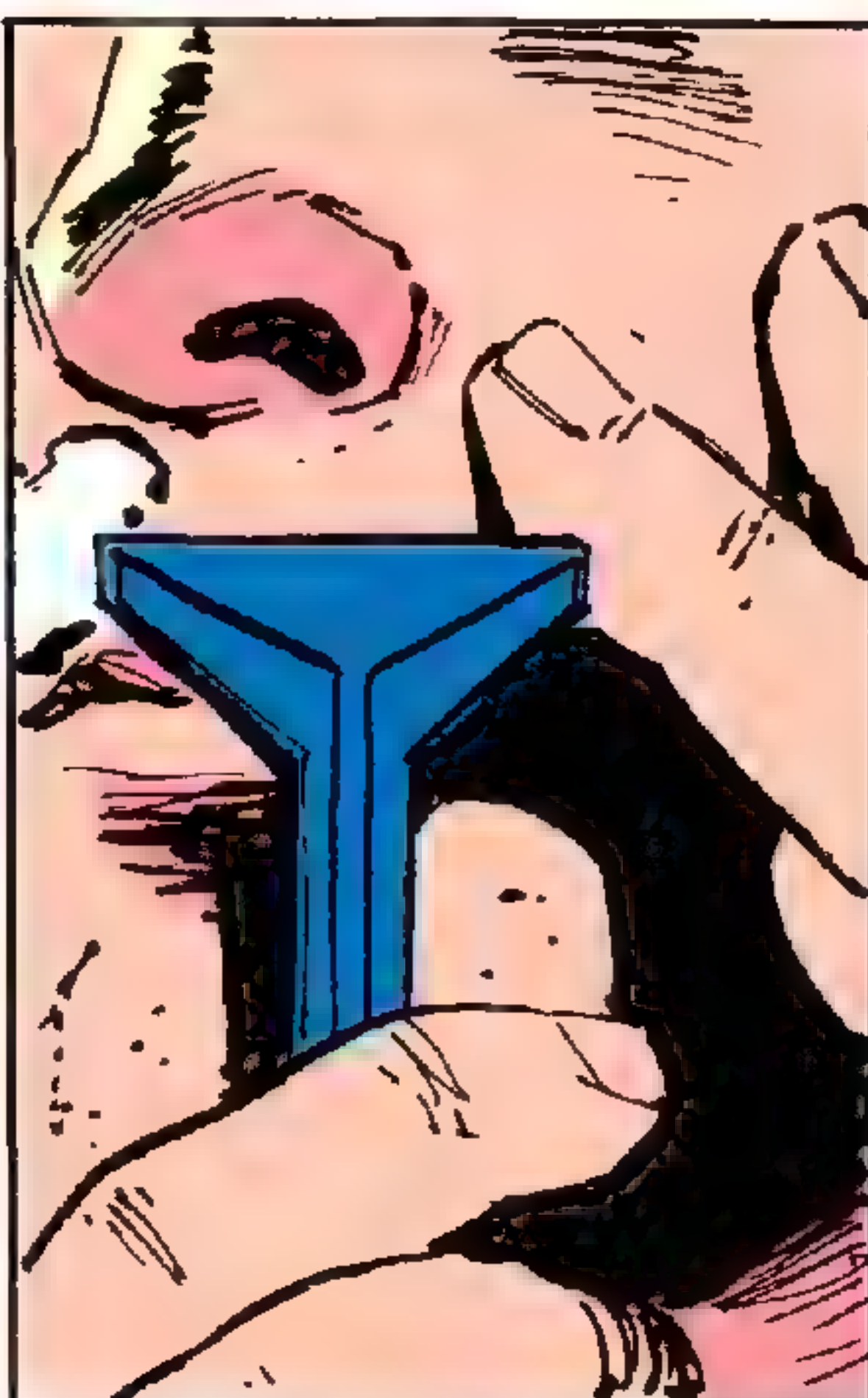
IT WAS EARLY IN THE MORNING AND HE BOUGHT A RAZOR AND WAS SHAVING. HE WAS ABOUT TO GO TO WORK--



-- HE ACTUALLY LIKES THAT JOB HE FOUND--



-- WHEN KAREN FELL ASLEEP.



SHE WOKE ALONE BUT THAT'S OKAY, NOW. THE WORST IS OVER. FOR ME IT'S OVER, SHE THINKS--

-- BUT MATT-- WHAT'S HE GOING THROUGH?

AND WHAT'S HE WAITING FOR?

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE KEEPS TOUCHING THE COSTUME AND PACING AND FROWNING LIKE A LITTLE KID WHO HAS TO STAY AFTER CLASS. WHY DOESN'T HE JUST PUT THE THING ON AND DANCE ACROSS THE BUILDINGS-- HE'S LIKE A GOD WHEN HE DOES THAT-- HE'S ACHING FOR IT...

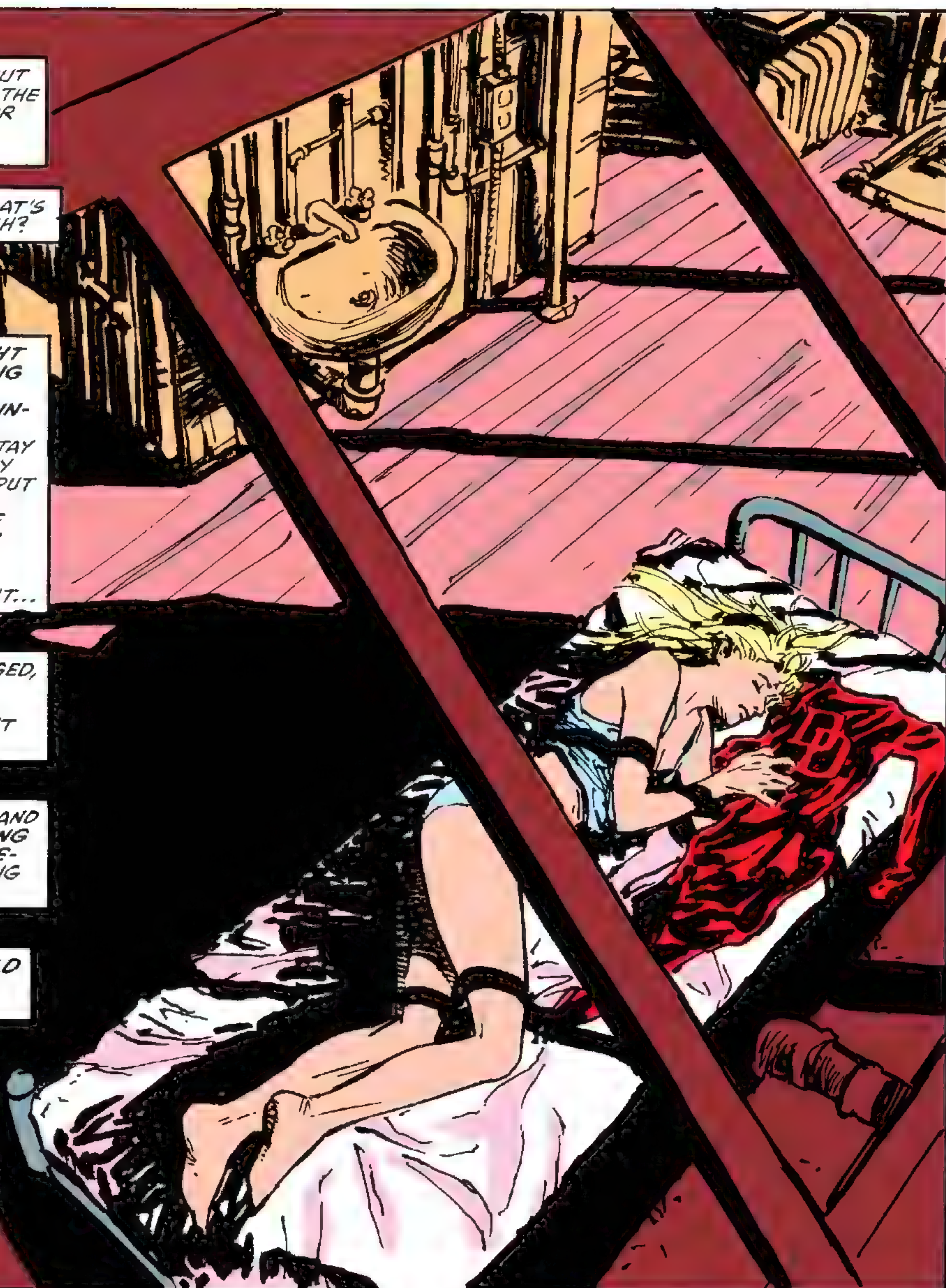
WE'VE BOTH CHANGED, MATT. I USED TO WORRY WHEN YOU DID PUT IT ON. BUT NOW...

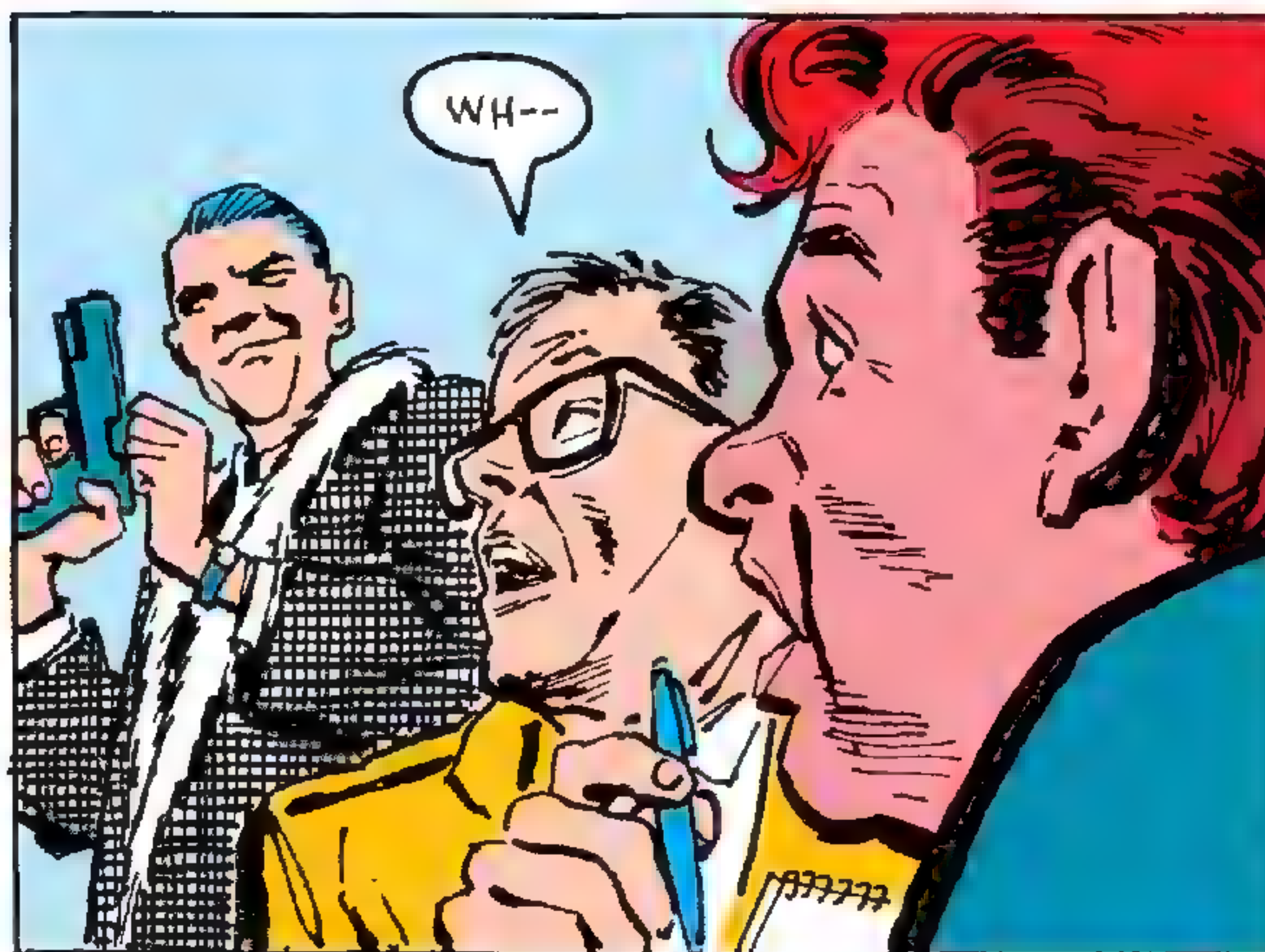
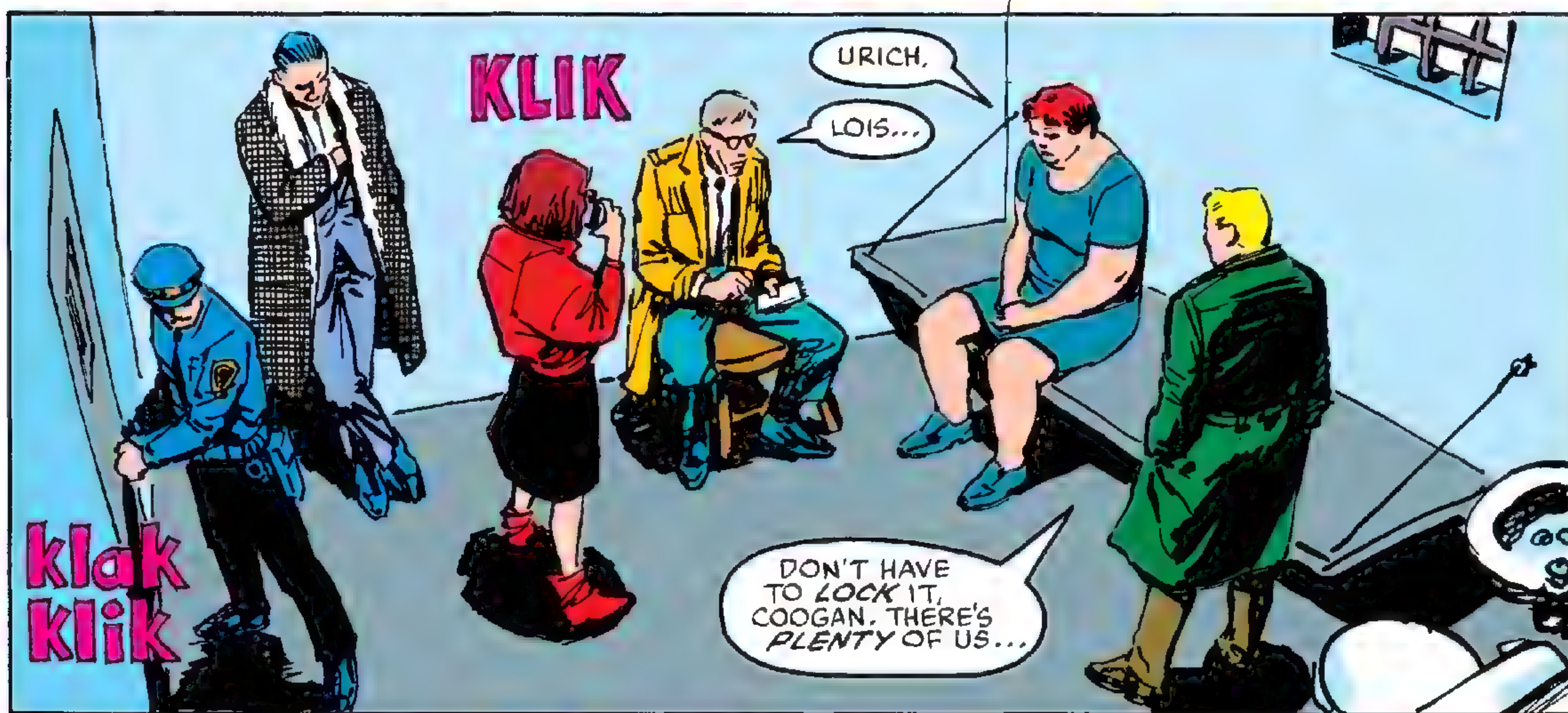
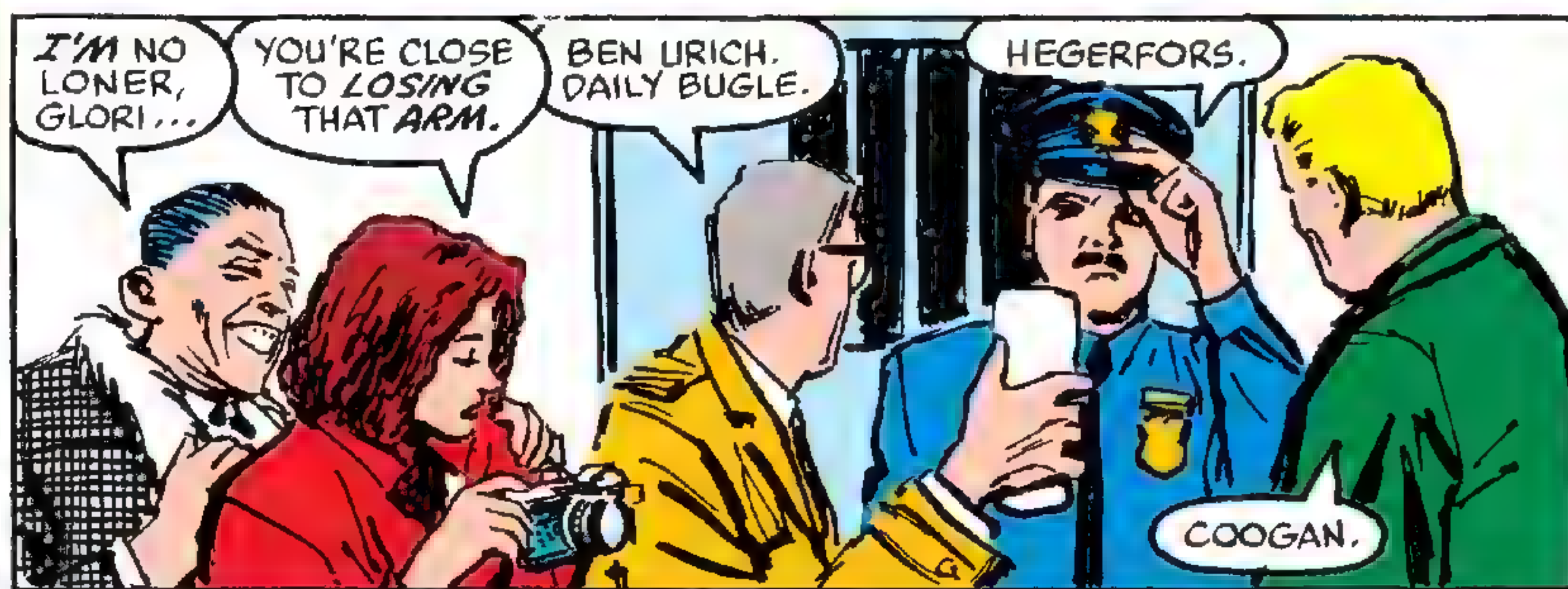
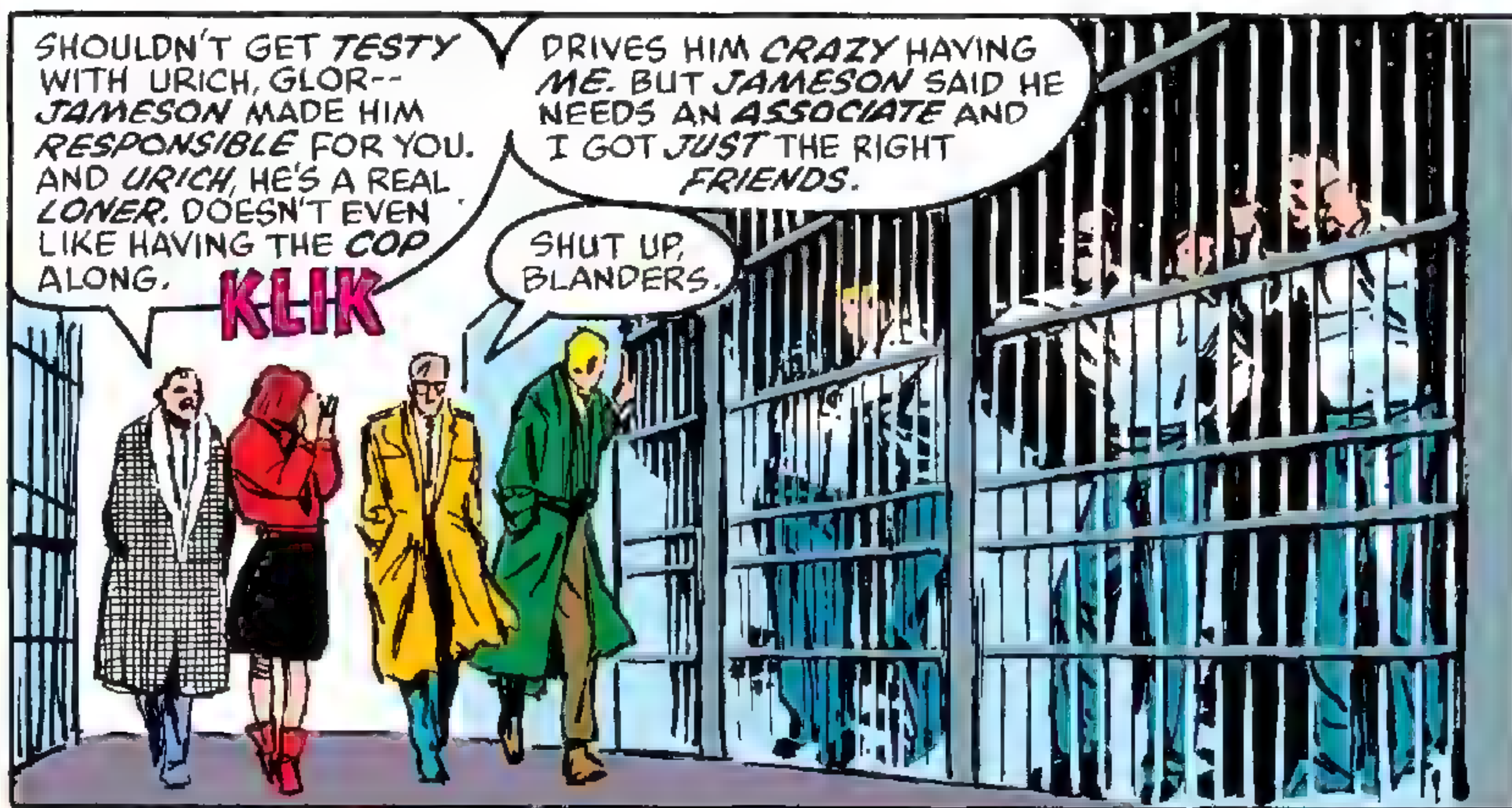
... YOU'RE WARM AND SWEET AND STRONG BUT THERE'S SOMETHING... SOMETHING NEW...

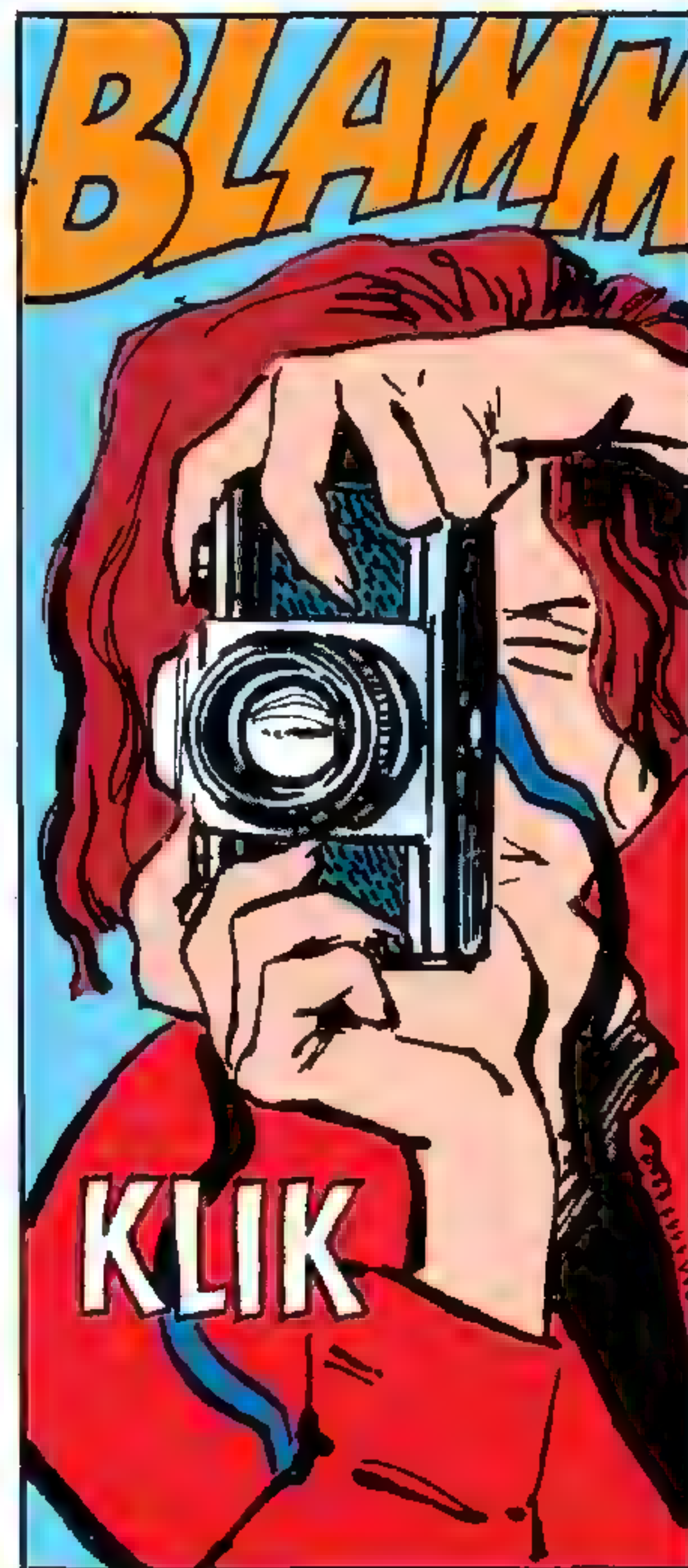
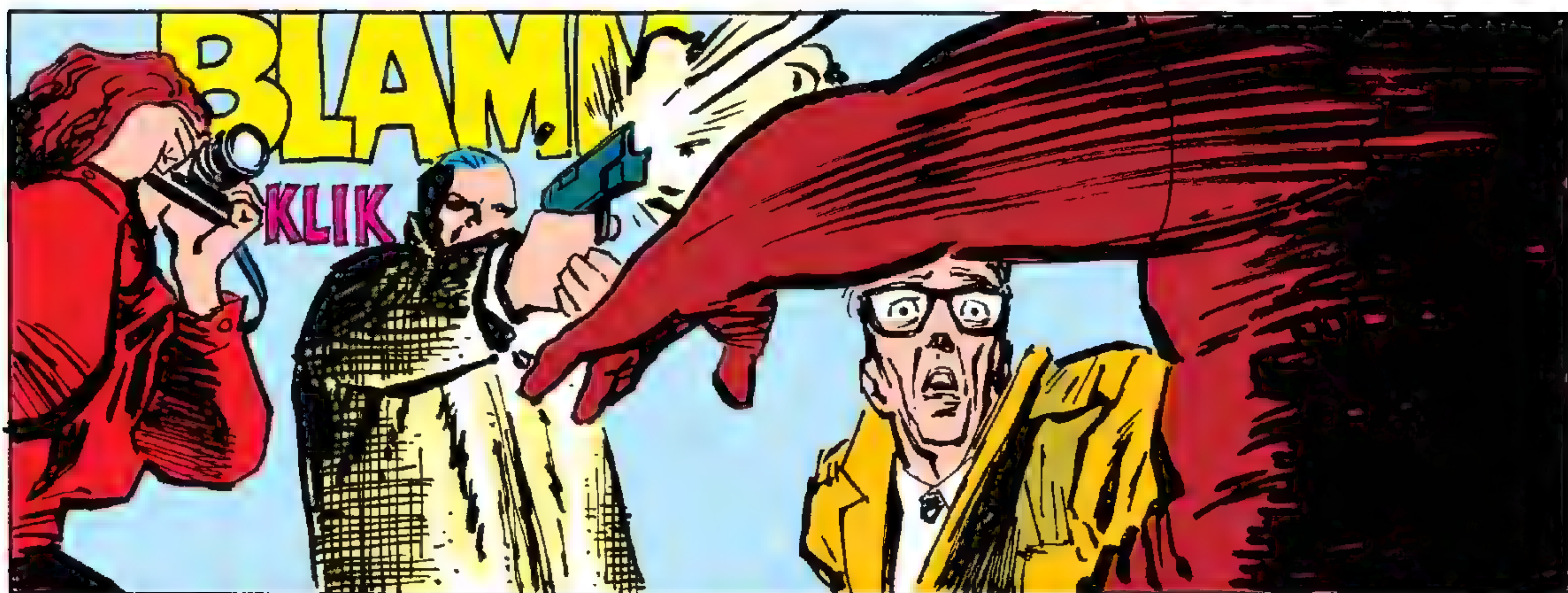
... SOMETHING COLD AND HARD. SOMETHING WAITING.

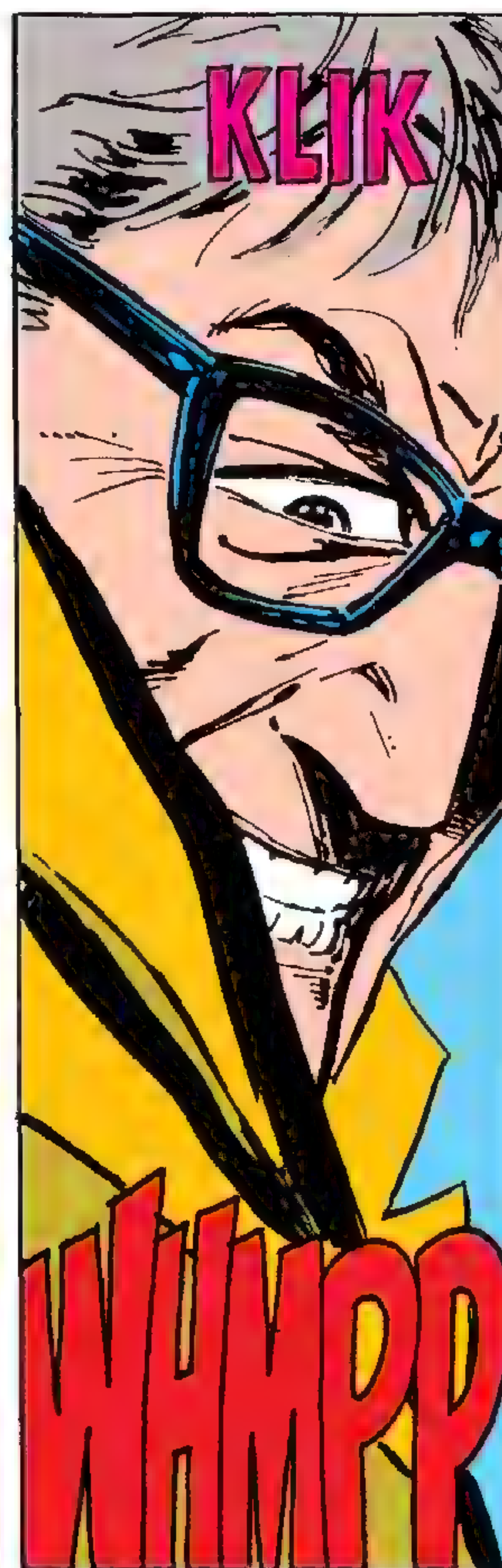
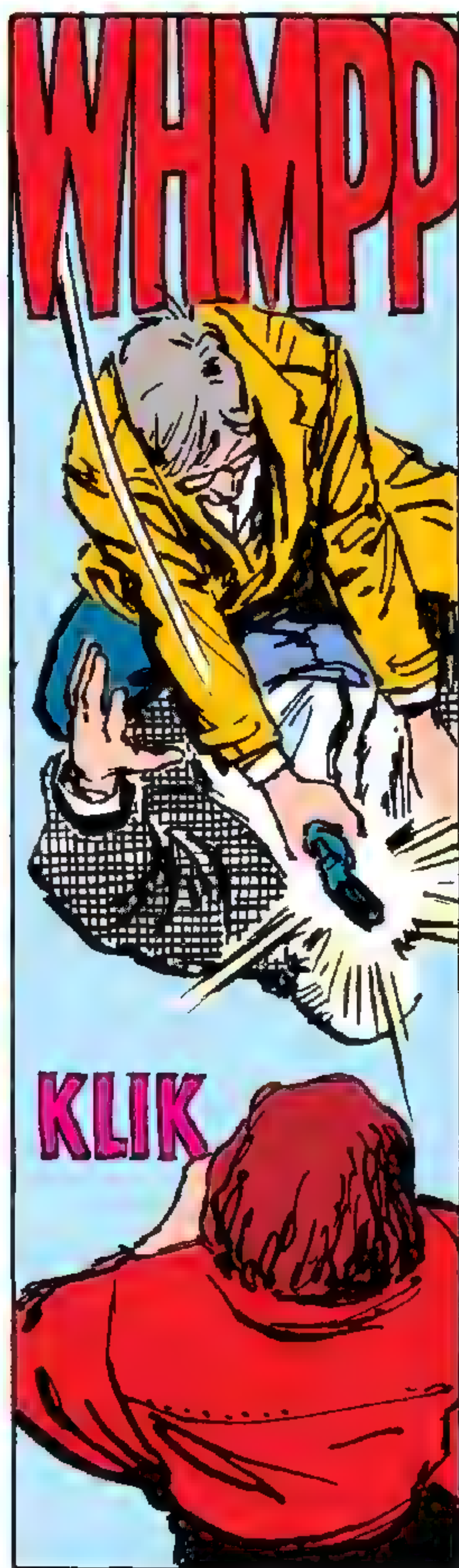
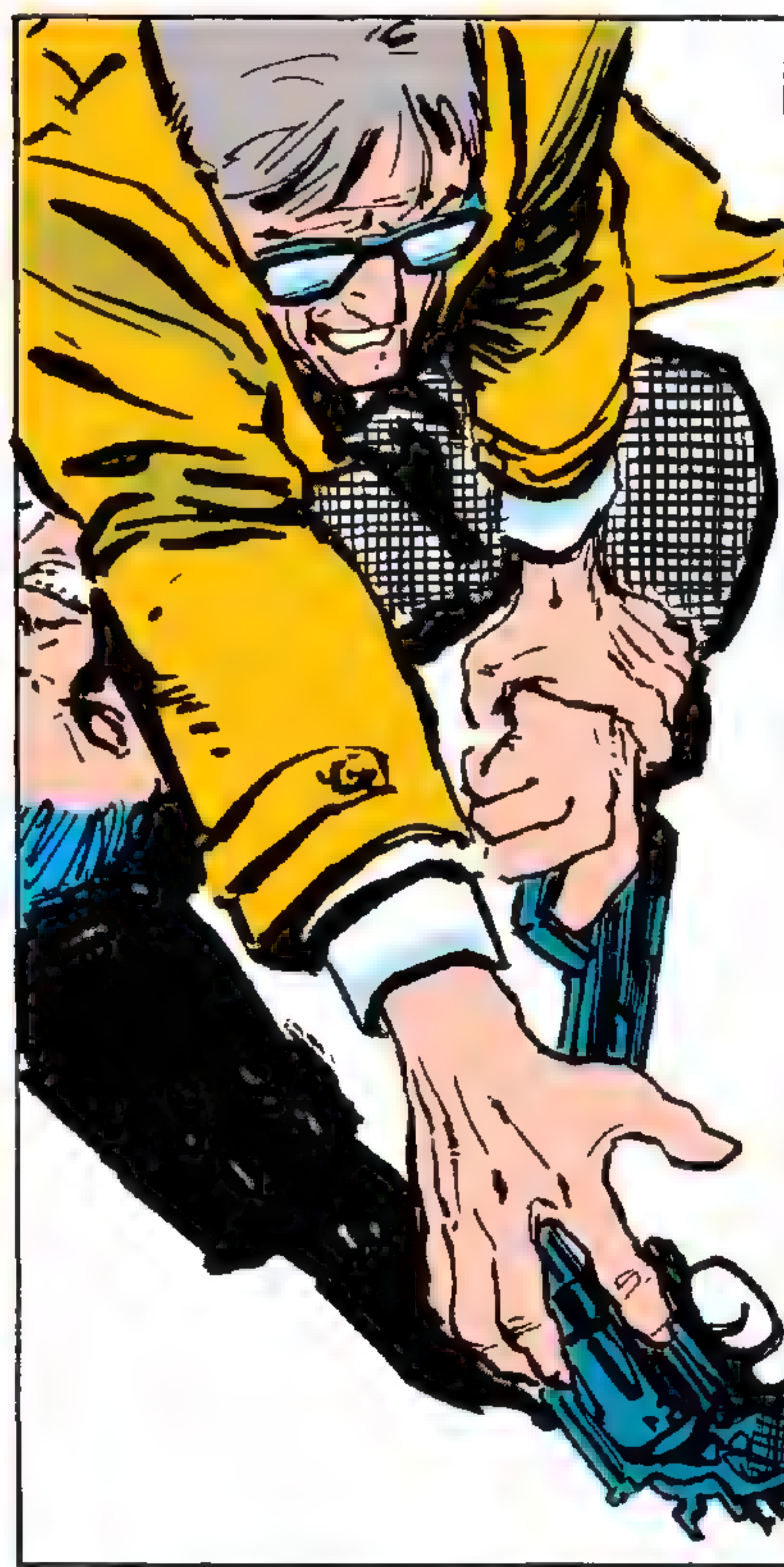
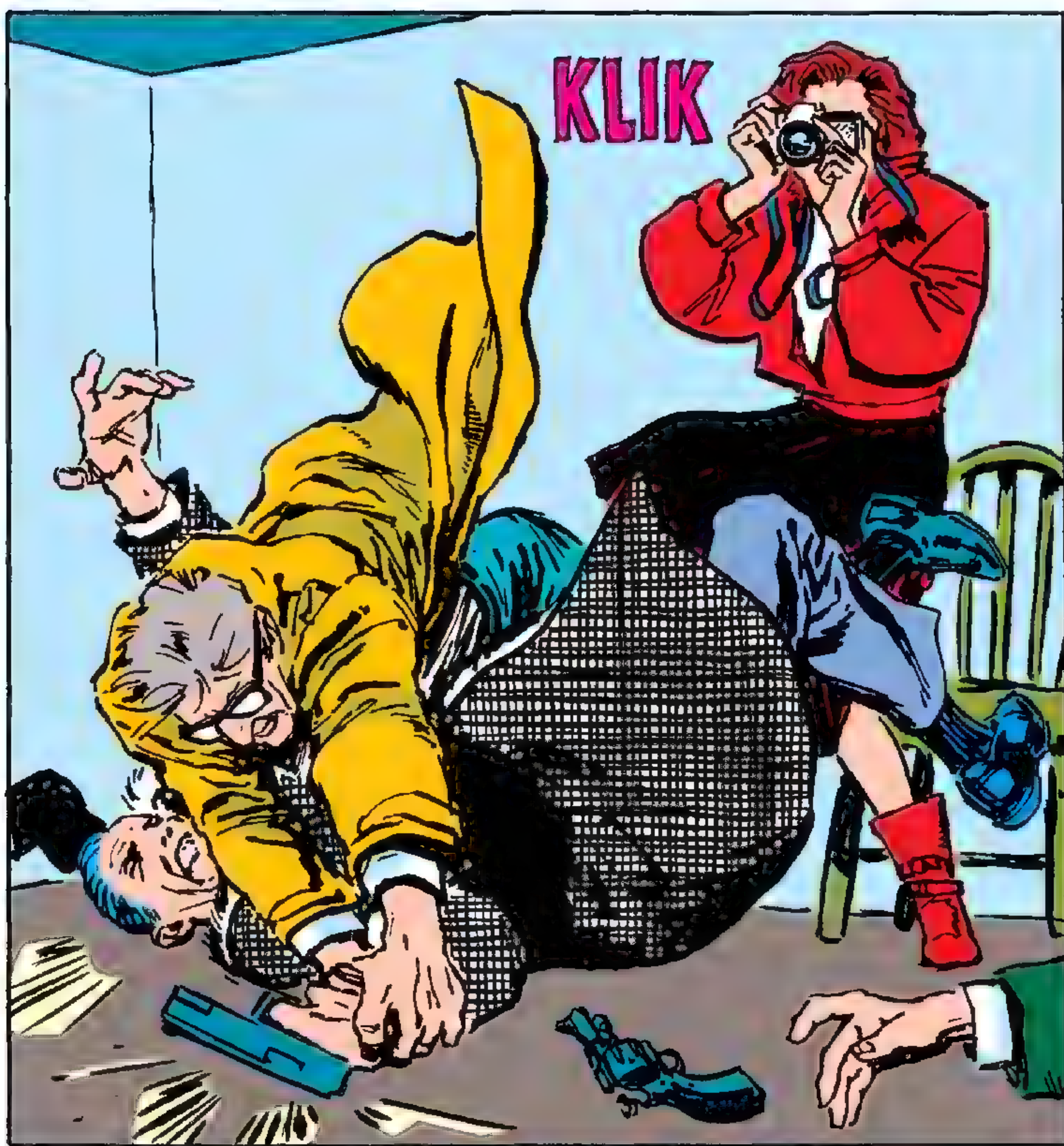
SOMETHING FRIGHTENING.

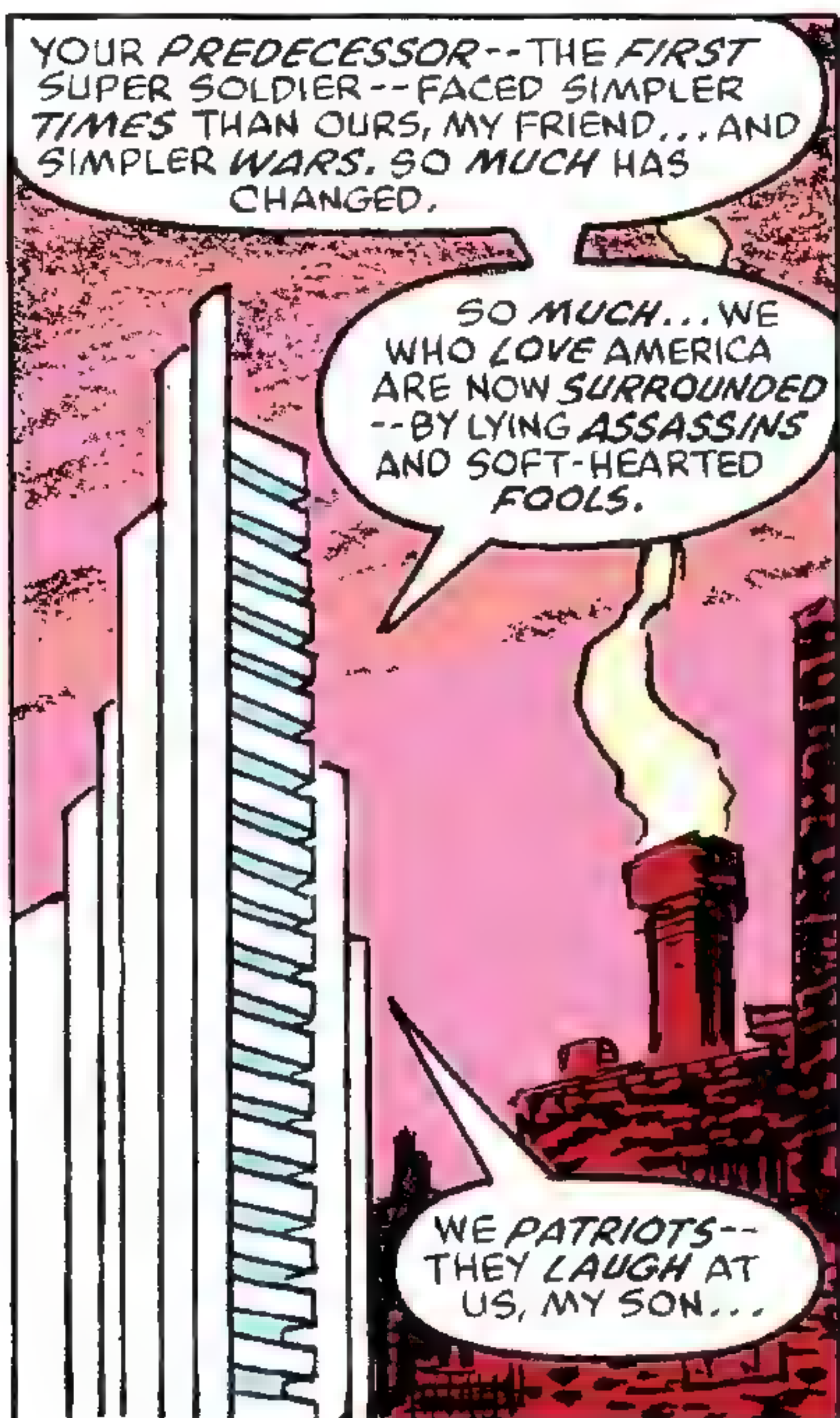
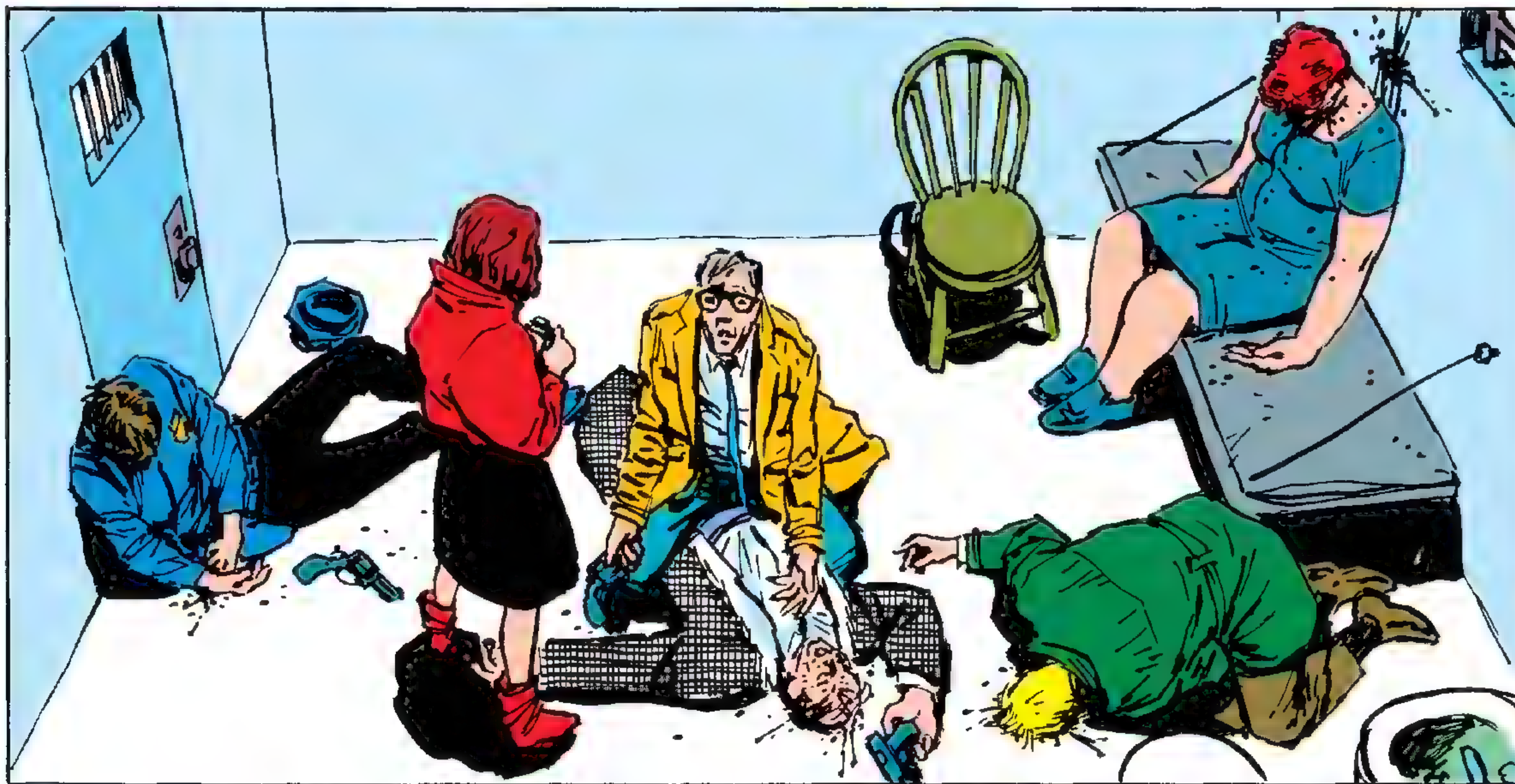
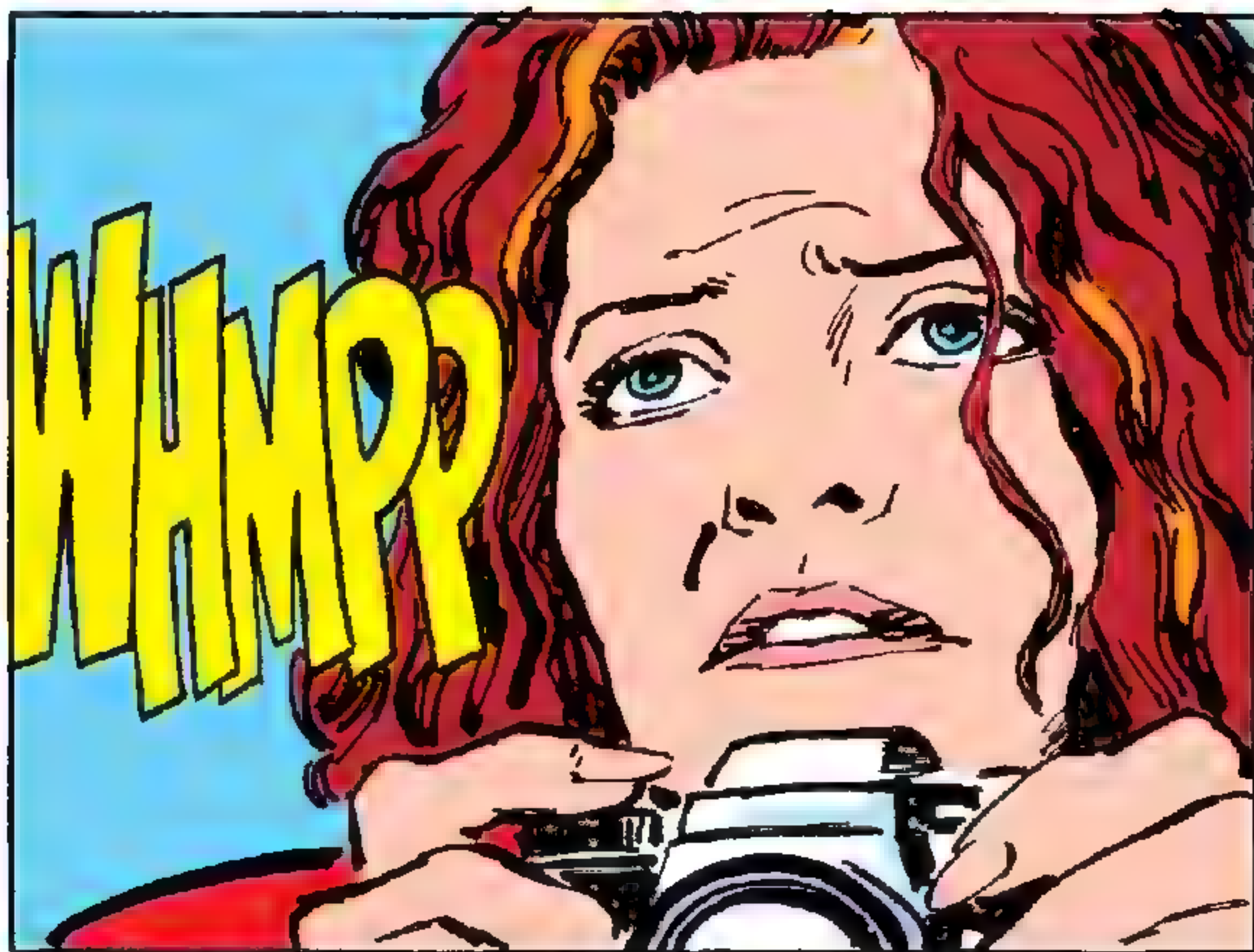
HE'S STILL MATT, SHE THINKS, AND SLEEPS.











YOUR PREDECESSOR--THE FIRST SUPER SOLDIER--FACED SIMPLER TIMES THAN OURS, MY FRIEND...AND SIMPLER WARS. SO MUCH HAS CHANGED.

SO MUCH...WE WHO LOVE AMERICA ARE NOW SURROUNDED --BY LYING ASSASSINS AND SOFT-HEARTED FOOLS.

WE PATRIOTS--THEY LAUGH AT US, MY SON...



...I AM SORRY, YOU REMIND ME SO OF MY OWN SON--A FINE BOY HE IS, A VETERAN...

...I SHALL BE HONEST WITH YOU, THERE ARE MANY WHO OPPOSE ME,



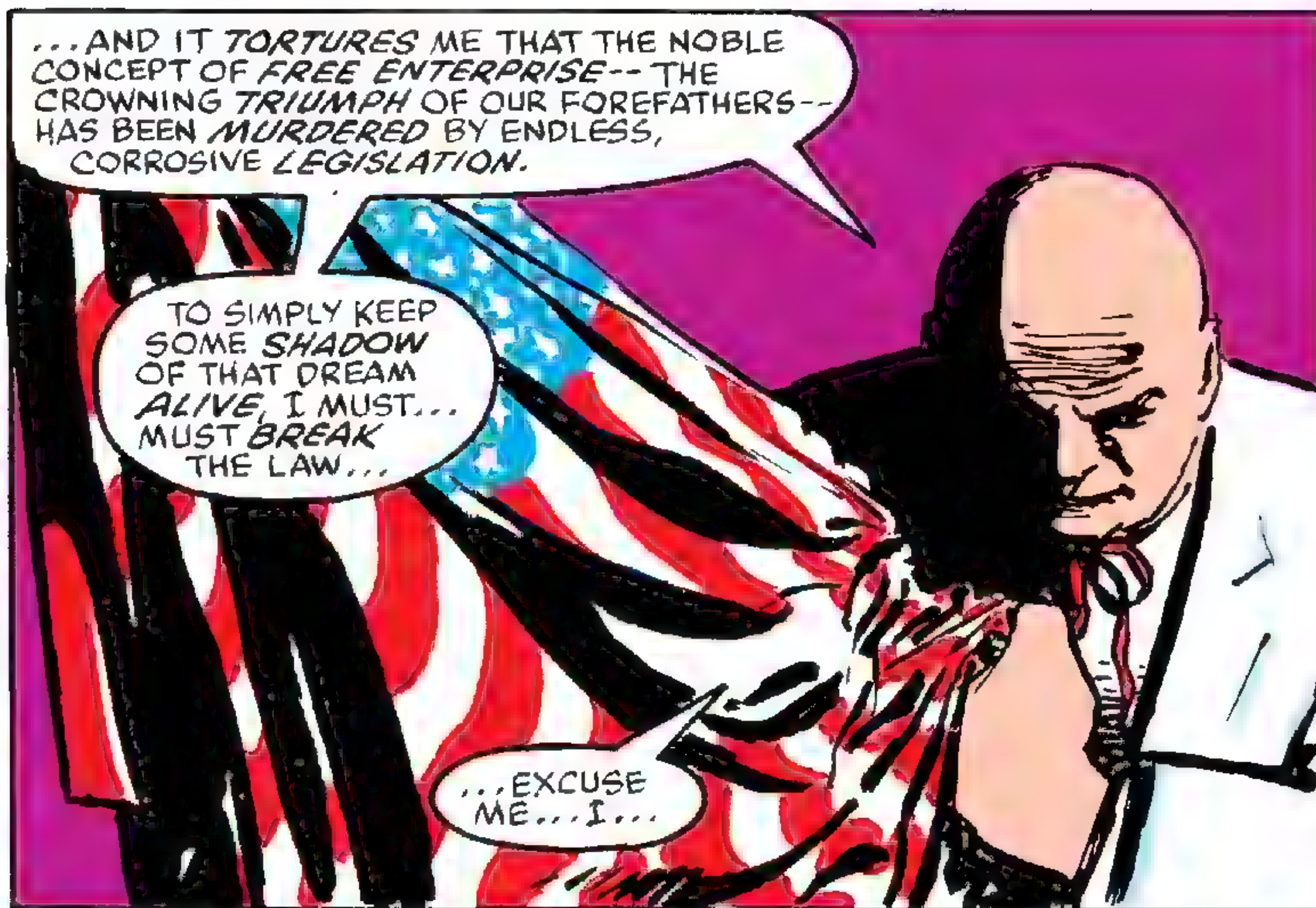
I AM UNDER CONSTANT SCRUTINY BY THE POLICE. I AM, IN THE STRICTEST DEFINITION OF THE LAW, A CRIMINAL.

I KNOW THIS STARTLES YOU, BUT, AS I SAID--SO MUCH HAS CHANGED. AMERICA'S ENEMIES HAVE GROWN SO STRONG THAT OUR BOYS DIE IN ASIAN JUNGLES--

--AND OUR PEOPLE WILL NOT HONOR THEM...



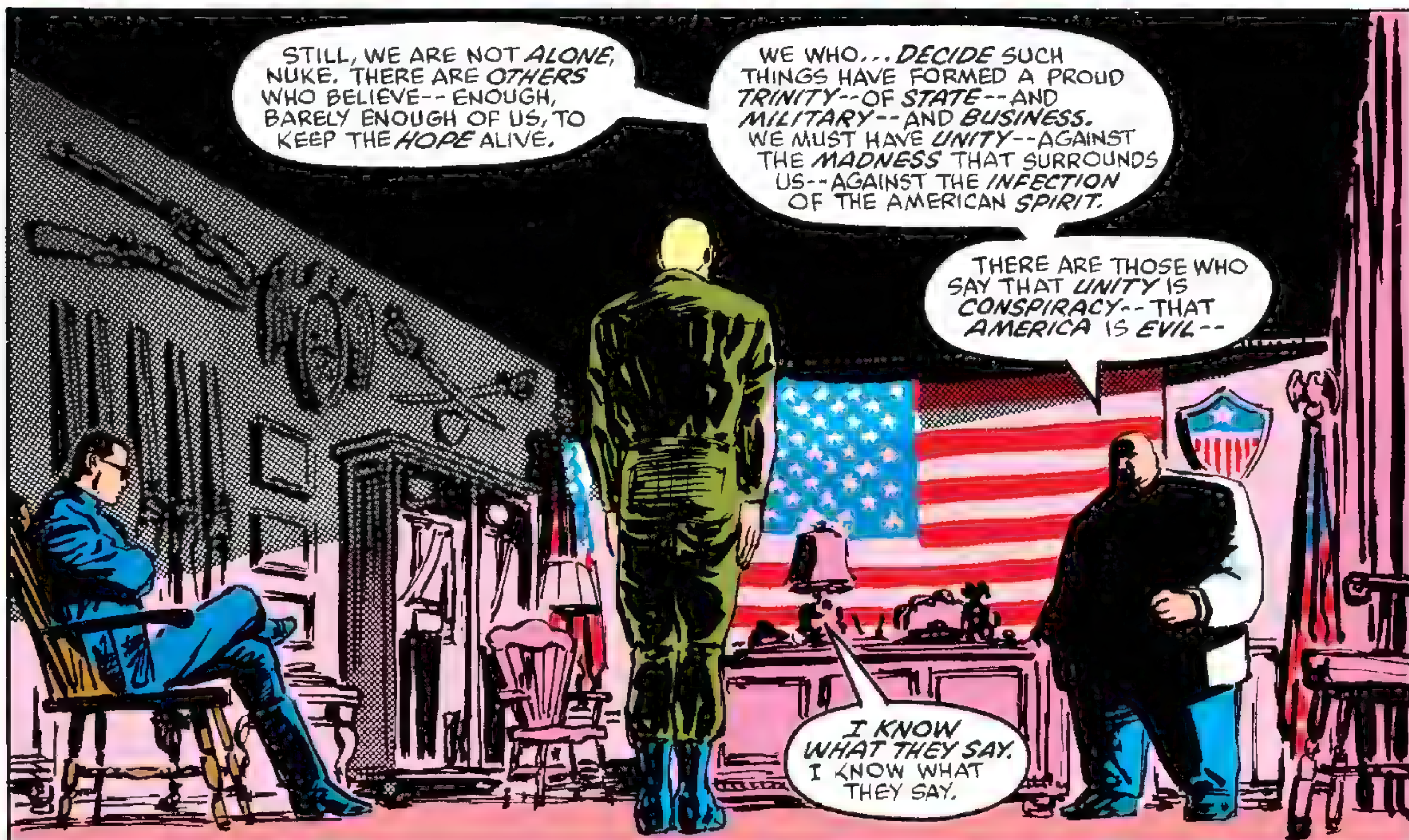
OUR BOYS...



...AND IT TORTURES ME THAT THE NOBLE CONCEPT OF FREE ENTERPRISE-- THE CROWNING TRIUMPH OF OUR FOREFATHERS-- HAS BEEN MURDERED BY ENDLESS, CORROSIVE LEGISLATION.

TO SIMPLY KEEP SOME SHADOW OF THAT DREAM ALIVE, I MUST... MUST BREAK THE LAW...

...EXCUSE ME... I...



STILL, WE ARE NOT ALONE, NUKE. THERE ARE OTHERS WHO BELIEVE-- ENOUGH, BARELY ENOUGH OF US, TO KEEP THE HOPE ALIVE.

WE WHO... DECIDE SUCH THINGS HAVE FORMED A PROUD TRINITY-- OF STATE-- AND MILITARY-- AND BUSINESS. WE MUST HAVE UNITY-- AGAINST THE MADNESS THAT SURROUNDS US-- AGAINST THE INFECTION OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY THAT UNITY IS CONSPIRACY-- THAT AMERICA IS EVIL--

I KNOW WHAT THEY SAY. I KNOW WHAT THEY SAY.



--AND NOW A SINGLE MAN THREATENS TO DESTROY WHAT WE HAVE BUILT. HE MOVES AGAINST ME-- CALLS ME A VILLAIN.

I AM NOT A VILLAIN, MY SON. I AM A CORPORATION-- IN THE CONGLOMERATE THAT IS AMERICA. BUT HIS ALLIES IN THE PRESS--

THE PRESS...



WHERE IS HE?

HELL'S KITCHEN.



HELL'S KITCHEN IS ACHING MUSCLES AND GROWLING STOMACHS-- CHILDREN'S FEET ON BROKEN GLASS-- HOPELESS LAUGHTER, ECHOING ACROSS AN EMPTY LOT.

HELL'S KITCHEN IS WHERE I WAS BORN-- AND BORN AGAIN.

THE BURGERS SIZZLE AND SNAP, THE BACON POPS ON THE GRIDDLE, NEARLY READY. THE EGGS-- THEY'RE THE BEST PART--

--OVER EASY-- HOT SECONDS TO GET THEM JUST SOLID ENOUGH-- THEN FLIP THEM-- NEATLY, QUICKLY--

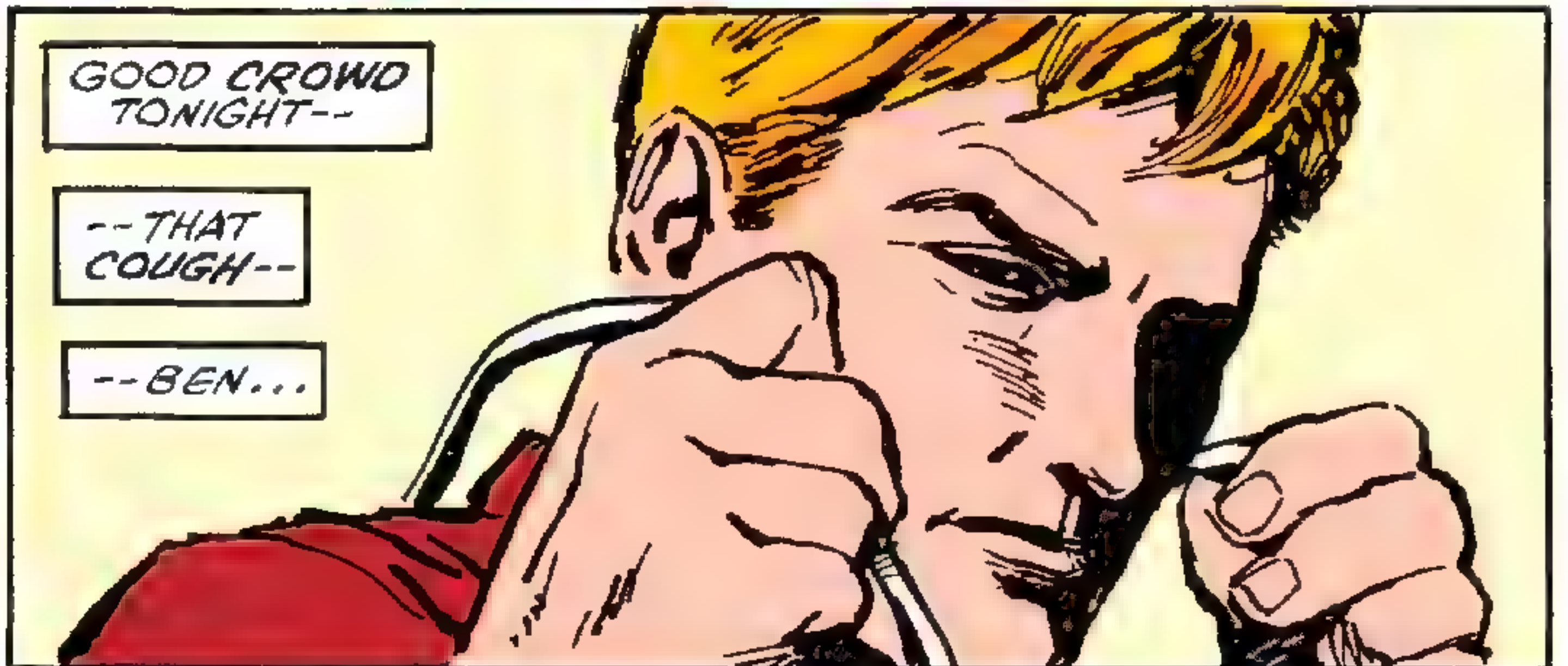
-- THEN GET THEM OFF WHILE THE YOLK IS STILL QUIVERING, BARELY CONTAINED...



...ANOTHER DAY PASSES. ANOTHER DAY OF WAITING.

QUITTING TIME, RED. SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.

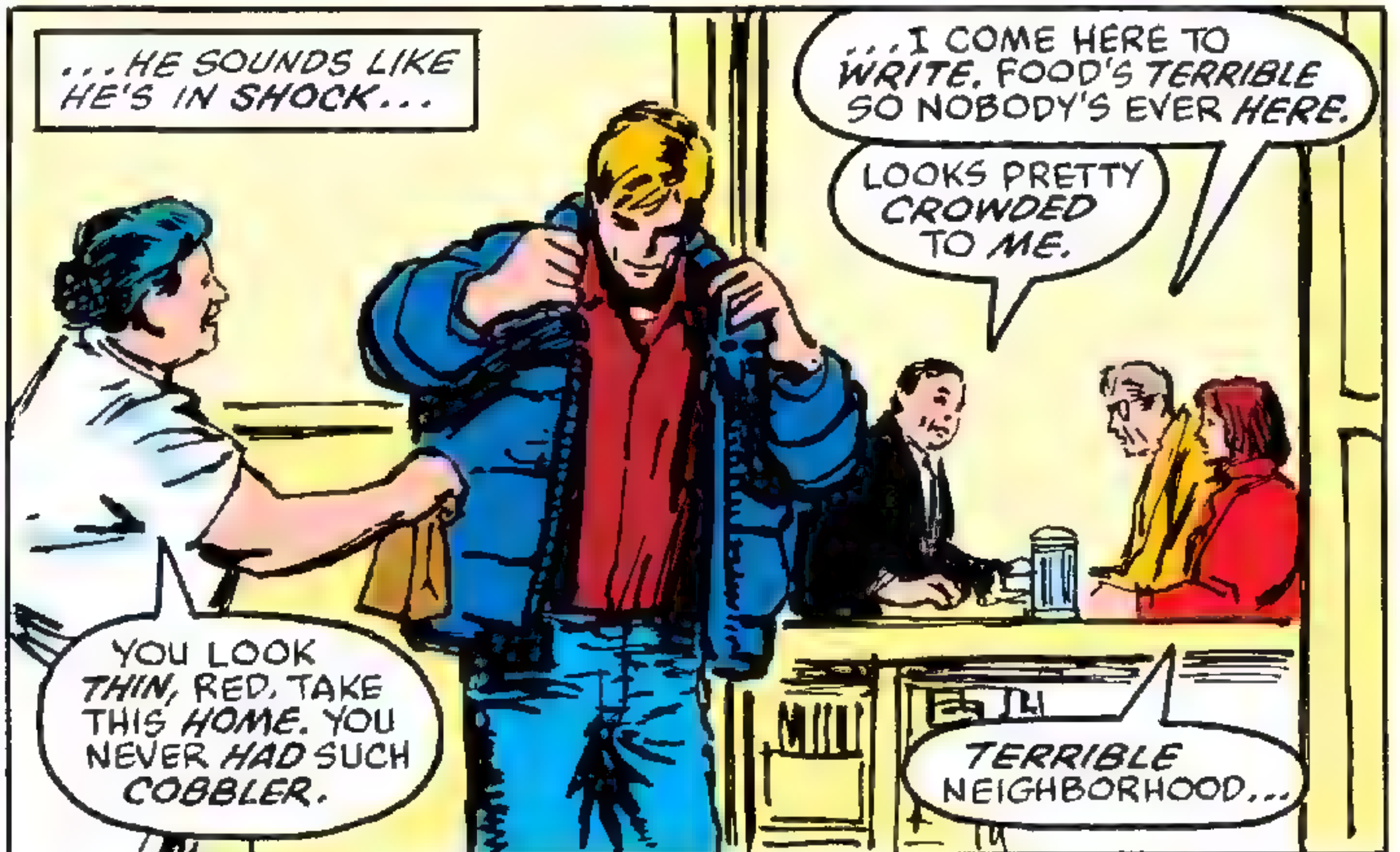
GIVE THE BURGERS ABOUT TEN MORE SECONDS AND THEY'LL BE PERFECT.



GOOD CROWD TONIGHT--

-- THAT COUGH--

-- BEN...



...HE SOUNDS LIKE HE'S IN SHOCK...

... I COME HERE TO WRITE. FOOD'S TERRIBLE SO NOBODY'S EVER HERE.

LOOKS PRETTY CROWDED TO ME.

YOU LOOK THIN, RED. TAKE THIS HOME. YOU NEVER HAD SUCH COBBLER.

TERRIBLE NEIGHBORHOOD...



HELL'S KITCHEN, RIGHT. LOUSY NEIGHBORHOOD. DANGEROUS. BUT MATT WAS BORN HERE AND I--

-- DID I -- DID I REALLY KILL THAT MAN --

YOU SAVED OUR LIVES, BEN.

BEST BURGER I EVER HAD...

CAN'T HELP YOU YET, BEN. CAN'T BE SEEN WITH ANYONE, UNTIL--

-- THAT SOUND...

...CHECKED MATT'S MEDICAL RECORDS AND FOUND SOMETHING FUNNY. IT'S ABOUT HIS MOTHER -- MATT ALWAYS SAID SHE DIED GIVING BIRTH TO HIM, BUT...

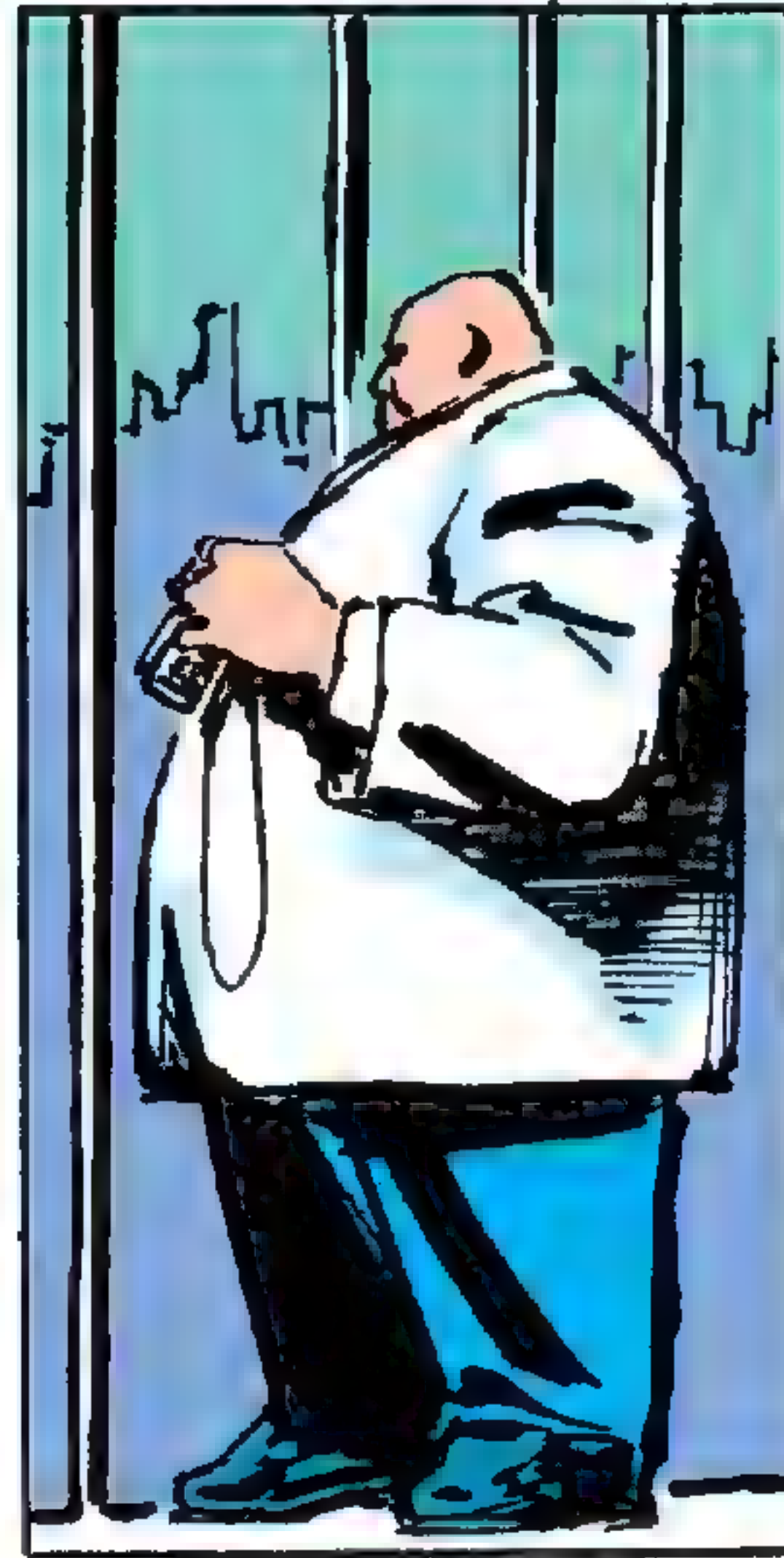
...BLANDERS. I REALLY KILLED HIM...

Diner

...THAT'S NO POLICE HELICOPTER...

THE CLUE WAS SLIM INDEED --THE WORDS OF A THIRD-RATE THUG WHO CLAIMS HE HAD THE PLEASURE OF STABBING MURDOCK SOME DAYS PAST.

IT WOULD BE A LOGICAL HIDING PLACE. IT HOLDS MANY OF THE LOST AND NAMELESS. IT WAS HIS HOME, AS A BOY.



YES. MURDOCK WILL REVEAL HIMSELF-- WHEN HELL'S KITCHEN BURNS.

SKIP THE NAPALM, BOY. THOSE ARE AMERICANS. JUST MESS THINGS UP. LITTLE PROPERTY DAMAGE CAN GO A LONG WAY.

WE'RE BRINGING YOU IN LOW...

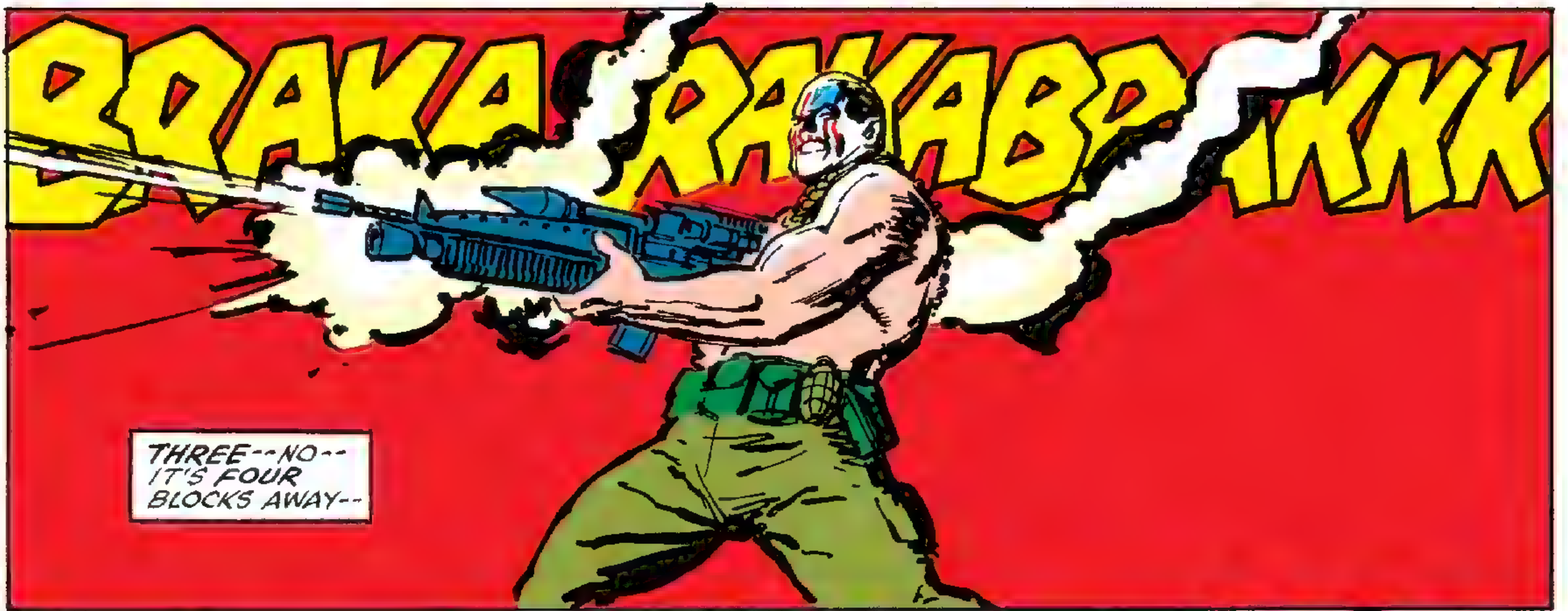
LOW, TOO NEAR THE STREET-- THE MOTOR, ROARING--

-- DUST AND DIRT AND BLOWING GARBAGE--

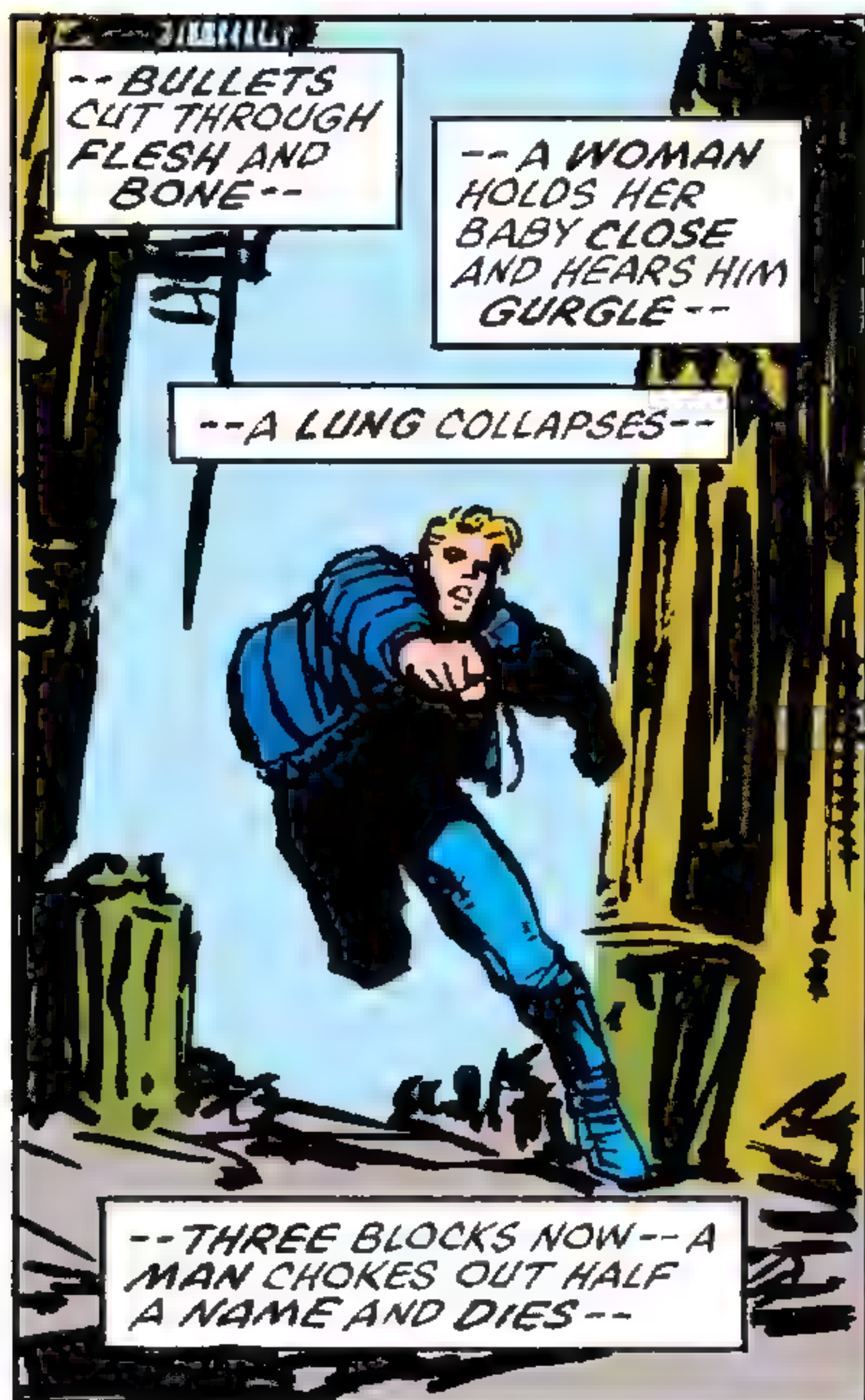
-- COUGHING-- STARTLED GASPS-- AN ANGRY SHOUT--

-- SOMETHING HUMAN-- HISSES--

OUR BOYS--



THREE--NO--
IT'S FOUR
BLOCKS AWAY--



--BULLETS
CUT THROUGH
FLESH AND
BONE--

--A WOMAN
HOLDS HER
BABY CLOSE
AND HEARS HIM
GURGLE--

--A LUNG COLLAPSES--

--THREE BLOCKS NOW--A
MAN CHOKES OUT HALF
A NAME AND DIES--



PFAMM

--FROM THE GUN--
A ROCKET--



WHOOOM

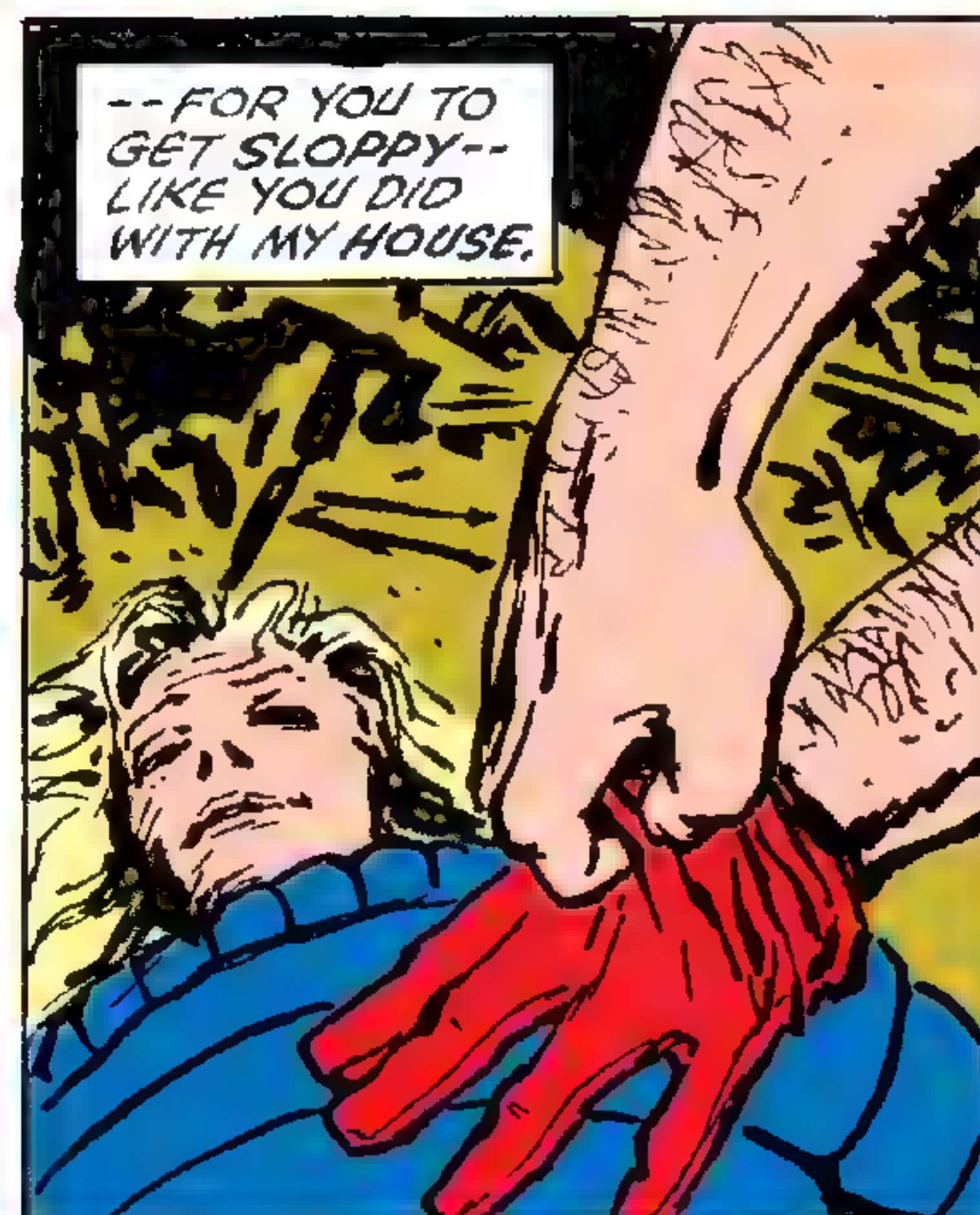
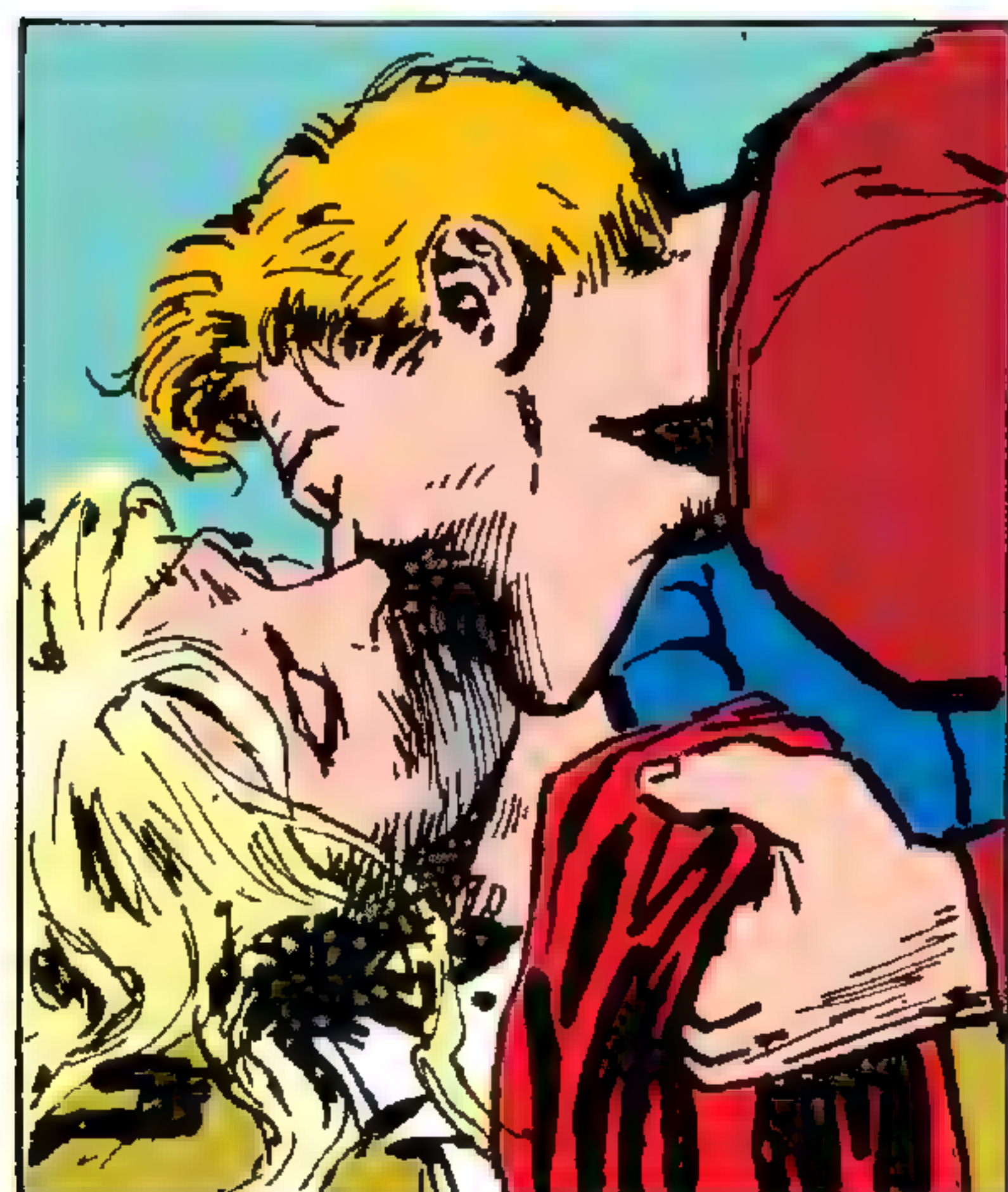
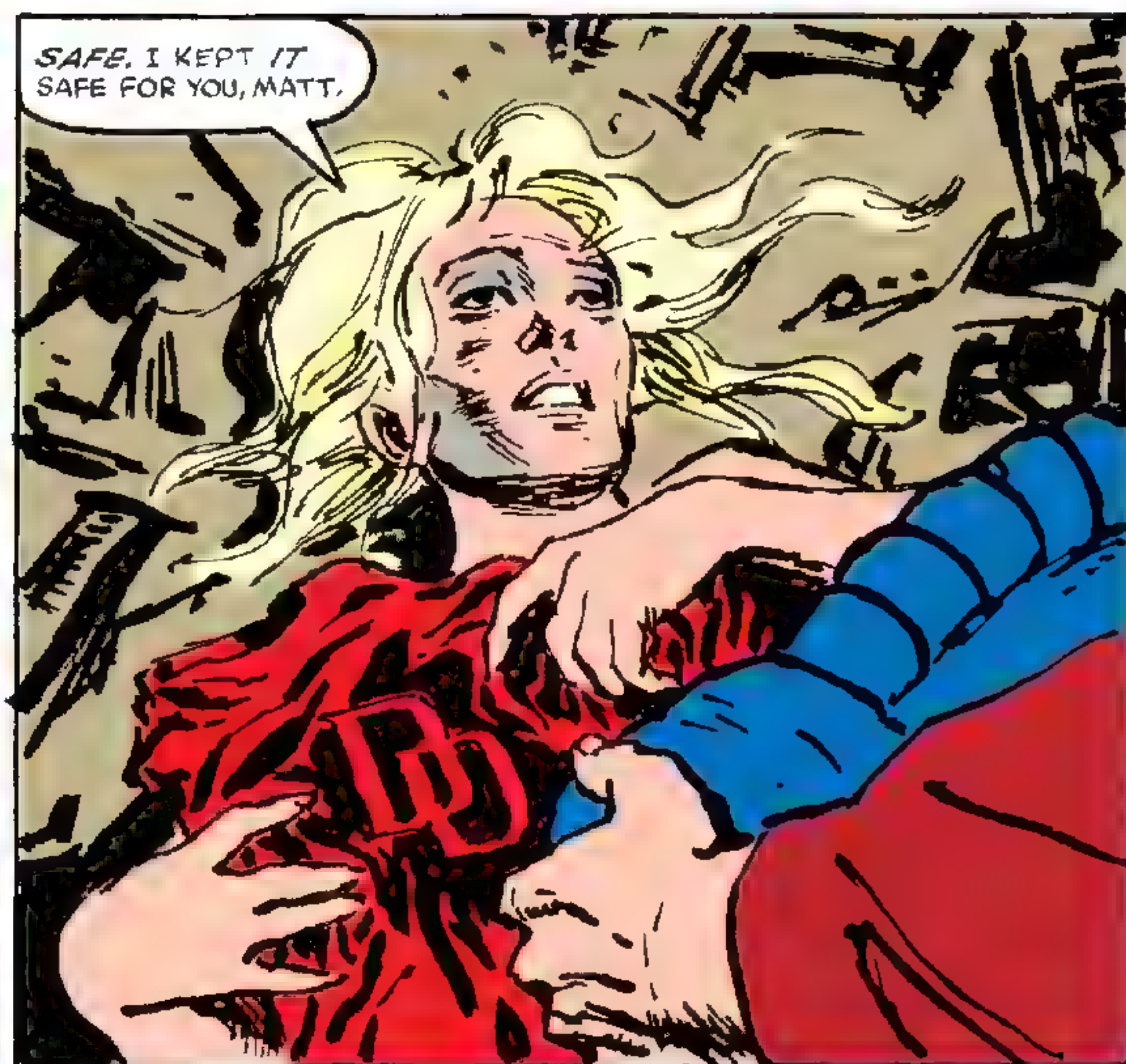
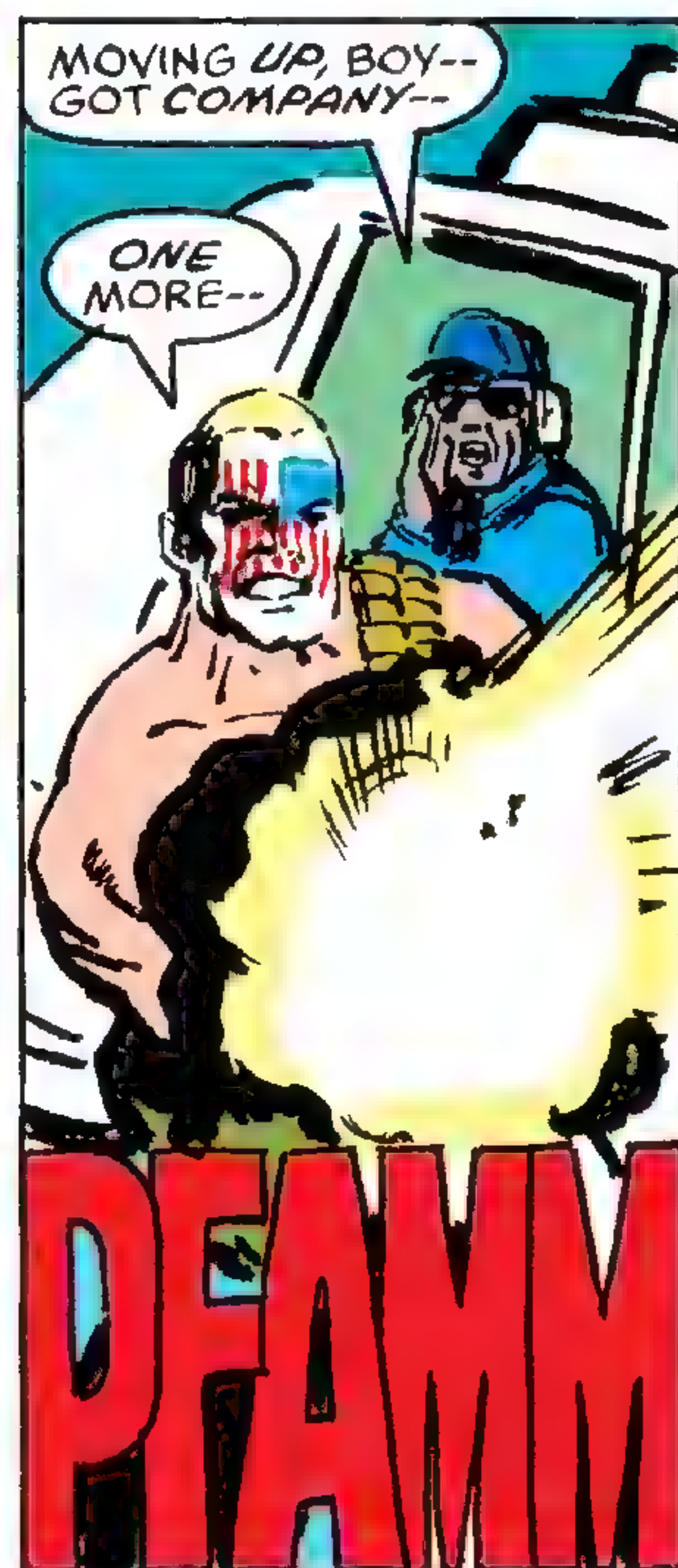
--A WINO CRIES TO GOD--

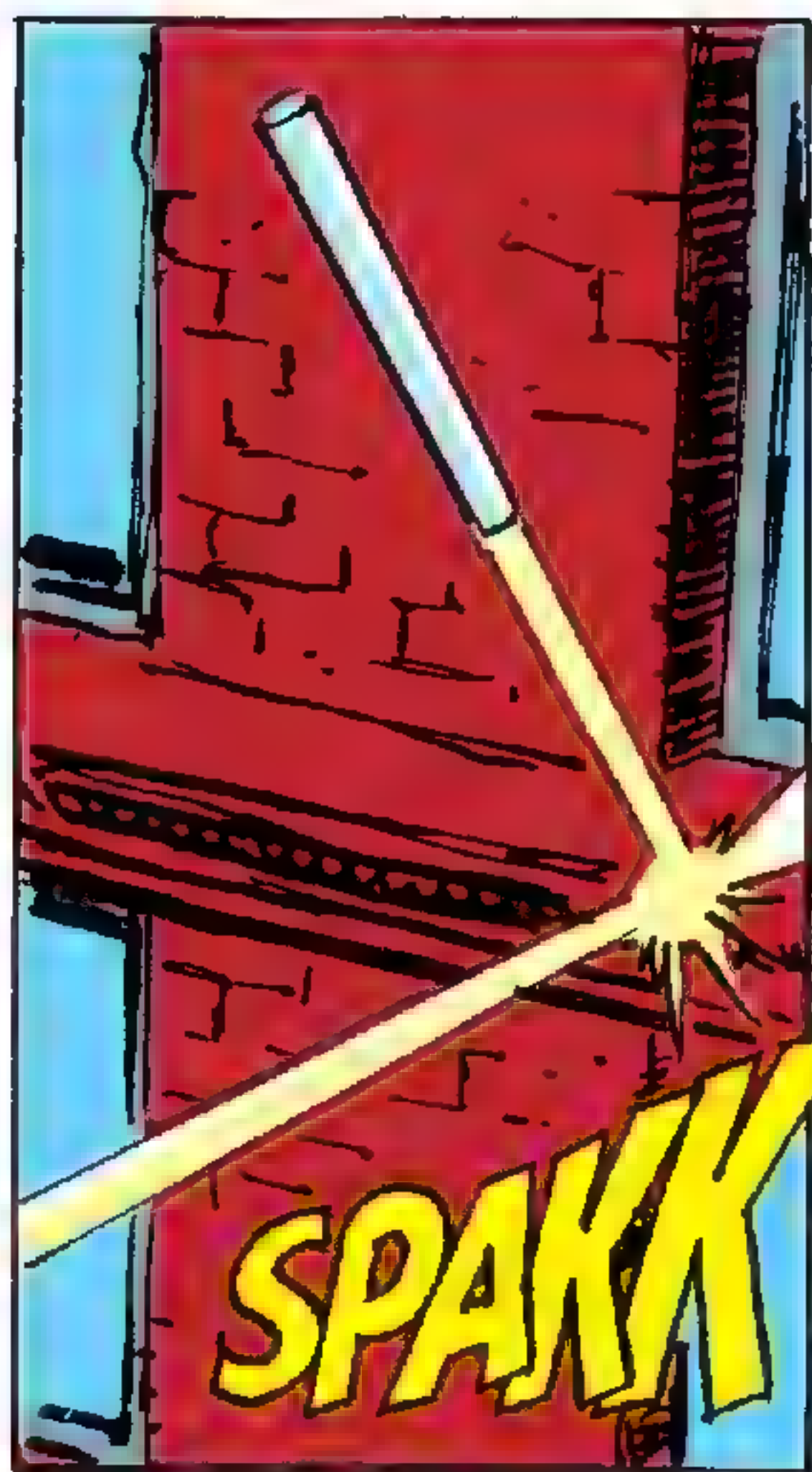
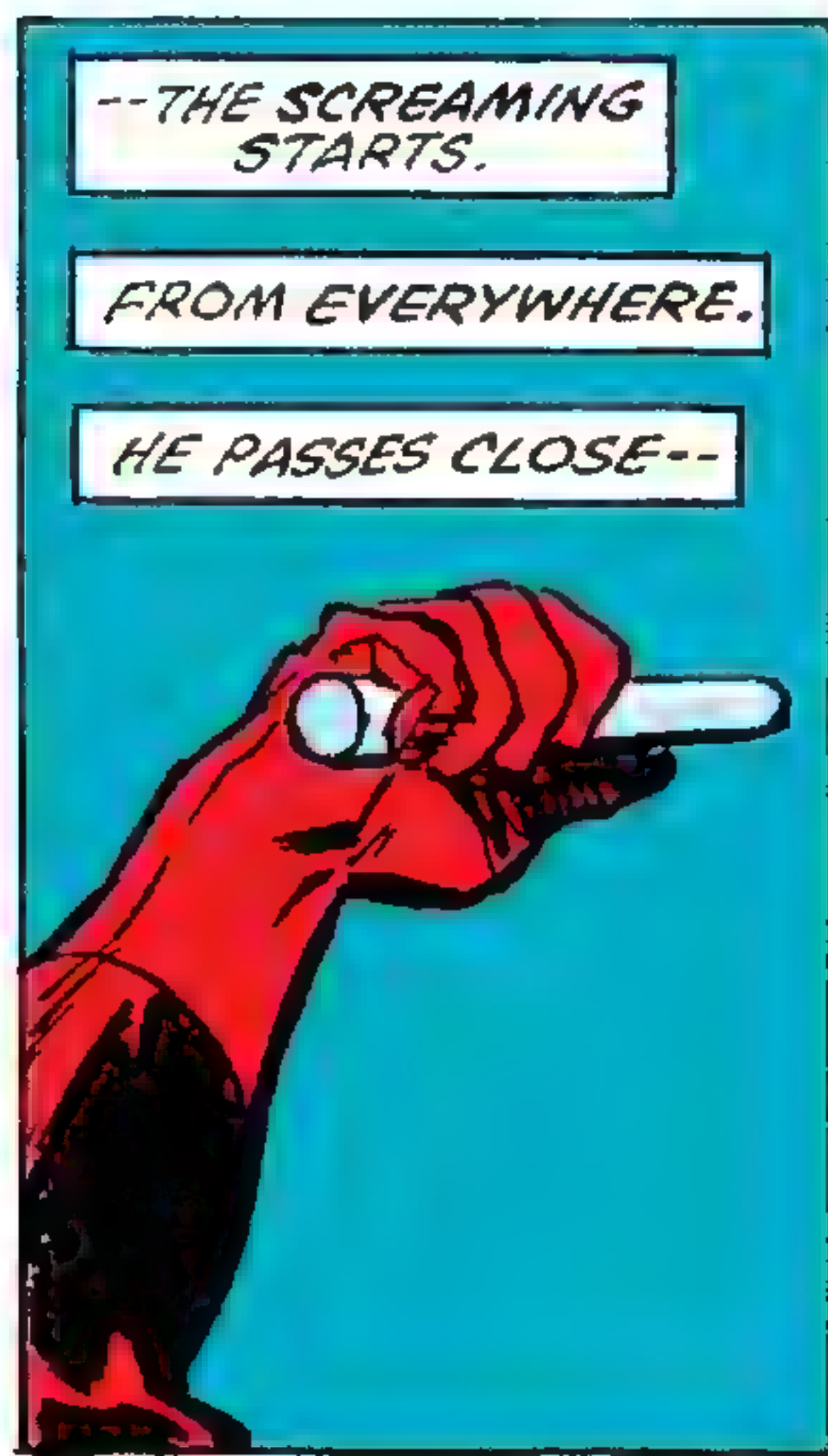
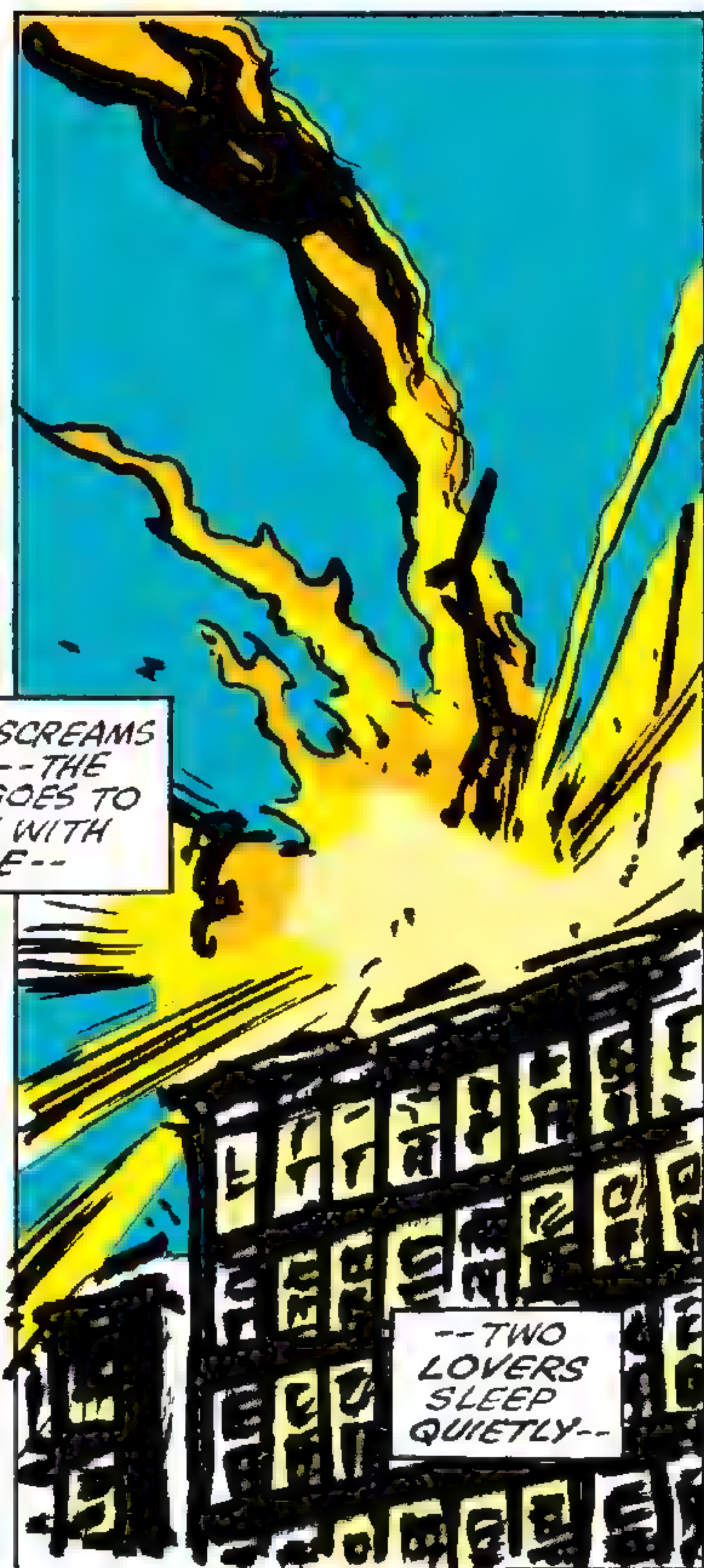
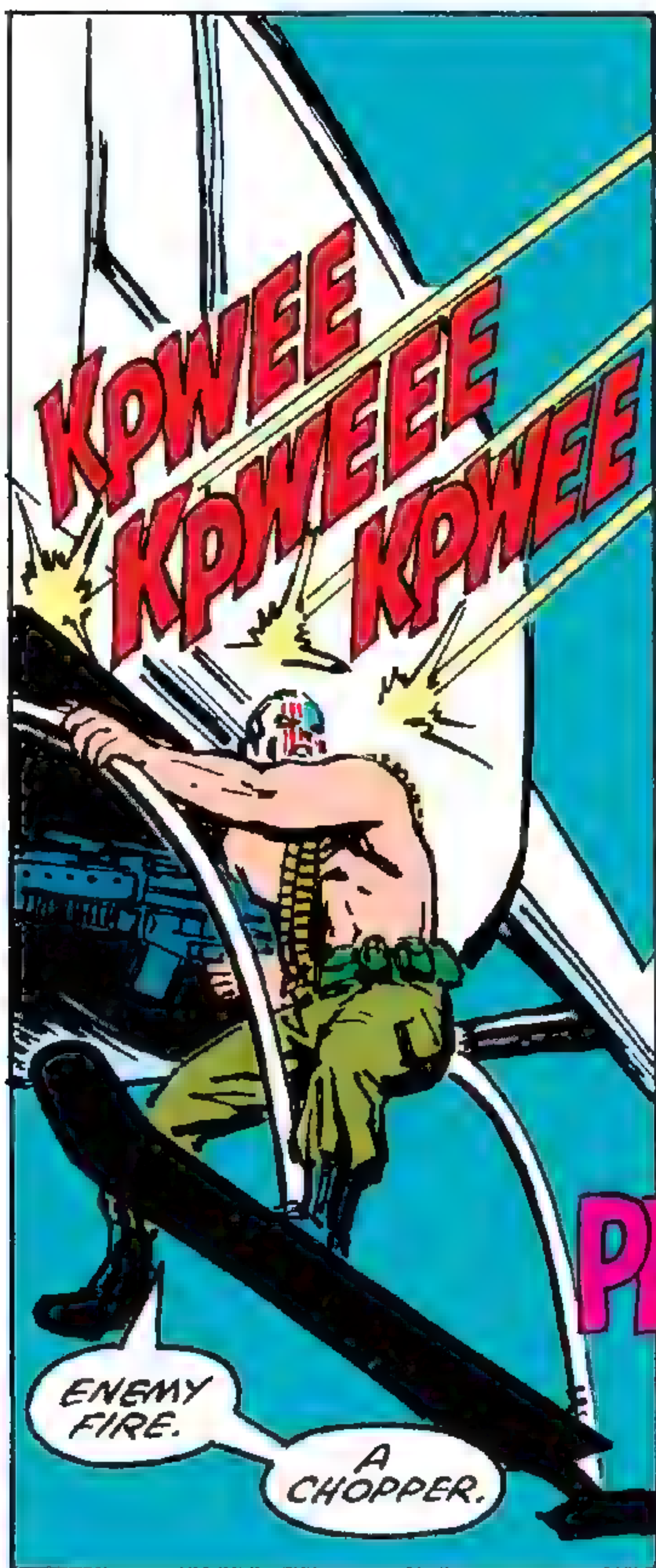


GET YOUR
CAMERA.



PFAMM







NEXT: ARMAGEDDON

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MAZZUCHELLI

ARMAGEDDON

STAN LEE PRESENTS

ARMAGEDDON



by

FRANK MILLER & DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

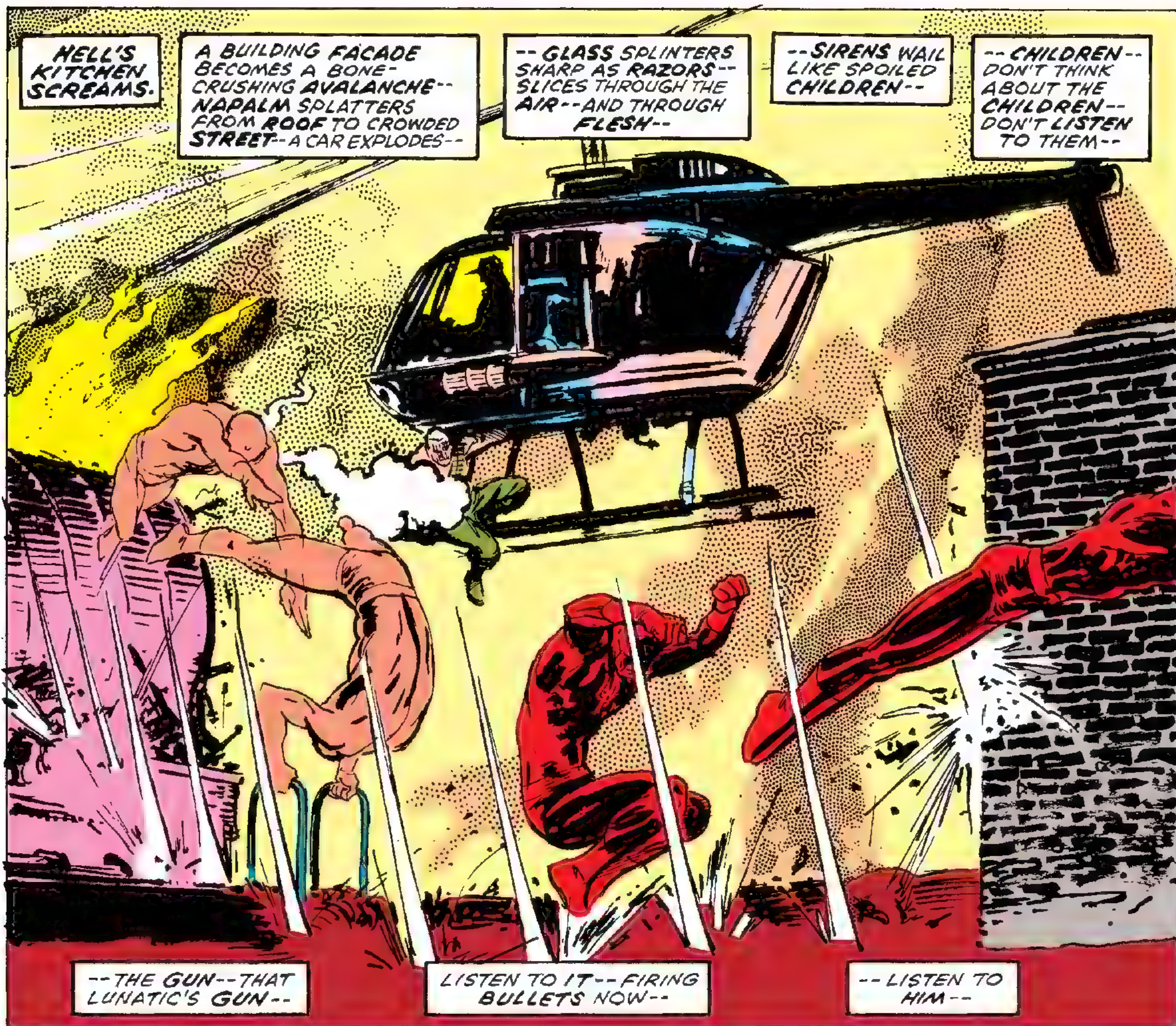
MAX SCHEELE COLORS

RALPH MACCHIO EDITOR

JOE ROSEN LETTERS

JIM SHOOTER ED.-IN-CHIEF

THIS ISSUE RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED TO
JACK KIRBY



HELL'S
KITCHEN
SCREAMS.

A BUILDING FACADE
BECOMES A BONE-
CRUSHING AVALANCHE--
NAPALM SPLATTERS
FROM ROOF TO CROWDED
STREET--A CAR EXPLODES--

-- GLASS SPLINTERS
SHARP AS RAZORS--
SLICES THROUGH THE
AIR--AND THROUGH
FLESH--

--SIRENS WAIL
LIKE SPOILED
CHILDREN--

-- CHILDREN--
DON'T THINK
ABOUT THE
CHILDREN--
DON'T LISTEN
TO THEM--

--THE GUN--THAT
LUNATIC'S GUN--

LISTEN TO IT-- FIRING
BULLETS NOW--

-- LISTEN TO
HIM--



WE'RE PULLING
OUT, BOY. OUR
TARGET'S VANISHED.

WON'T
LET YOU
DOWN,
COLONEL--

--I'LL
FIND
HIM--



NO, NUKE--
MISSION
ABORTED--

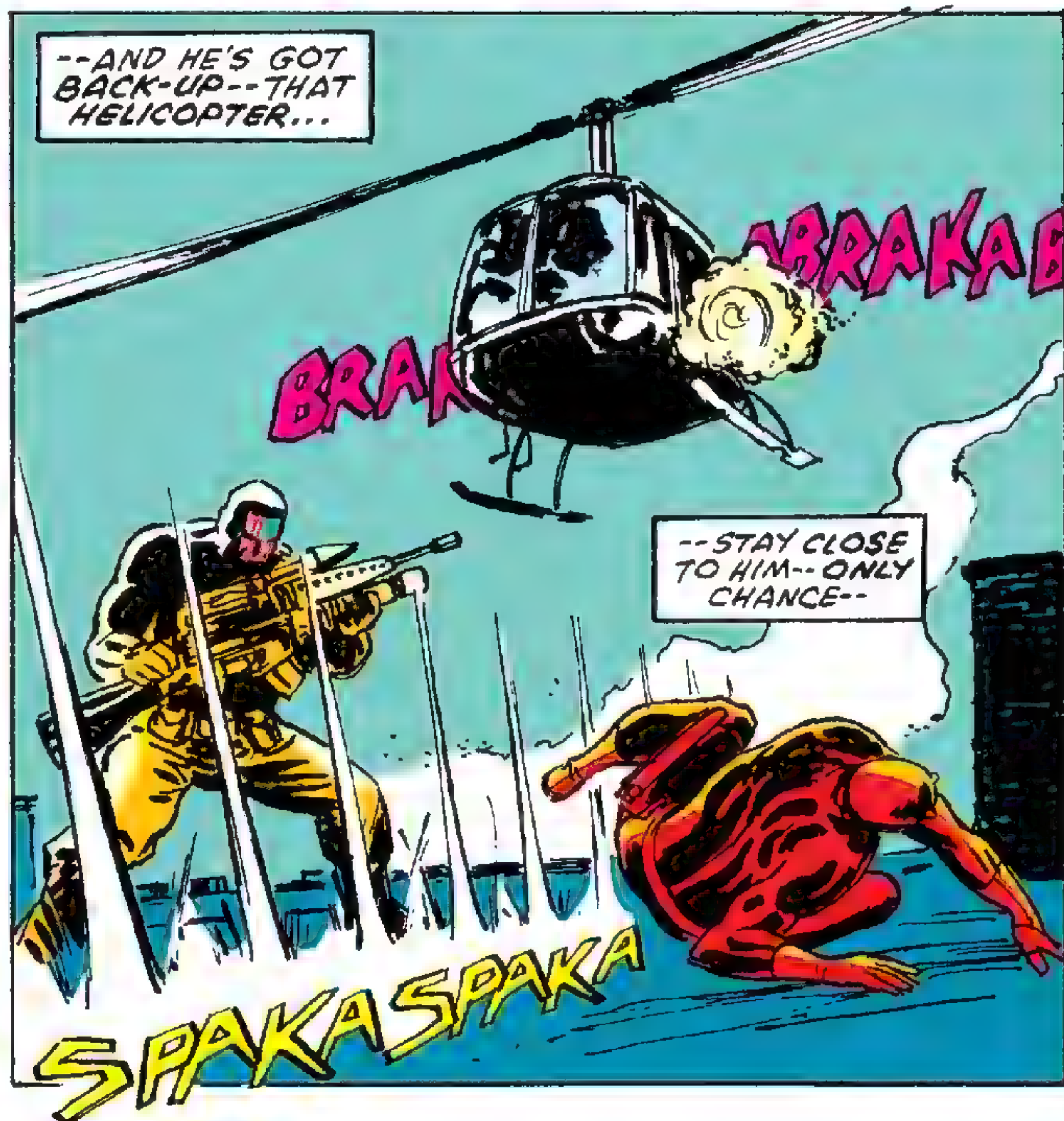
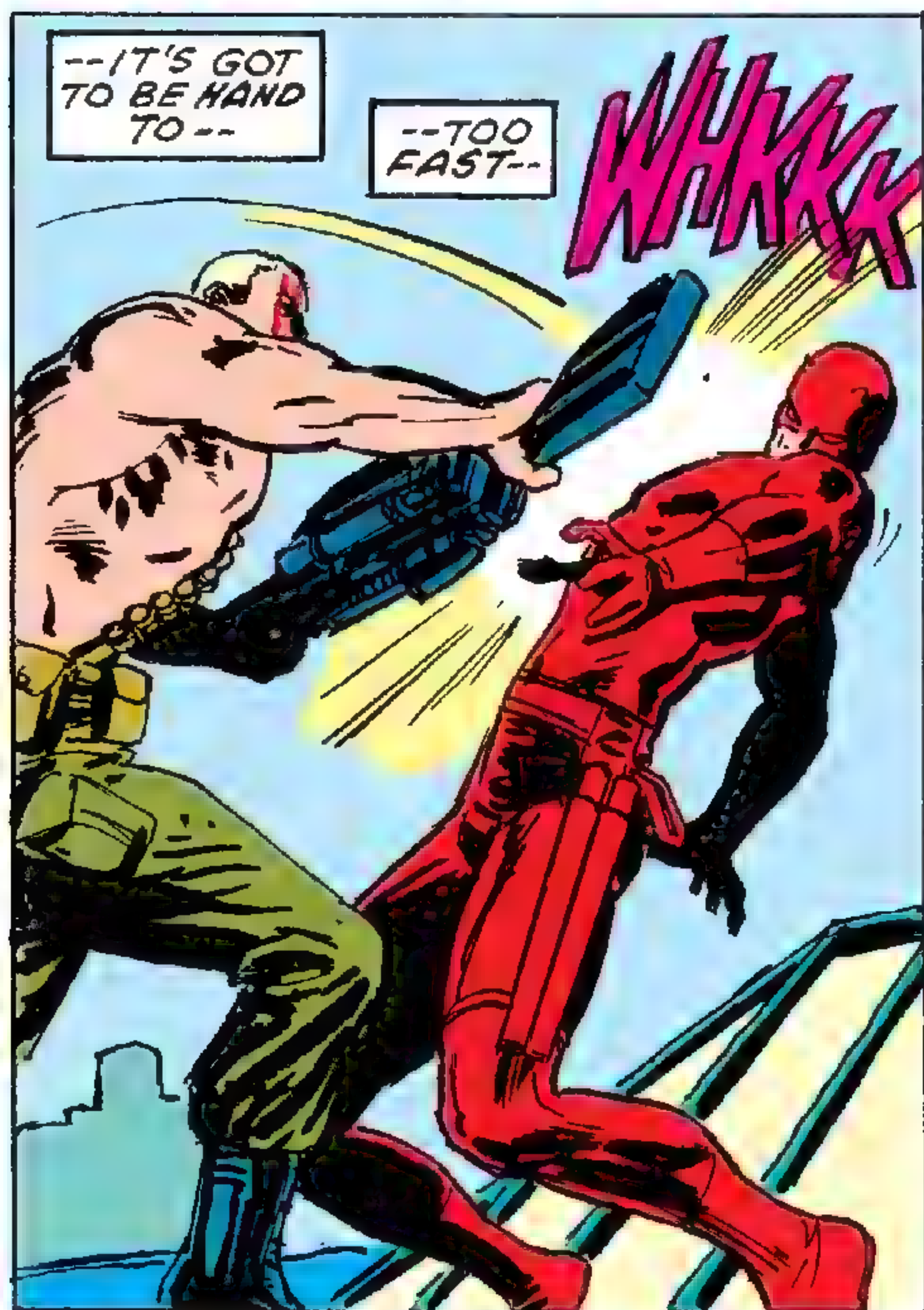
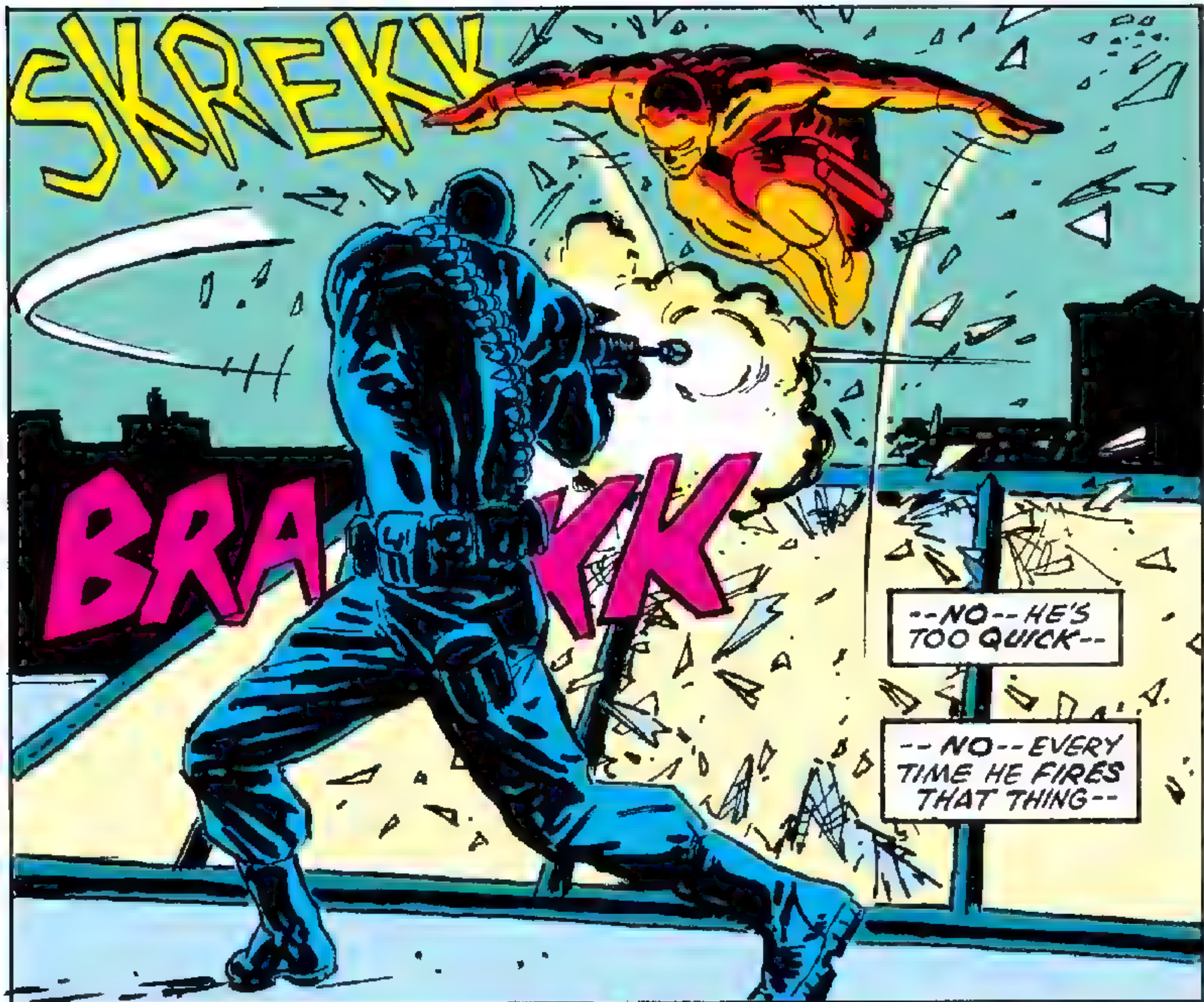
-- WON'T LET
YOU DOWN--

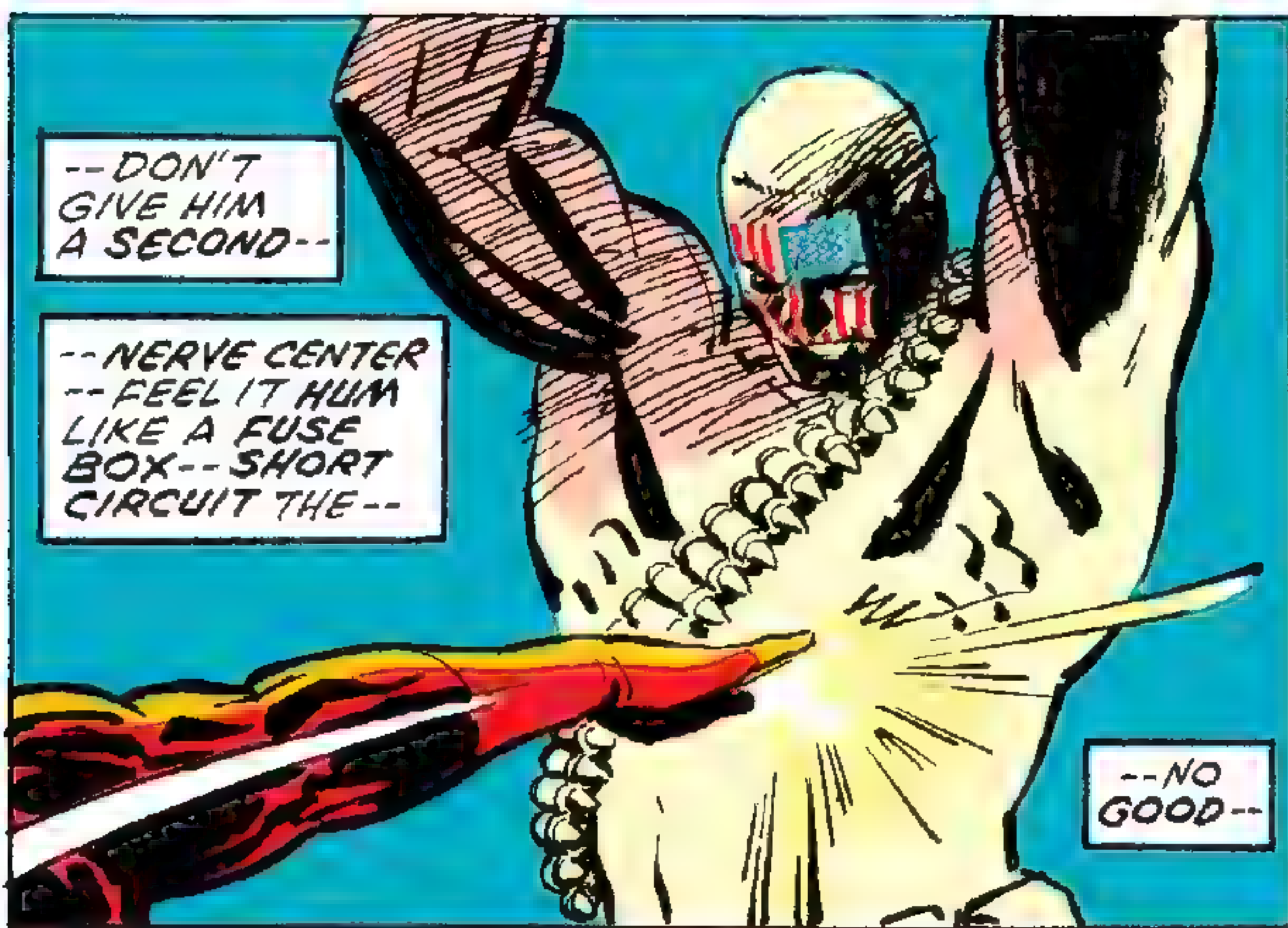


--WON'T
LET--OUR
BOYS
DOWN--

HIS HEART'S
STRONG--BUT
TOO FAST--
GOT TO BE
AMPHETAMINES--

--I'LL BE LUCKY IF
THAT'S ALL THERE
IS TO HIM...

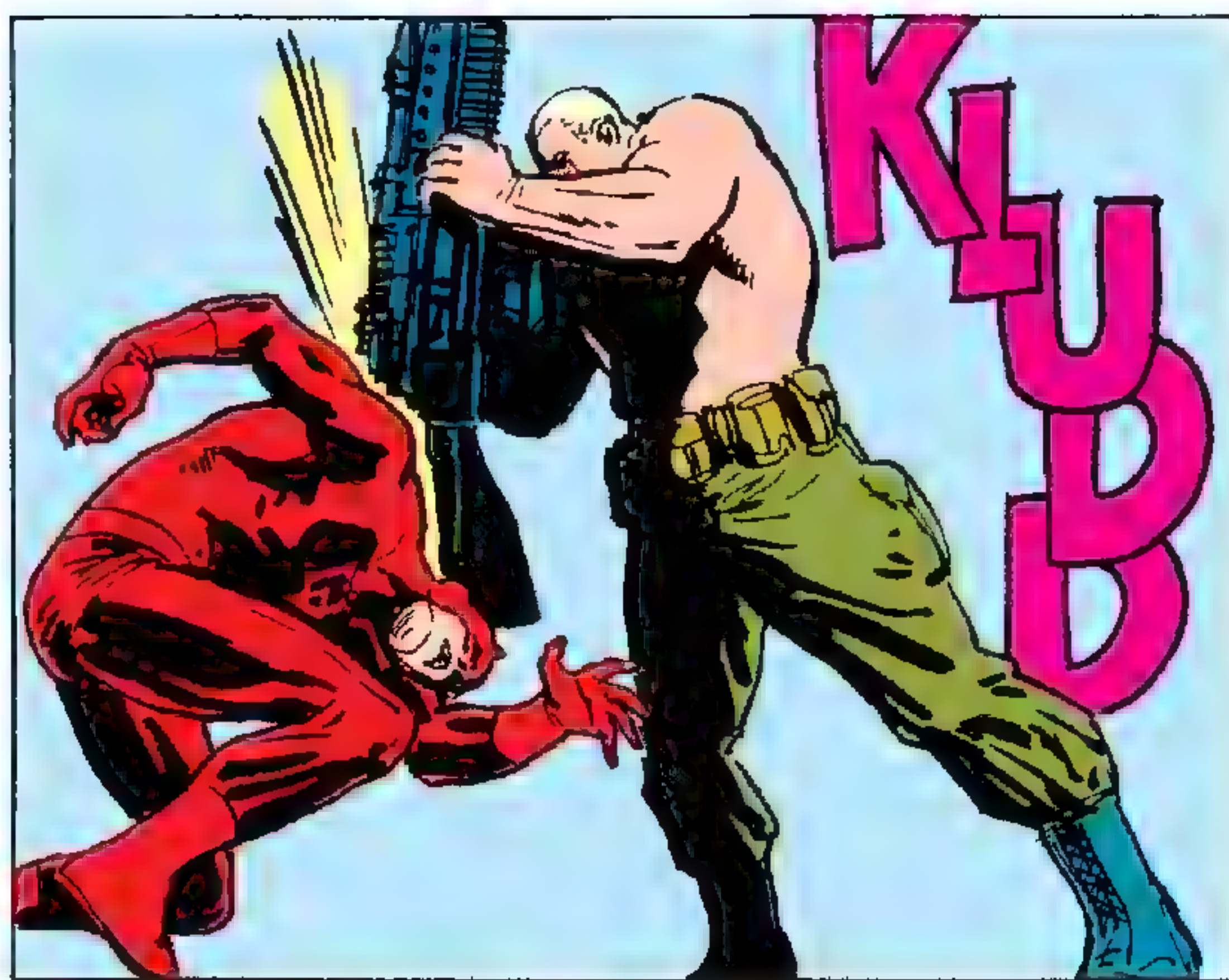




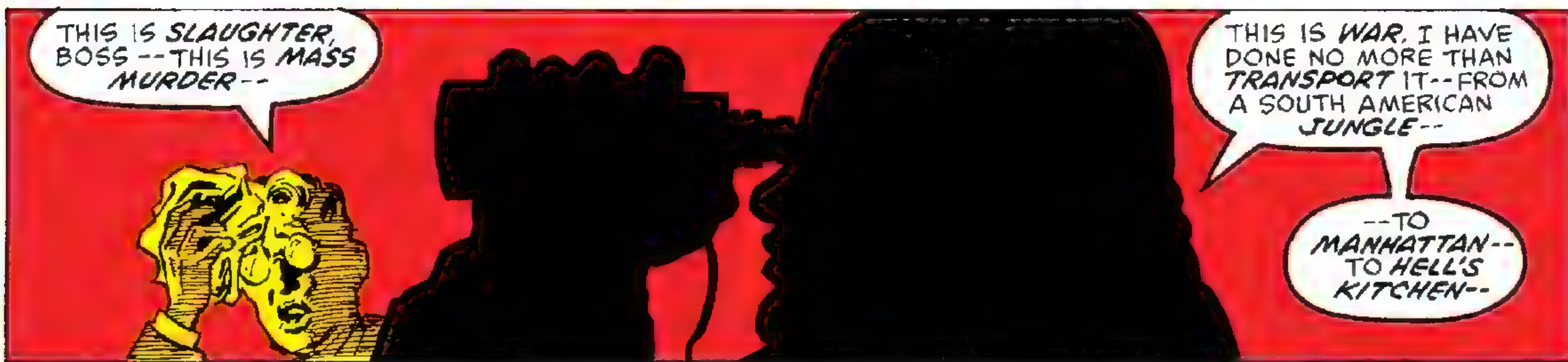
--DON'T
GIVE HIM
A SECOND--

--NERVE CENTER
--FEEL IT HUM
LIKE A FUSE
BOX--SHORT
CIRCUIT THE--

--NO
GOOD--



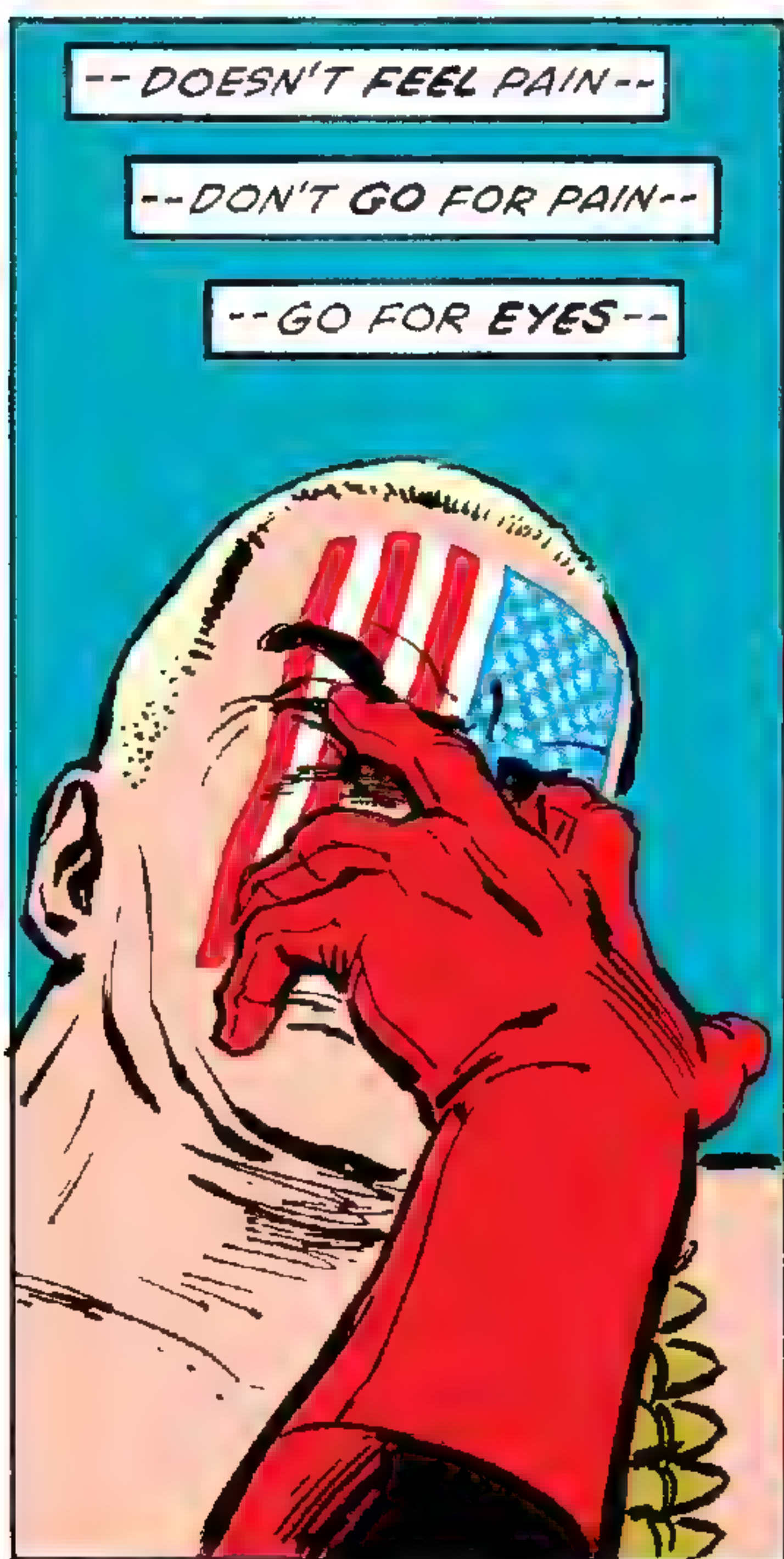
KLU
BB



THIS IS SLAUGHTER,
BOSS --THIS IS MASS
MURDER--

THIS IS WAR. I HAVE
DONE NO MORE THAN
TRANSPORT IT--FROM
A SOUTH AMERICAN
JUNGLE--

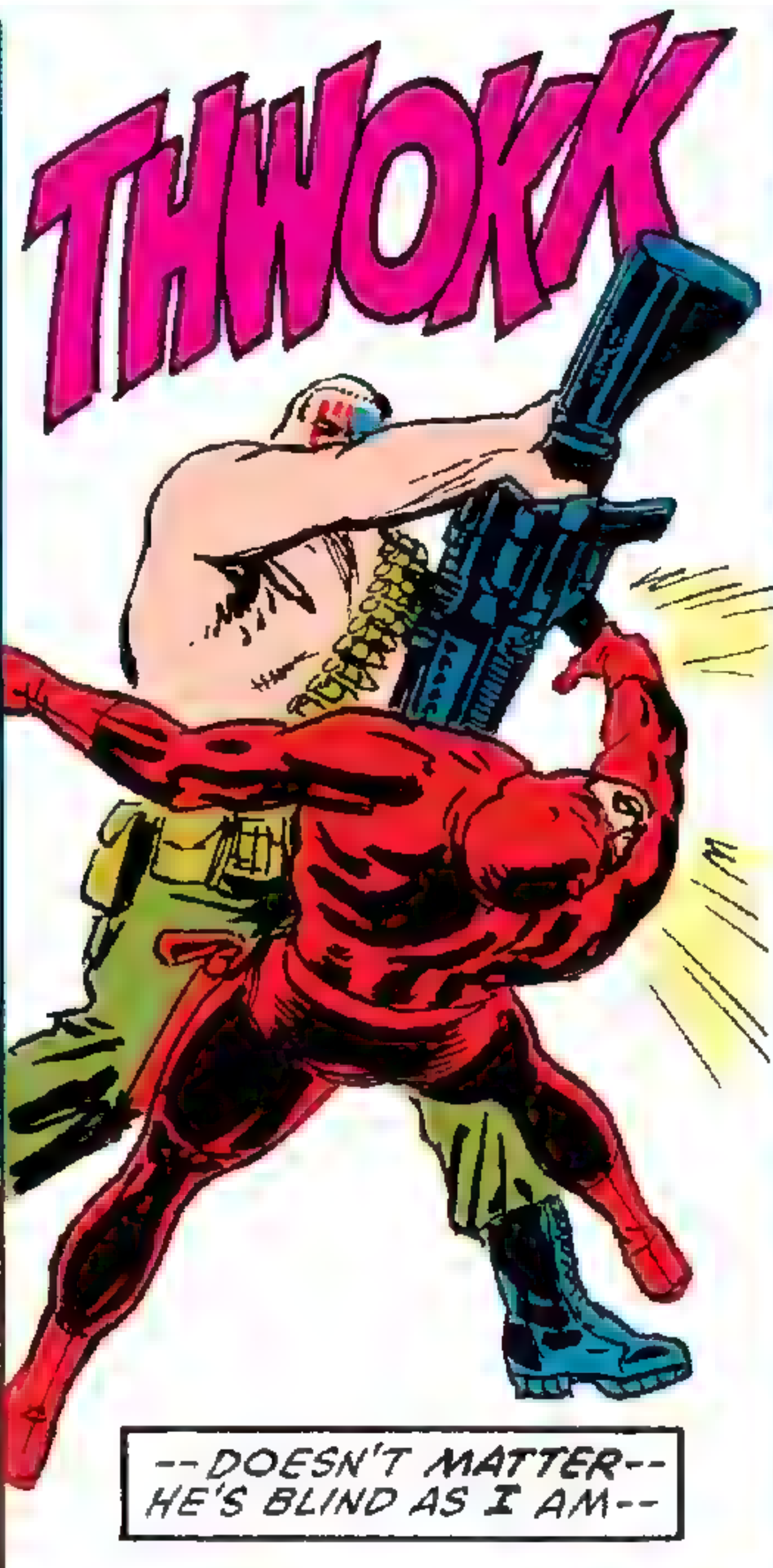
--TO
MANHATTAN--
TO HELL'S
KITCHEN--



-- DOESN'T FEEL PAIN--

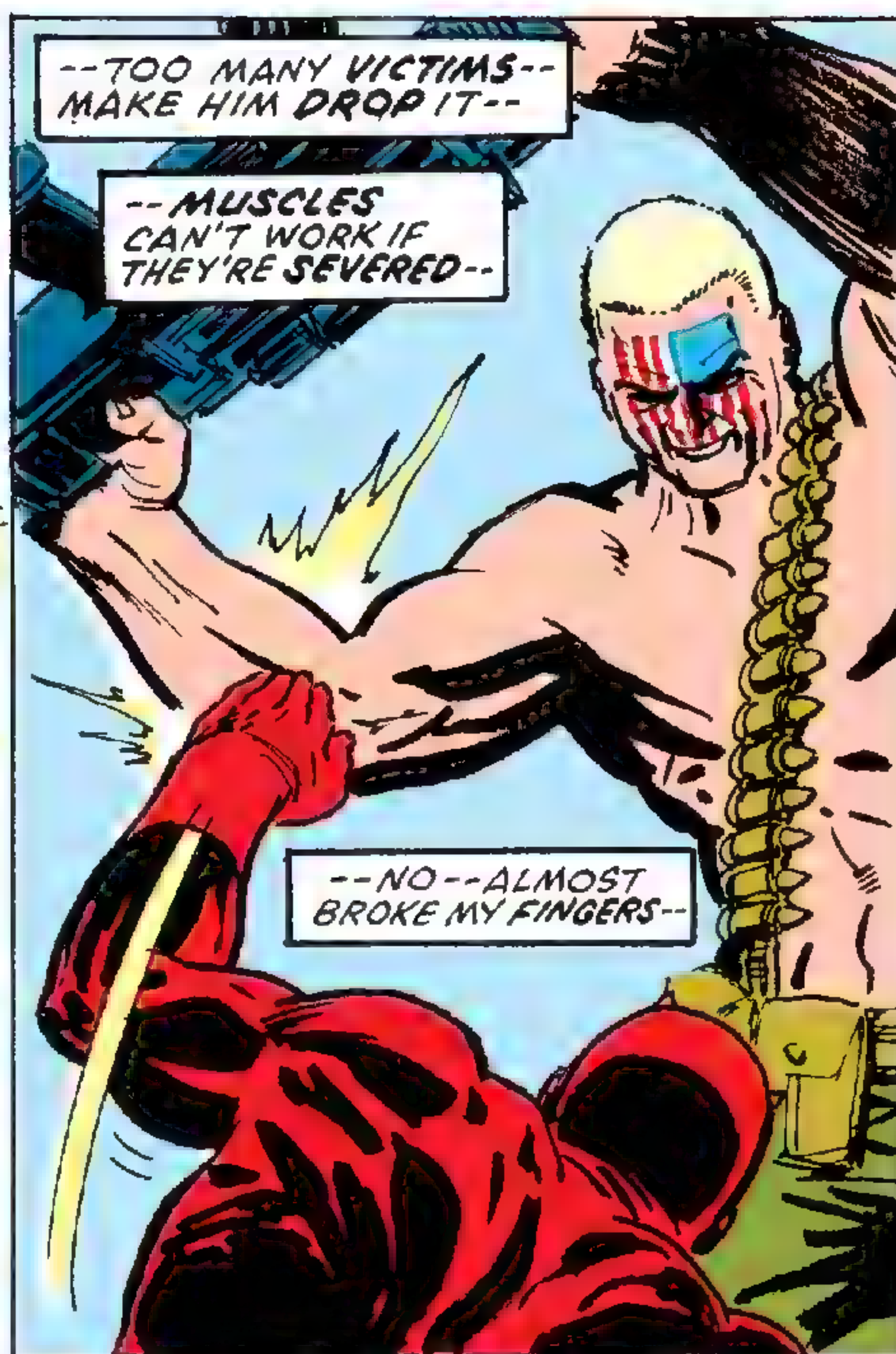
--DON'T GO FOR PAIN--

--GO FOR EYES--



THWOKK

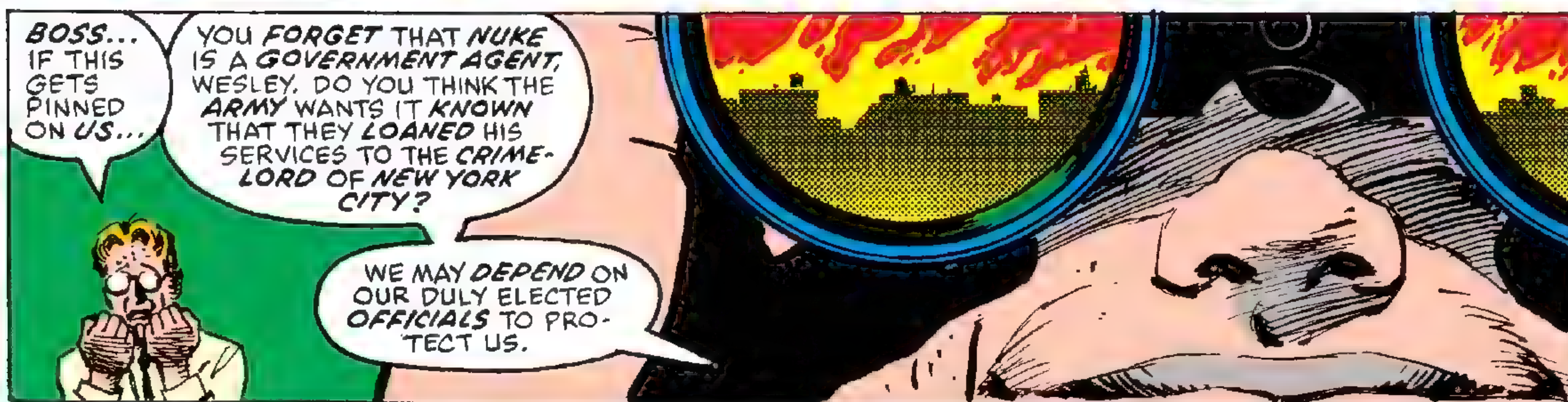
-- DOESN'T MATTER--
HE'S BLIND AS I AM--



--TOO MANY VICTIMS--
MAKE HIM DROP IT--

--MUSCLES
CAN'T WORK IF
THEY'RE SEVERED--

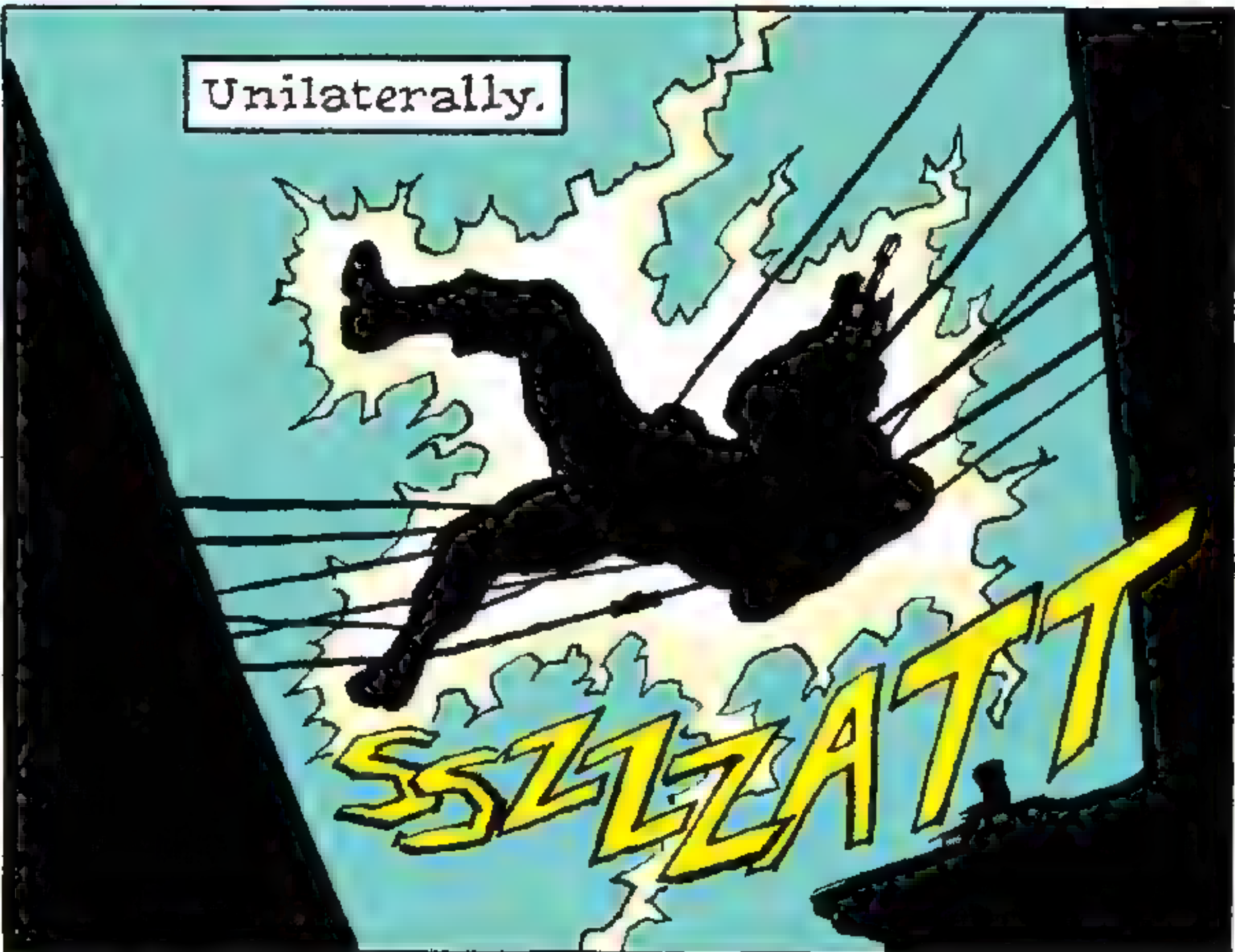
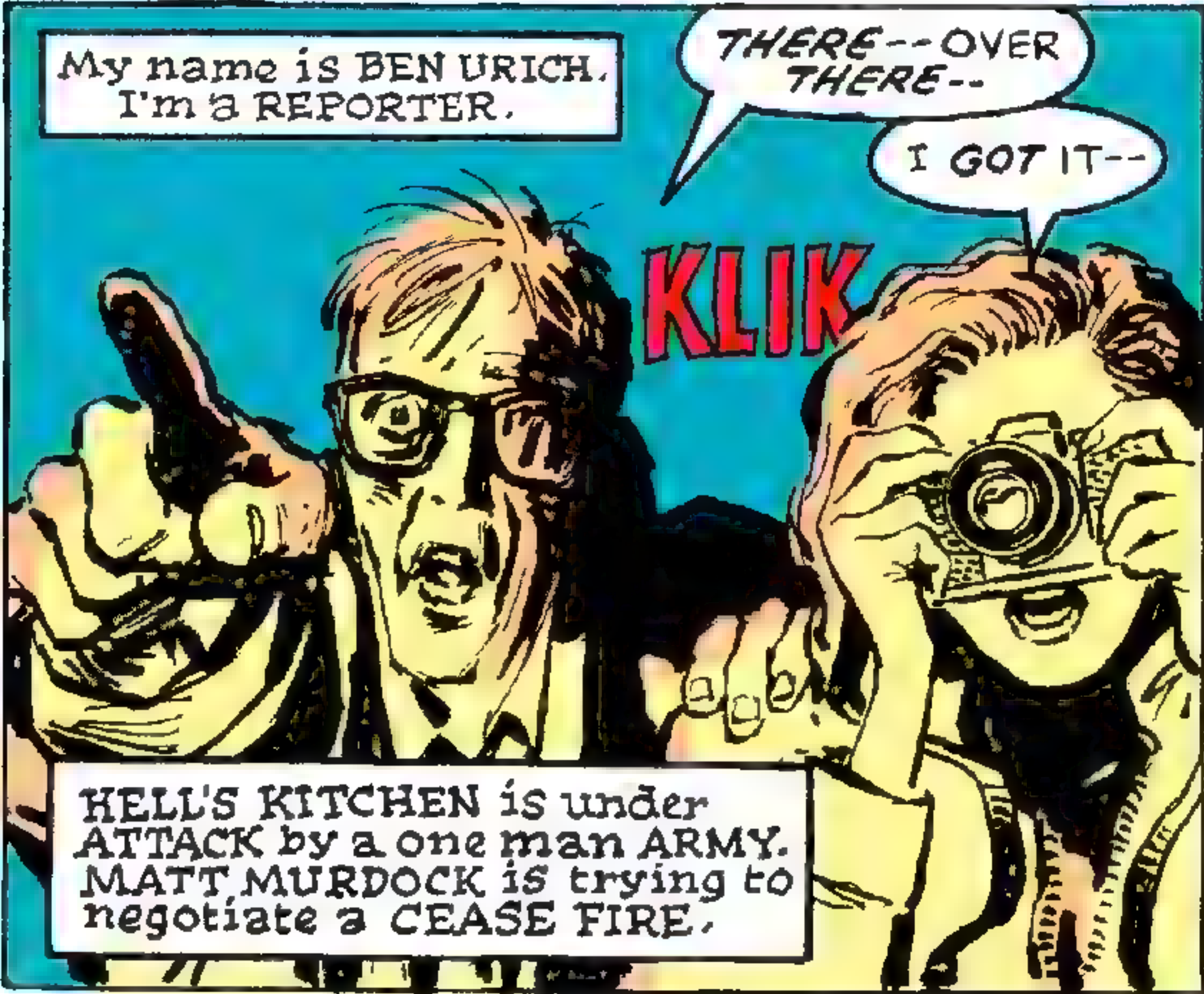
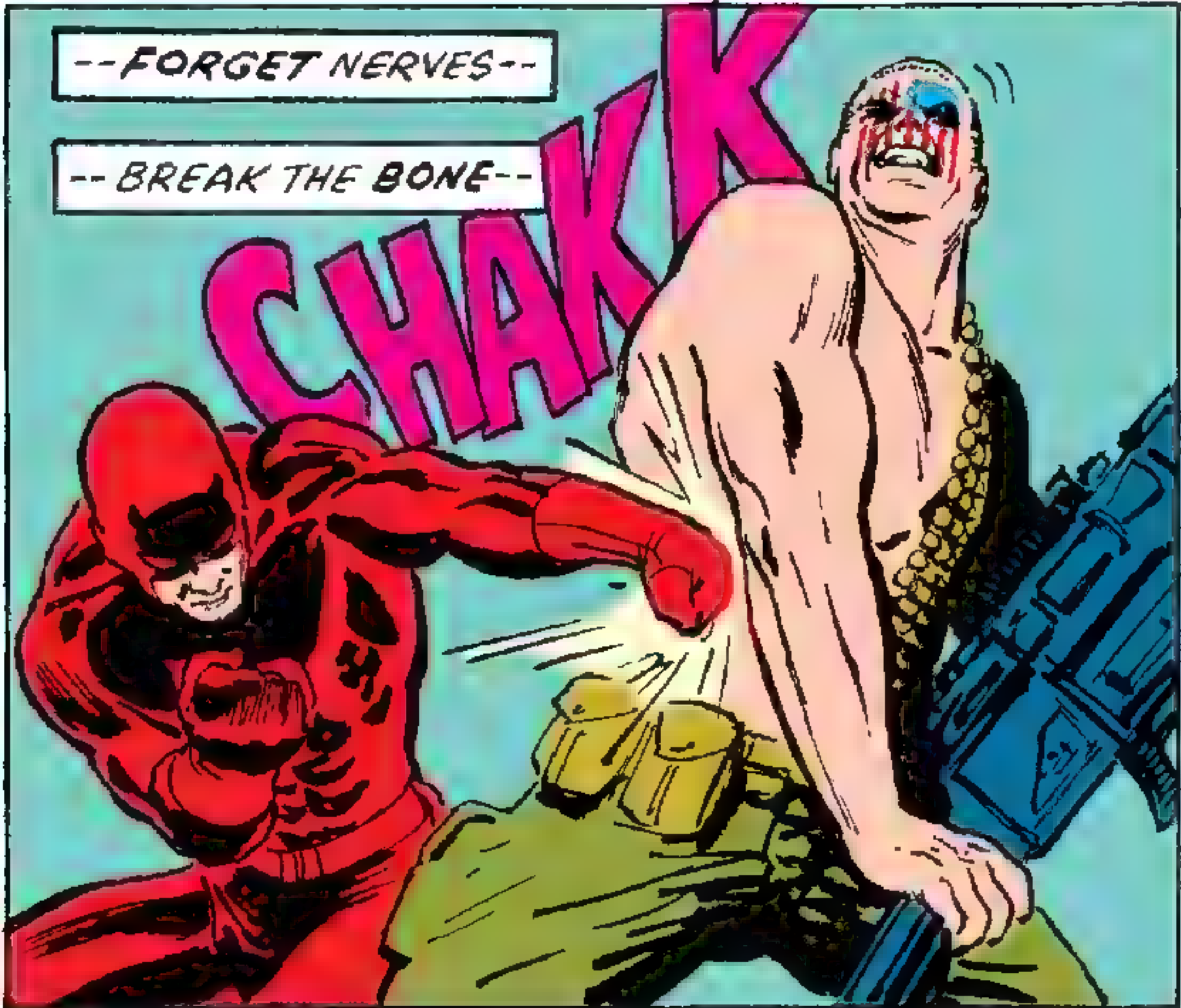
--NO--ALMOST
BROKE MY FINGERS--

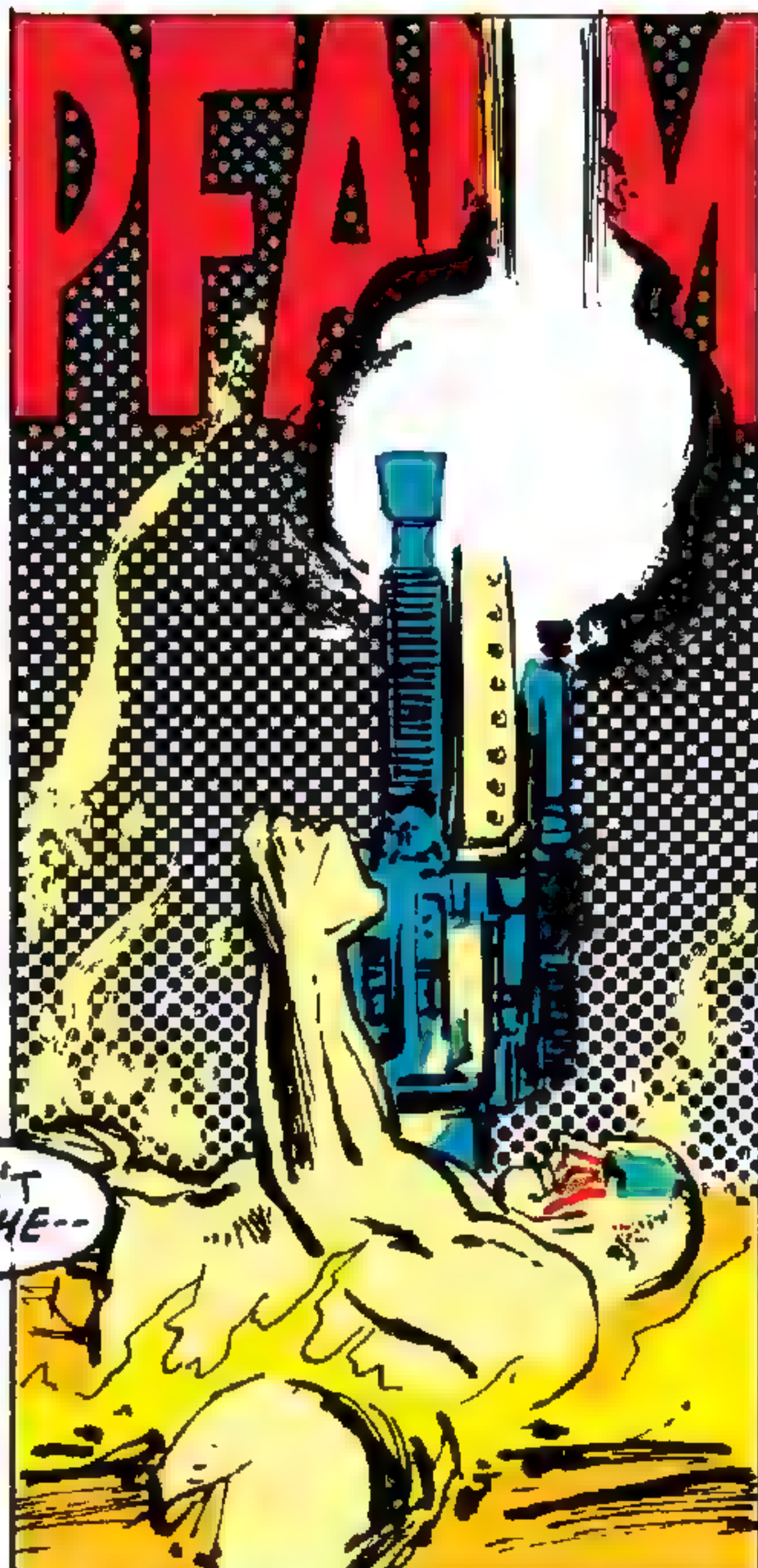
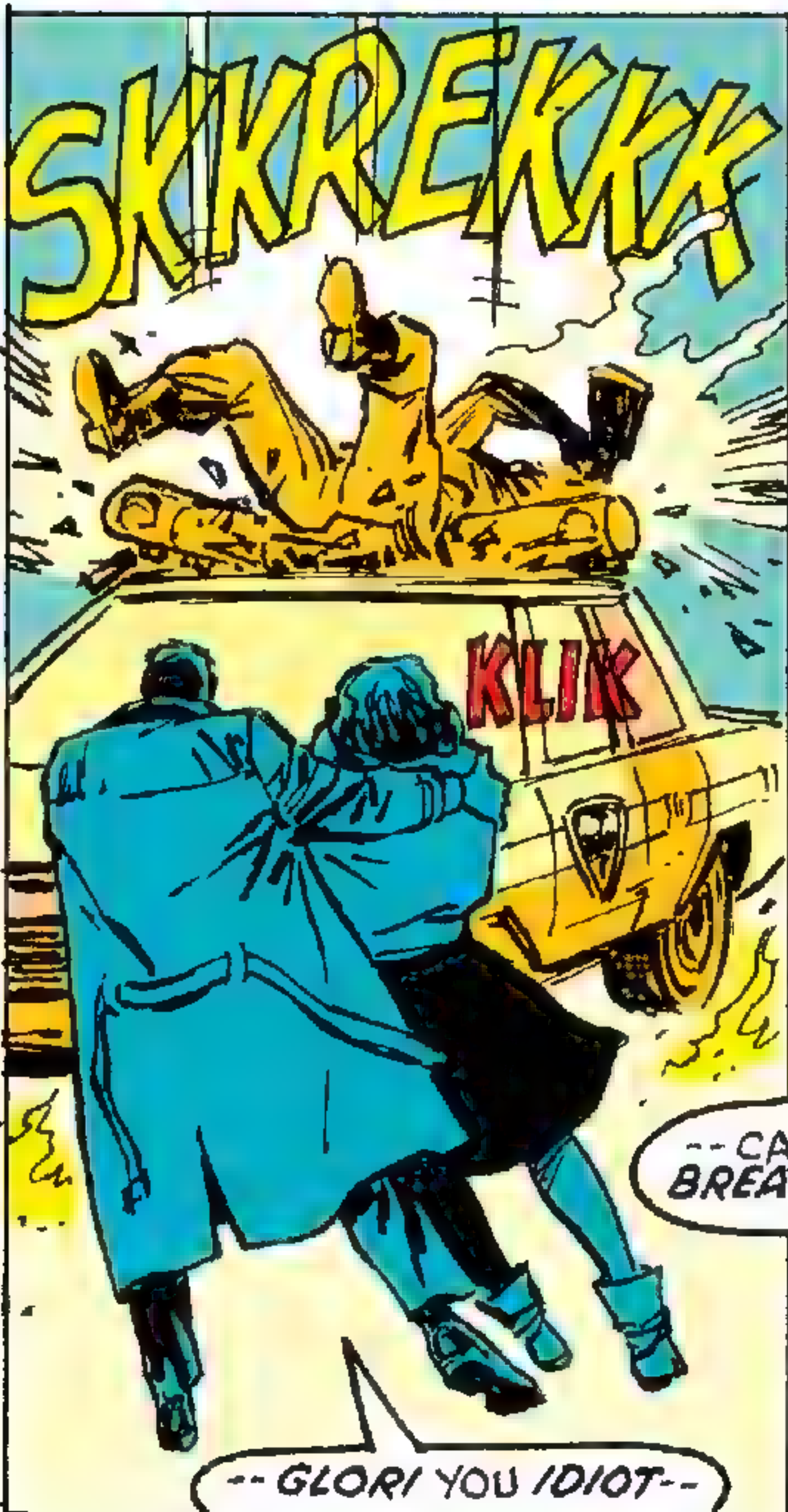
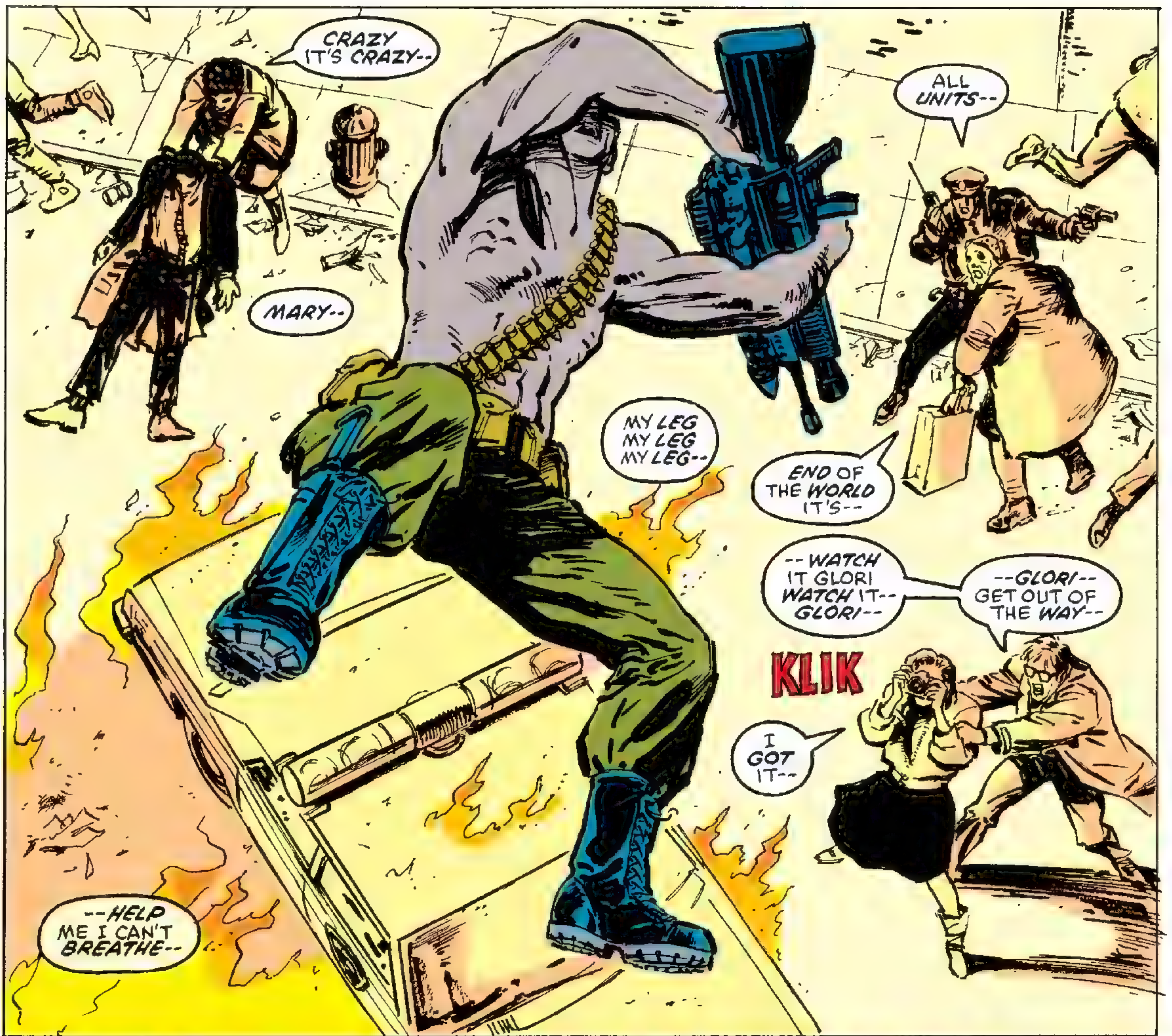


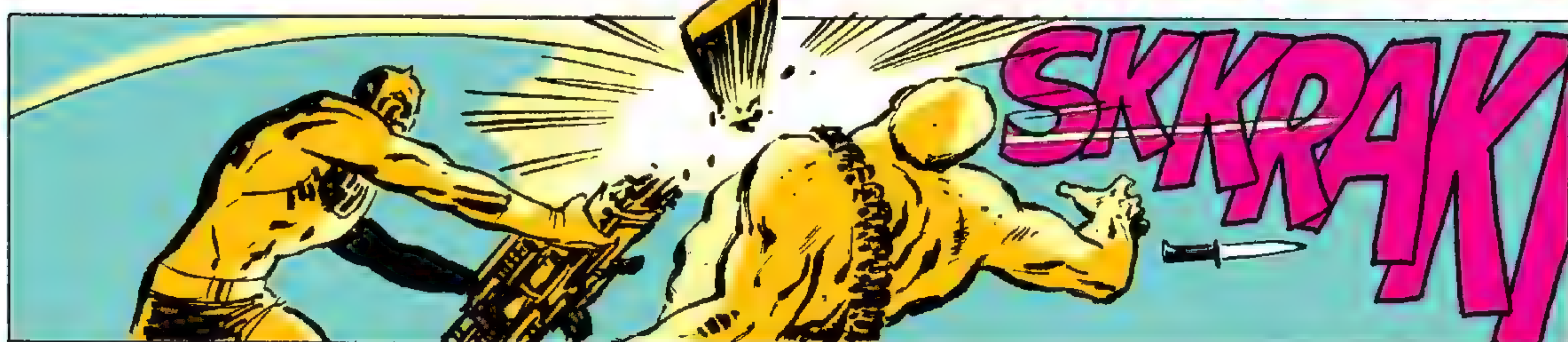
BOSS...
IF THIS
GETS
PINNED
ON US...

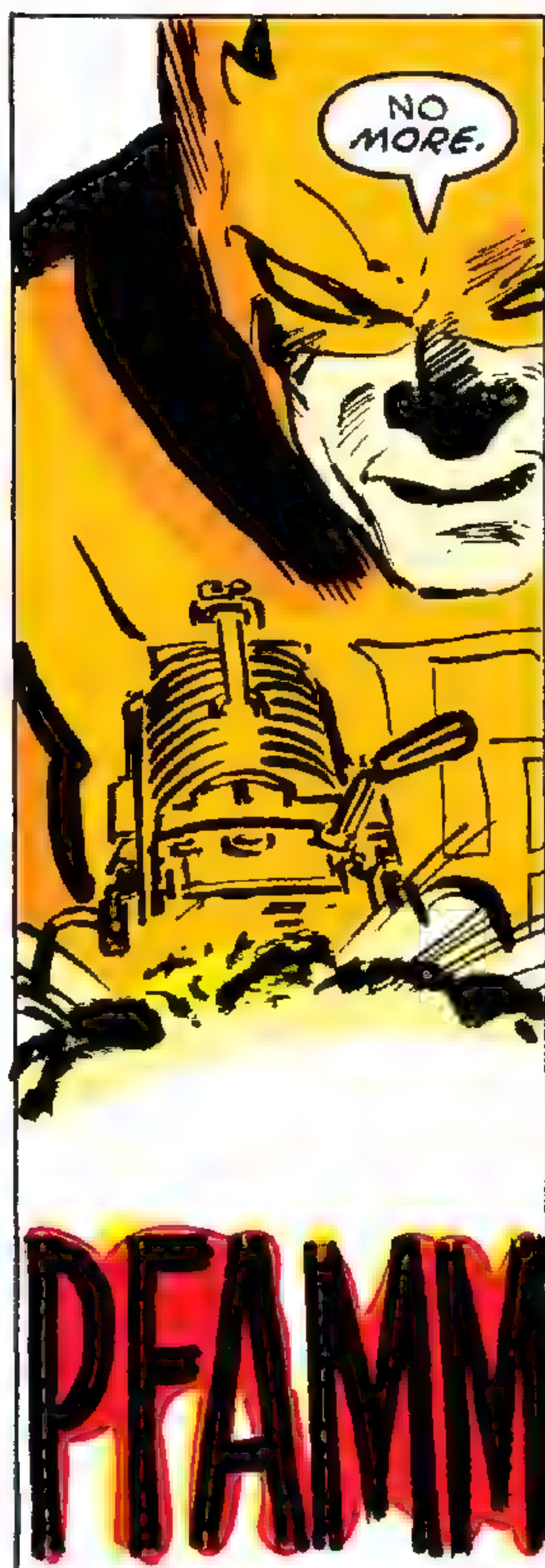
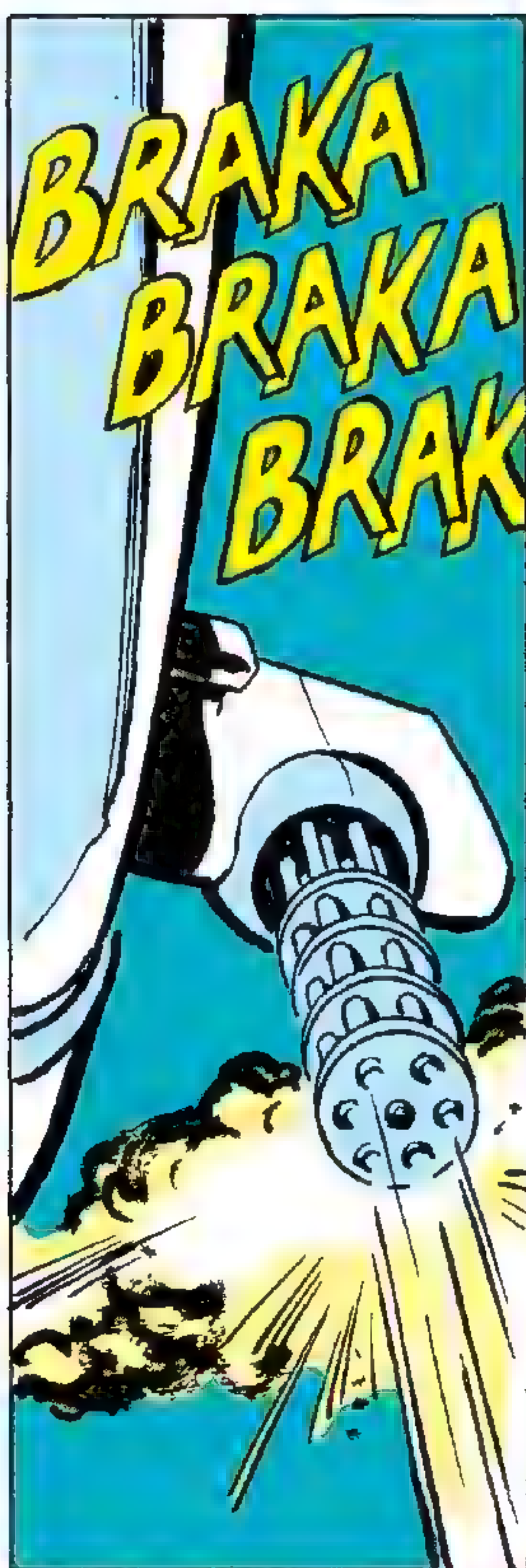
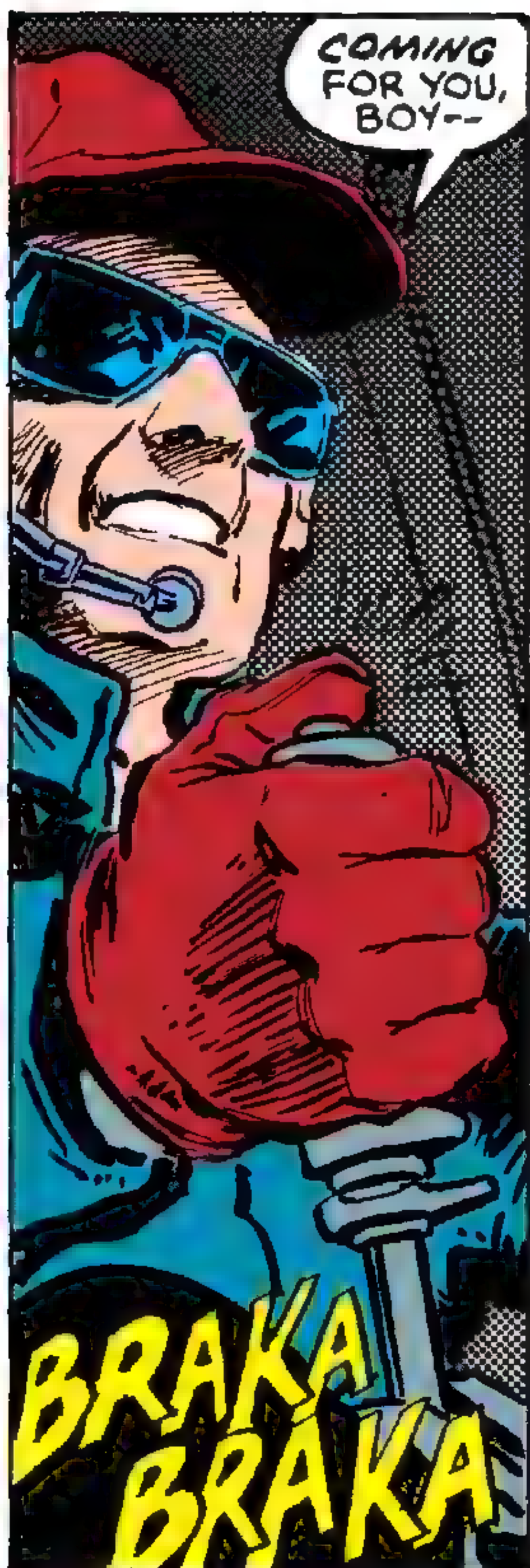
YOU FORGET THAT NUKE
IS A GOVERNMENT AGENT,
WESLEY. DO YOU THINK THE
ARMY WANTS IT KNOWN
THAT THEY LOANED HIS
SERVICES TO THE CRIME-
LORD OF NEW YORK
CITY?

WE MAY DEPEND ON
OUR DULY ELECTED
OFFICIALS TO PRO-
TECT US.







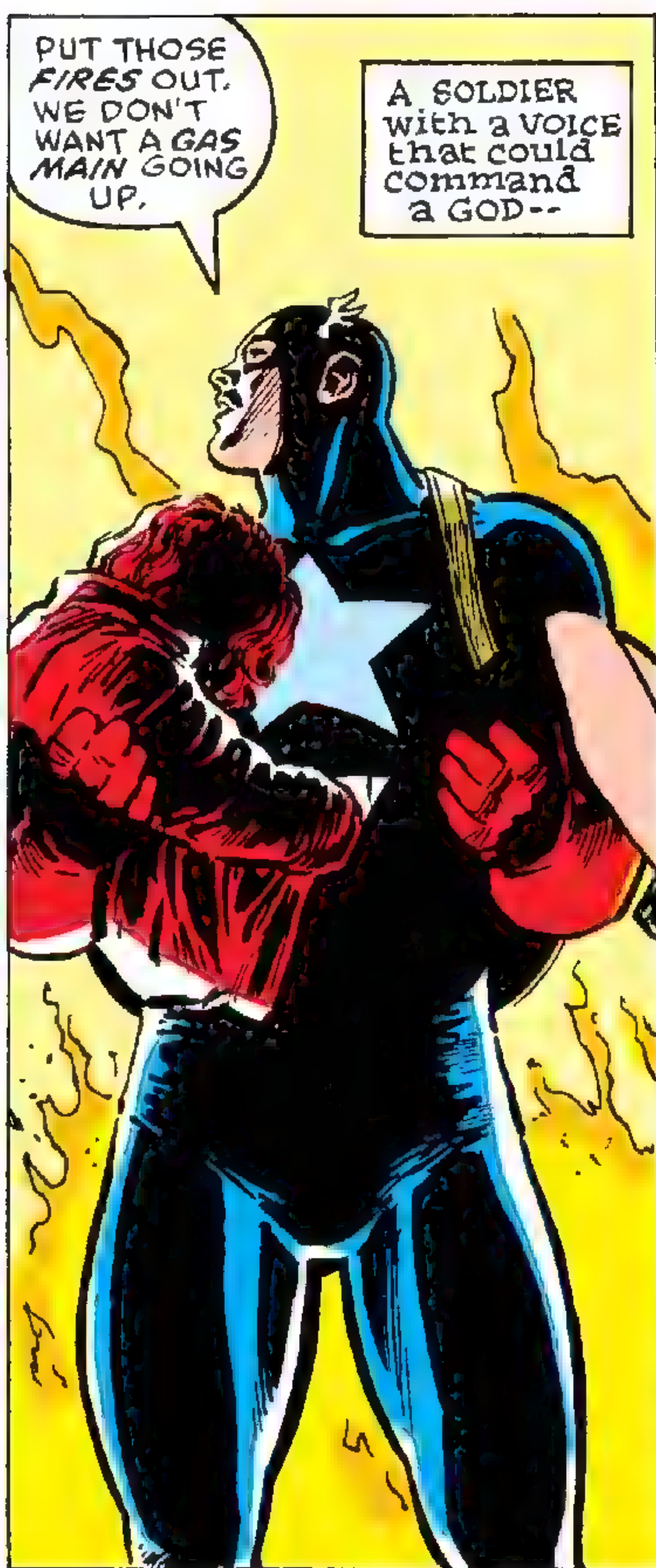




Out of NOWHERE they appear.

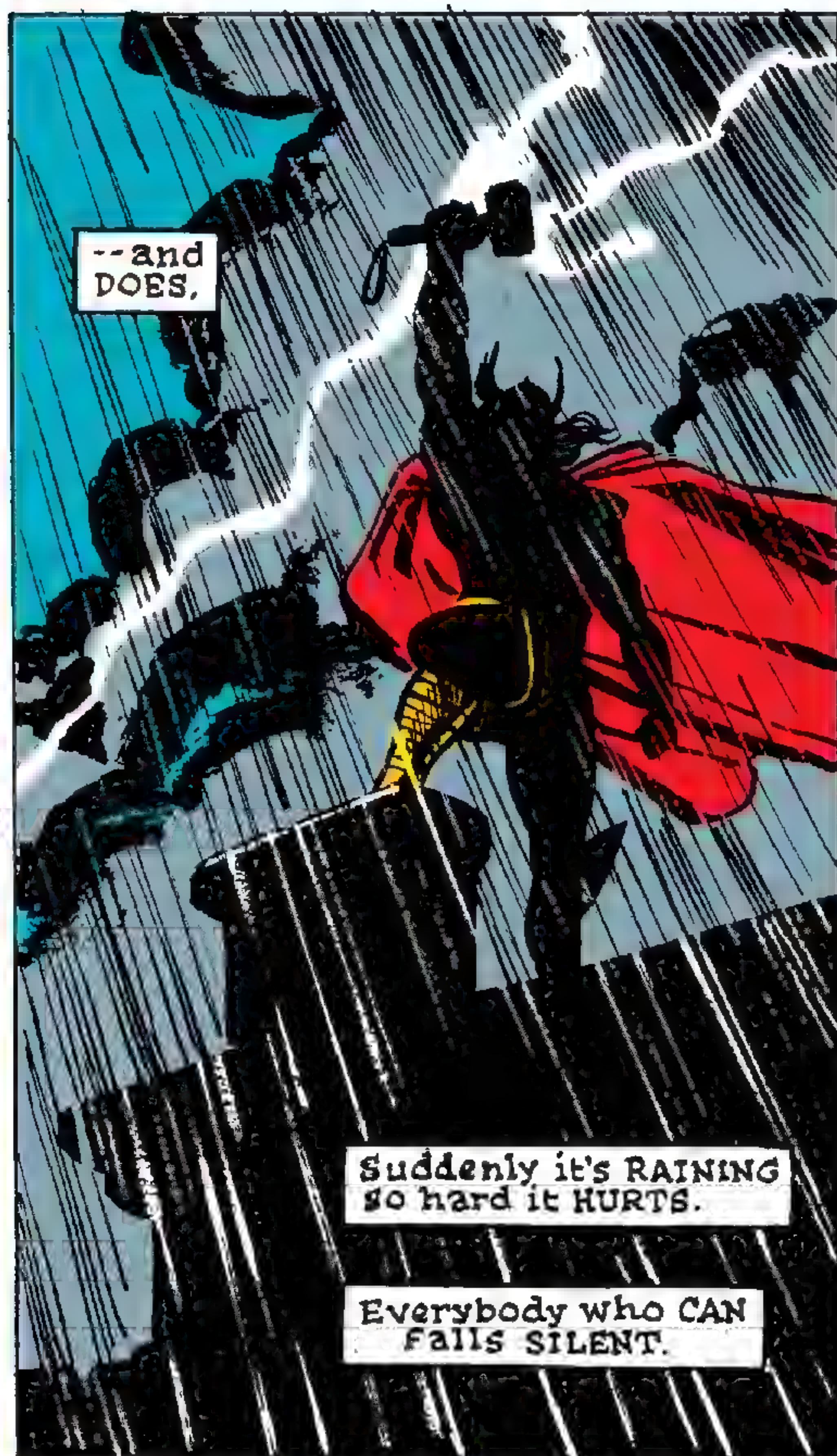
THIS ONE'S BEEN SHOT.

MEDIC!
OVER HERE,
MAN!



PUT THOSE FIRES OUT.
WE DON'T WANT A GAS
MAIN GOING UP.

A SOLDIER
with a VOICE
that could
command
a GOD--



--and
DOES.

Suddenly it's RAINING
so hard it HURTS.

Everybody who CAN
falls SILENT.



Except MATT.

-- THE KINGPIN.
HE SENT YOU.
SAY IT.

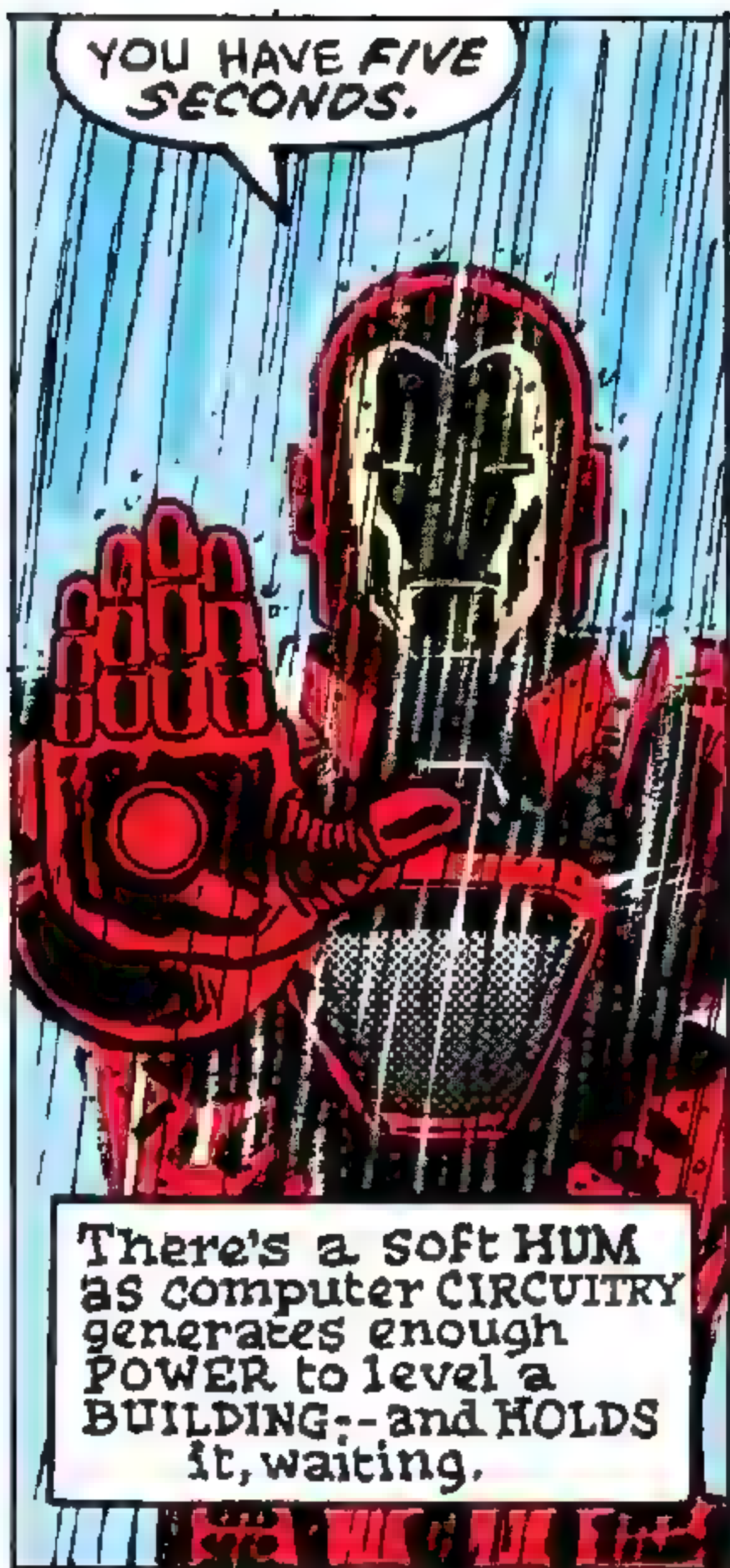
GIVE ME
A WHITE--
GIVE ME
A WHITE--

DAREDEVIL--



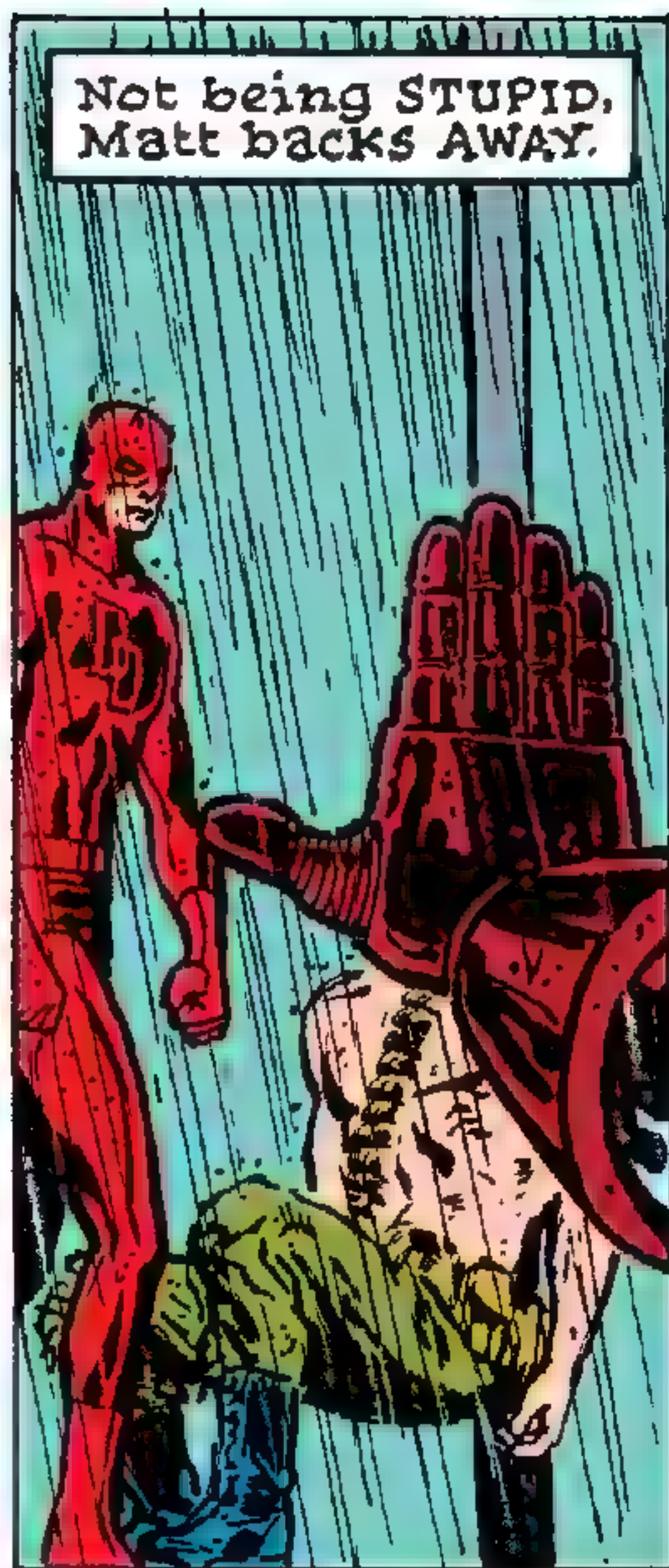
-- THAT MAN
IS OURS. ON
FEDERAL
AUTHORITY.

STAND
BACK.

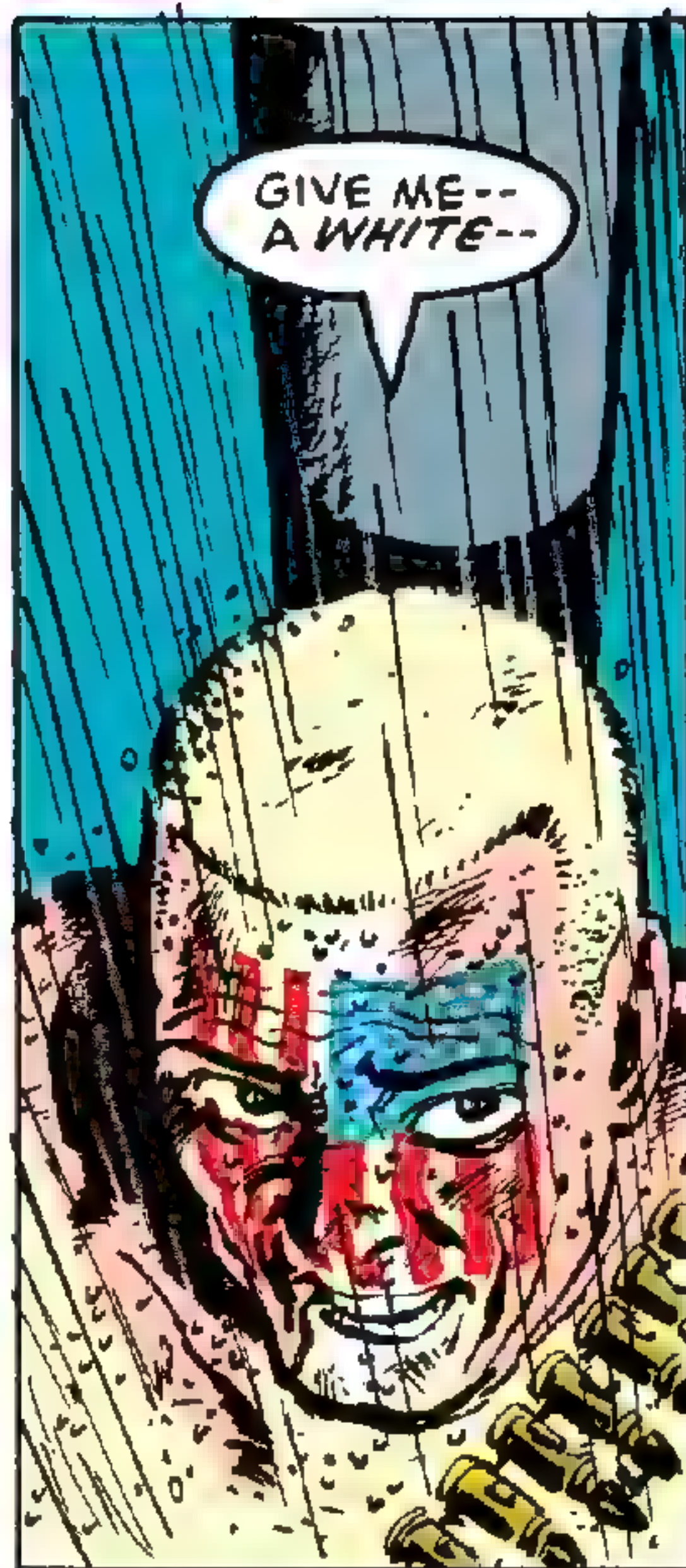


YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS.

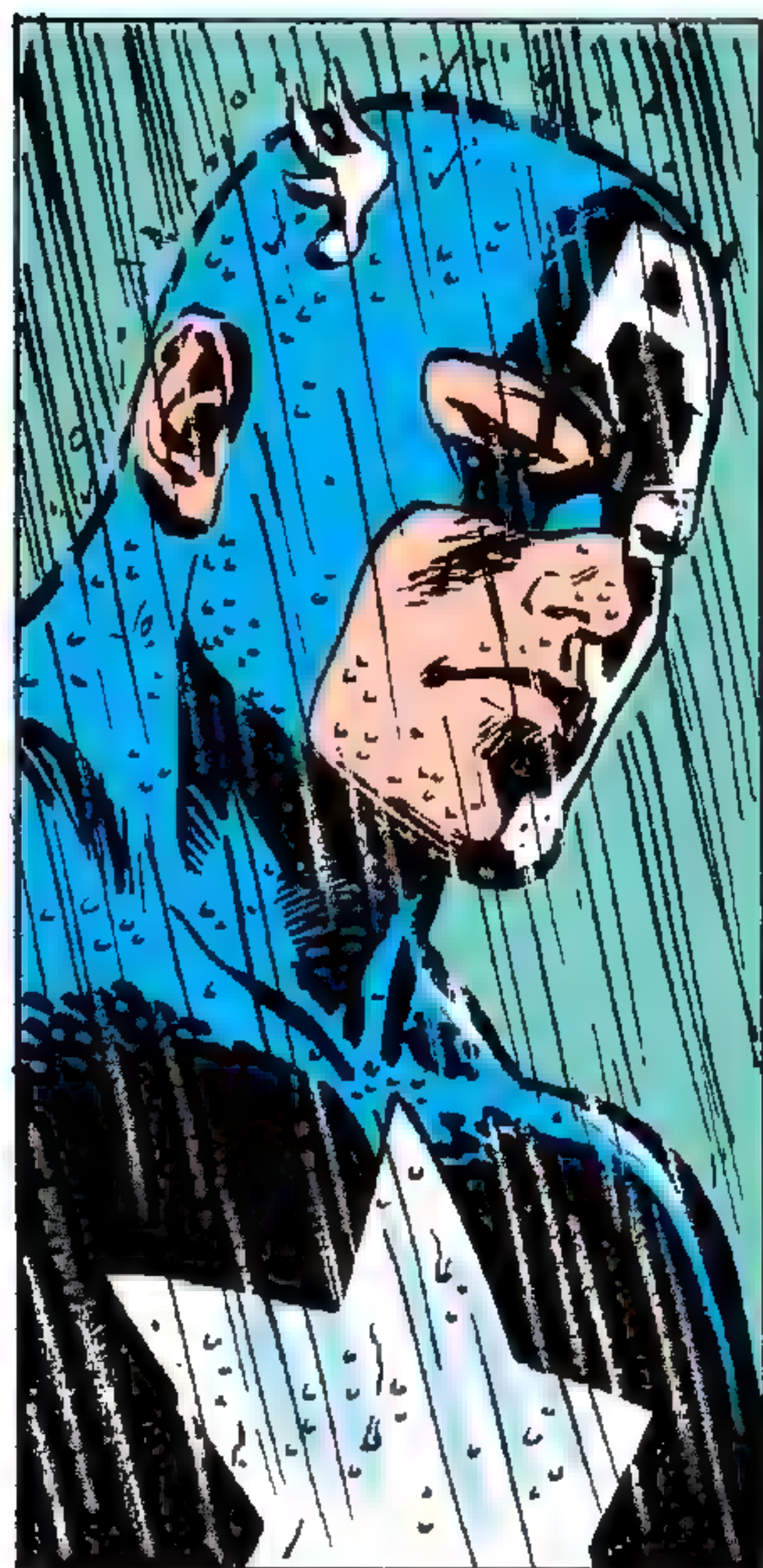
There's a soft HUM as computer CIRCUITRY generates enough POWER to level a BUILDING-- and HOLDS it, waiting.



Not being STUPID. Matt backs AWAY.

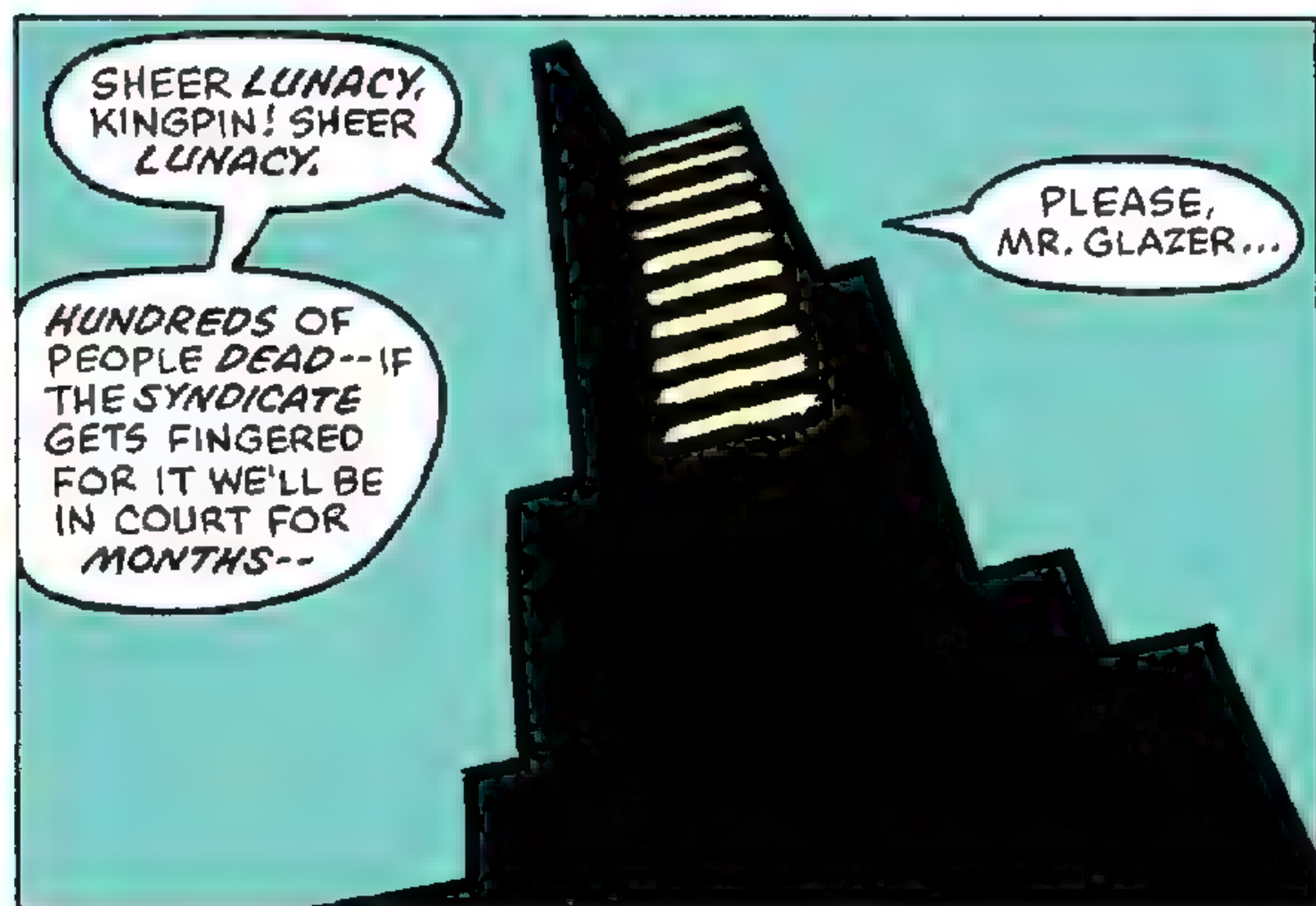


GIVE ME-- A WHITE--



It's a LONG night.

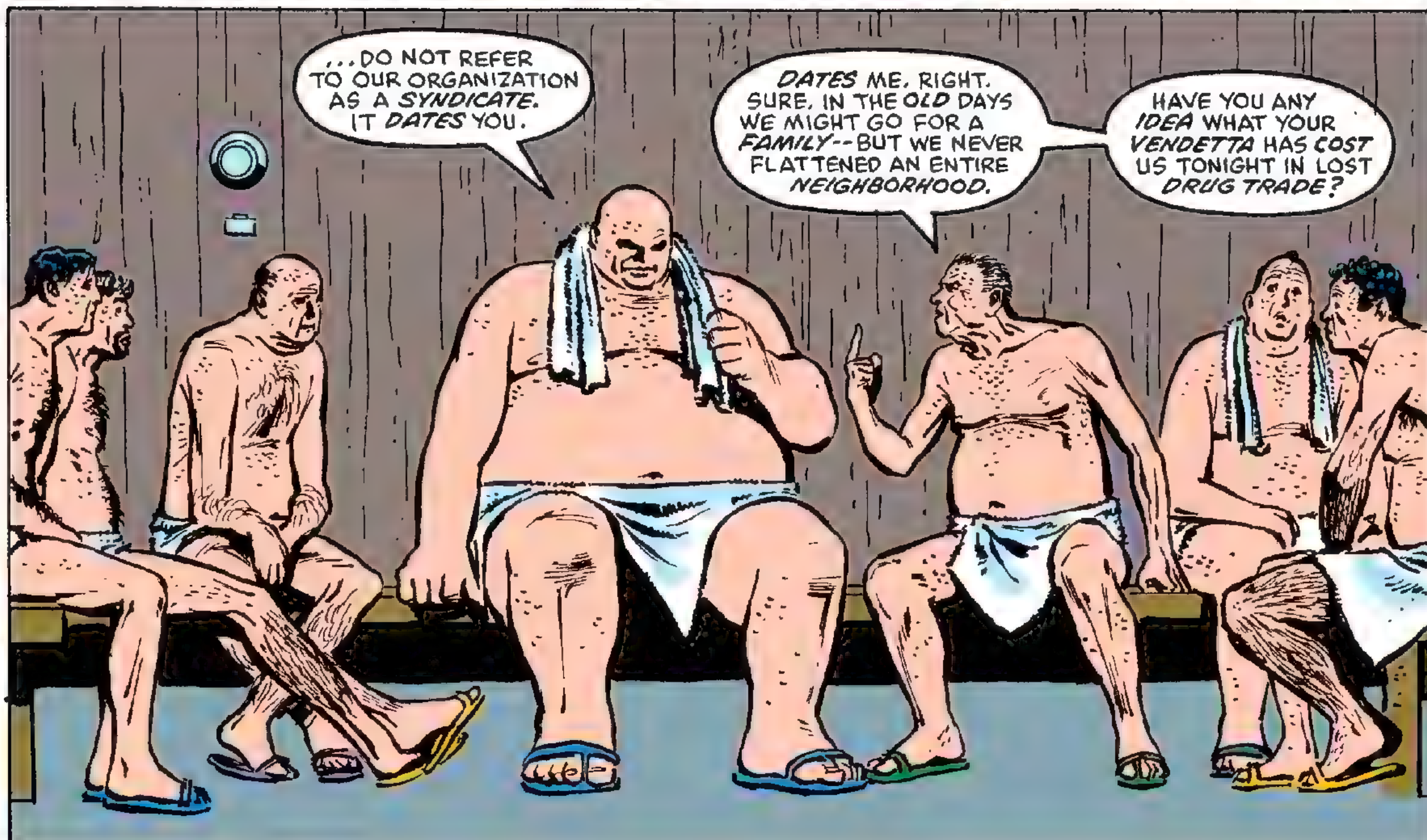
It's a HORRIBLE night.



SHEER LUNACY, KINGPIN! SHEER LUNACY.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE DEAD--IF THE SYNDICATE GETS FINGERED FOR IT WE'LL BE IN COURT FOR MONTHS--

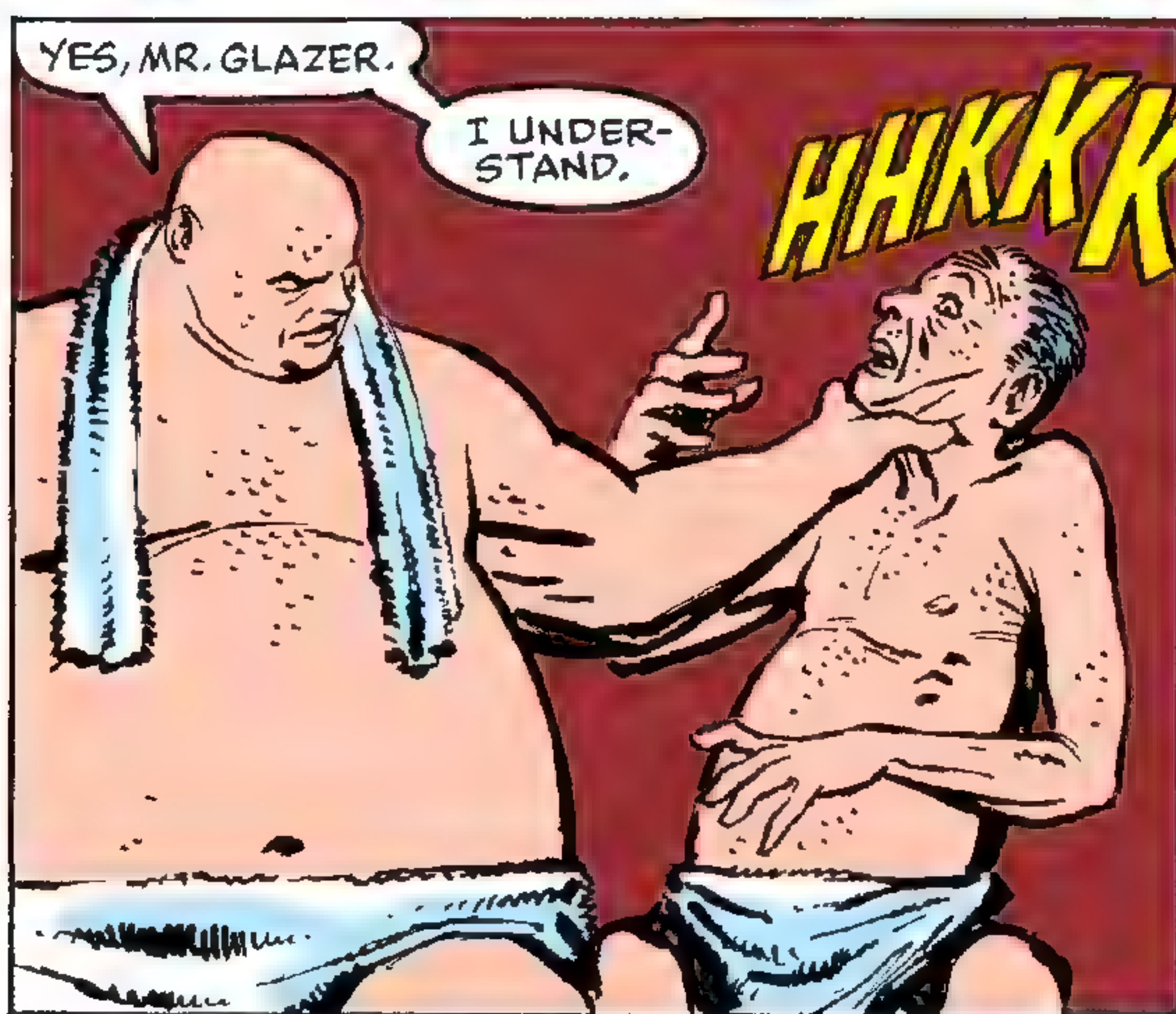
PLEASE, MR. GLAZER...

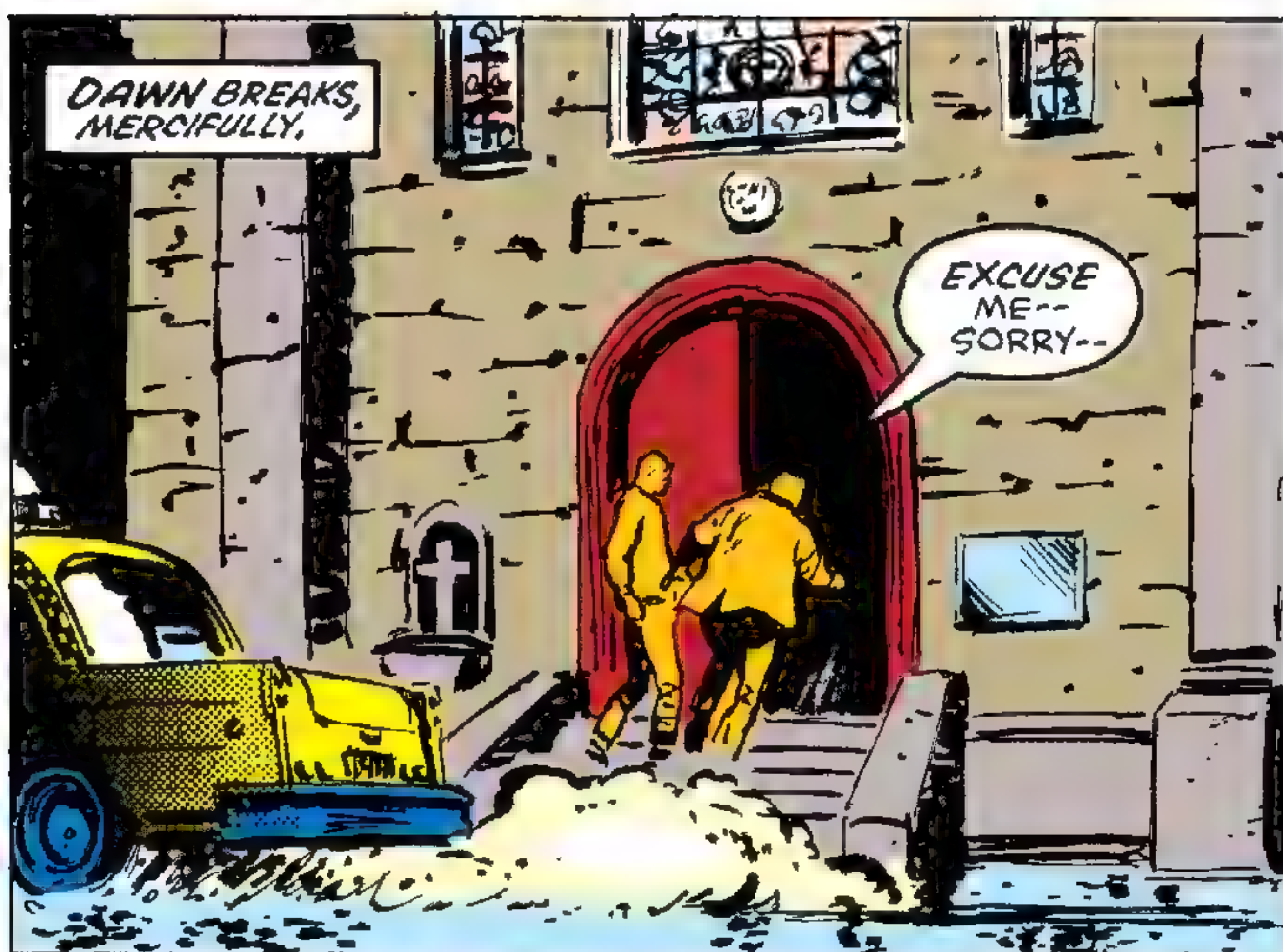


...DO NOT REFER TO OUR ORGANIZATION AS A SYNDICATE. IT DATES YOU.

DATES ME, RIGHT. SURE, IN THE OLD DAYS WE MIGHT GO FOR A FAMILY--BUT WE NEVER FLATTENED AN ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD.

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT YOUR VENDETTA HAS COST US TONIGHT IN LOST DRUG TRADE?





DAWN BREAKS, MERCIFULLY.

EXCUSE ME-- SORRY--

FOGGY. HE WAS MY PARTNER. IN AN- OTHER LIFE.

GOOD THING HE DIDN'T NOTICE ME.



GLORI-- OH, GLORI...



OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN...

CAN'T YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR THIS--

HURTS JUST KEEPS HURTING--

YOU'RE FROM IRELAND? I HAVEN'T SEEN IT SINCE I WAS A CHILD.

OH, HONEY-- I WAS SO SCARED...

DON'T MOVE ME JUST GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR IT--

I THINK WE ALL SAW IT LAST NIGHT, SISTER. THE BAD PART, ANYWAY.

FOGGY! YOU CAME!



YOU NEED TO SLEEP.

I'M ALL RIGHT, MAGGIE. REALLY I AM.

OF COURSE I CAME, GLORI. I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE OKAY... YOU ARE OKAY?...

BULLET PASSED RIGHT THROUGH, FOGGY. THOUGH IT DID TAKE A CHUNK OF ME WITH IT.



I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS HAPPENED. FIRST THING WE'LL DO IS GET YOU TO A PROPER HOSPITAL.

I CAN'T BE MOVED JUST YET. FOGGY, I'VE... I'VE GOT A FAVOR TO ASK YOU...

GET SOME SLEEP, MATT. SOON AS YOU CAN.

I WILL...

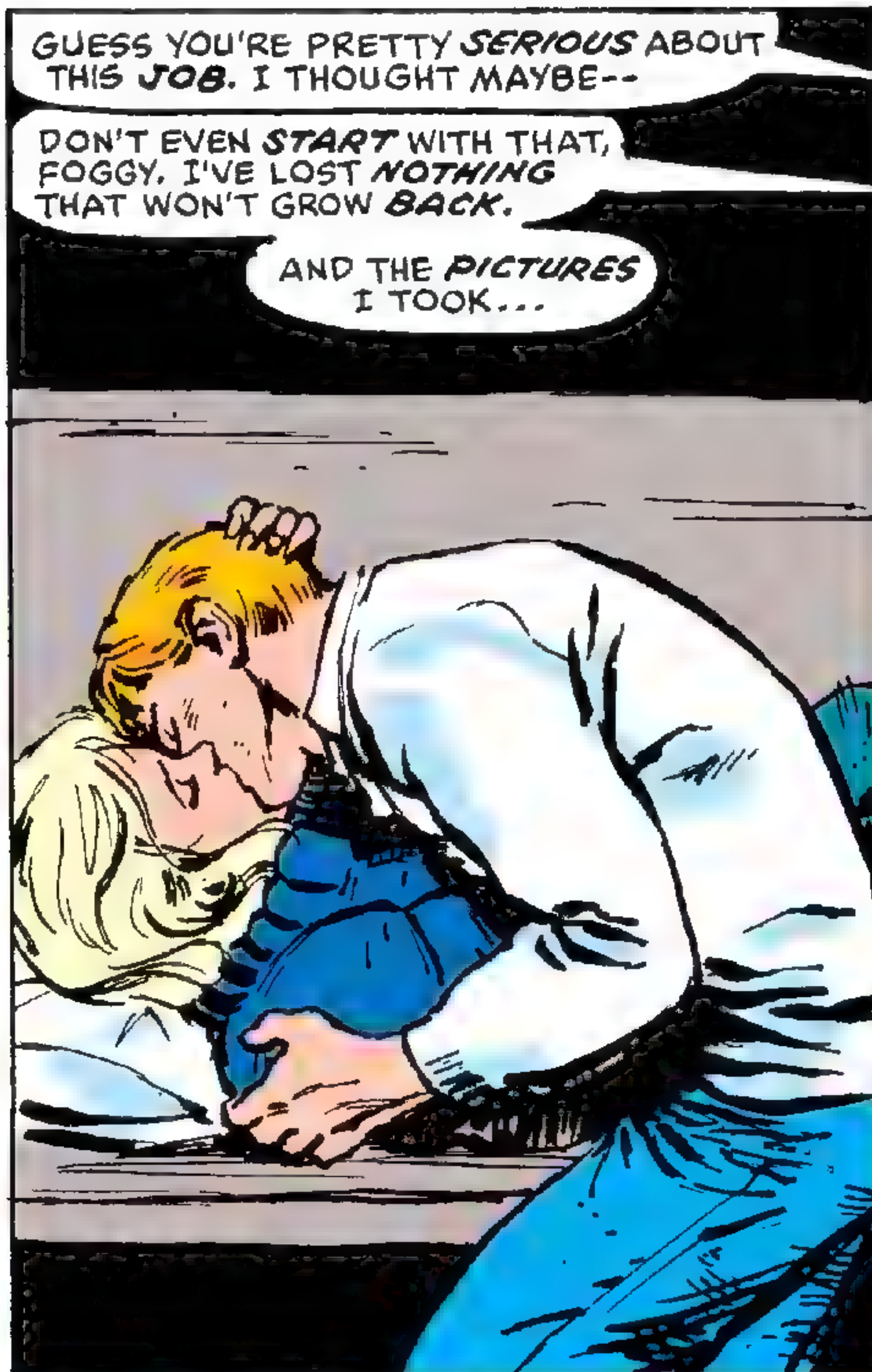


SURE, GLORI,
WHATEVER...

WELL, I HATE TO
ASK, FOGGY-- BUT
COULD YOU TAKE THIS
ROLL OF FILM TO THE
DAILY BUGLE-- TO
BEN URICH?

BY NOW HE'S
CLIMBING THE
WALLS.

THERE
YOU ARE...



GUESS YOU'RE PRETTY *SERIOUS* ABOUT
THIS *JOB*. I THOUGHT MAYBE--

DON'T EVEN *START* WITH THAT,
FOGGY. I'VE LOST *NOTHING*
THAT WON'T GROW *BACK*.

AND THE *PICTURES*
I TOOK...

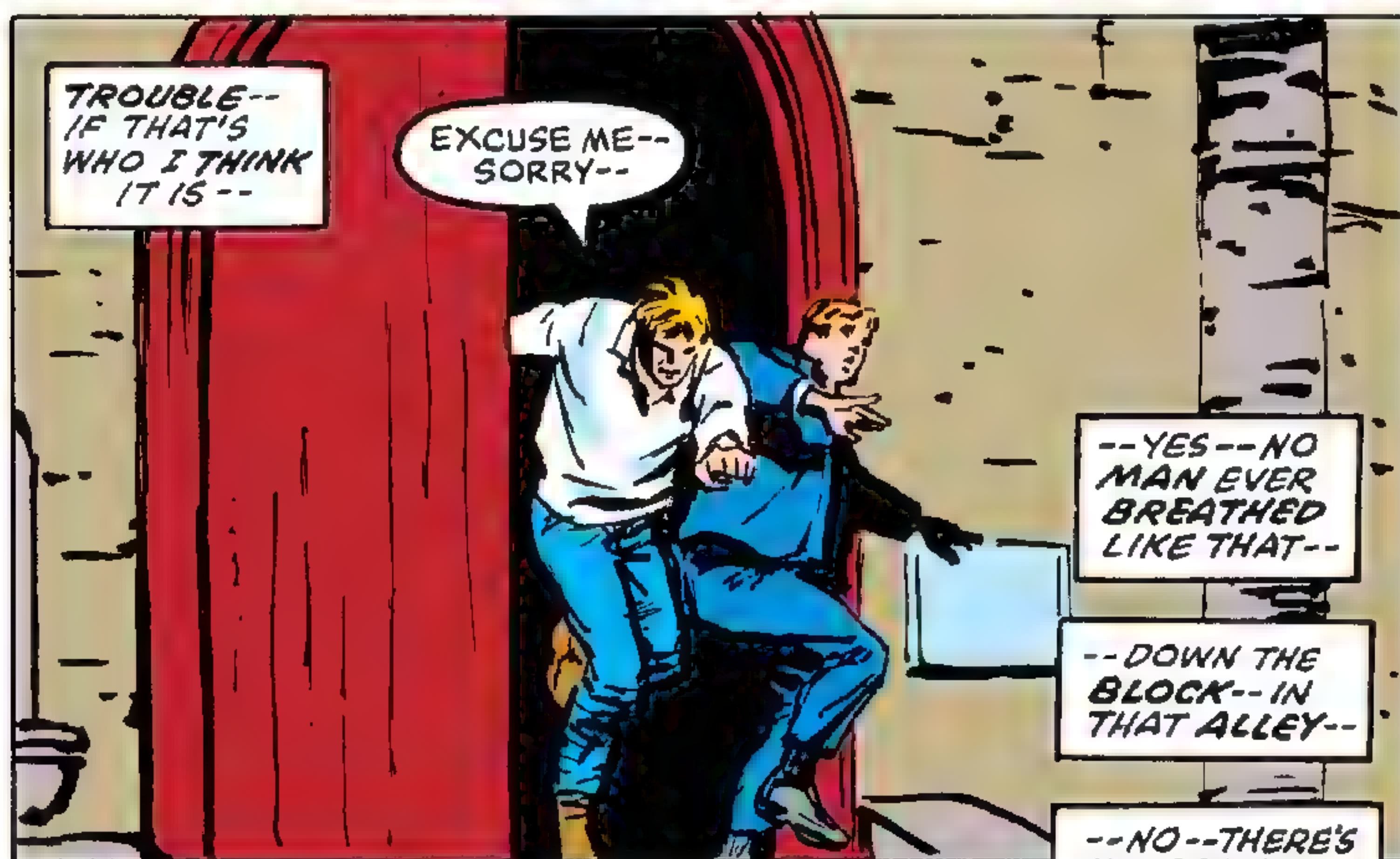


YEAH. WELL... I'LL BE
SEEING YOU, SWEETIE...

SURE, FOGGY.
I'LL *CALL* YOU...

WHAT
IS IT,
MATT?

I'M IN *TROUBLE*,
KAREN. I HAVE
TO GO.



TROUBLE--
IF THAT'S
WHO I THINK
IT IS--

EXCUSE ME--
SORRY--

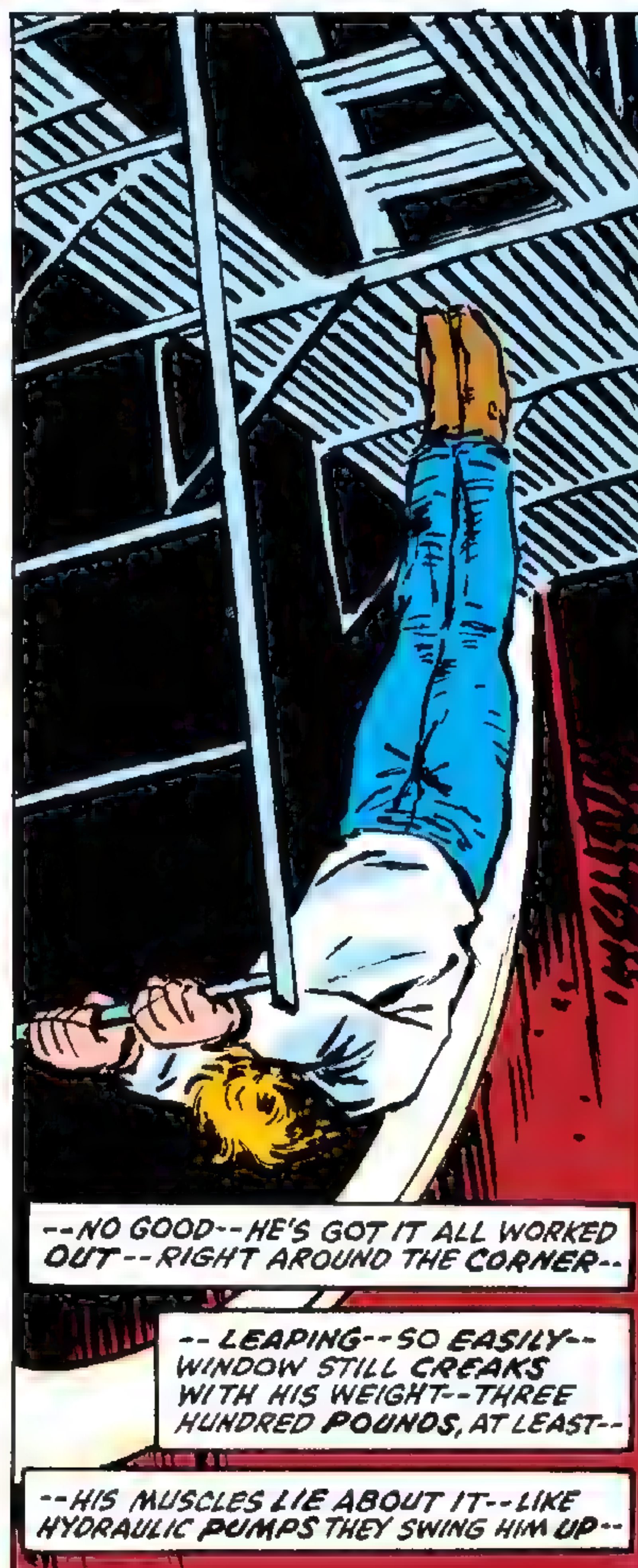
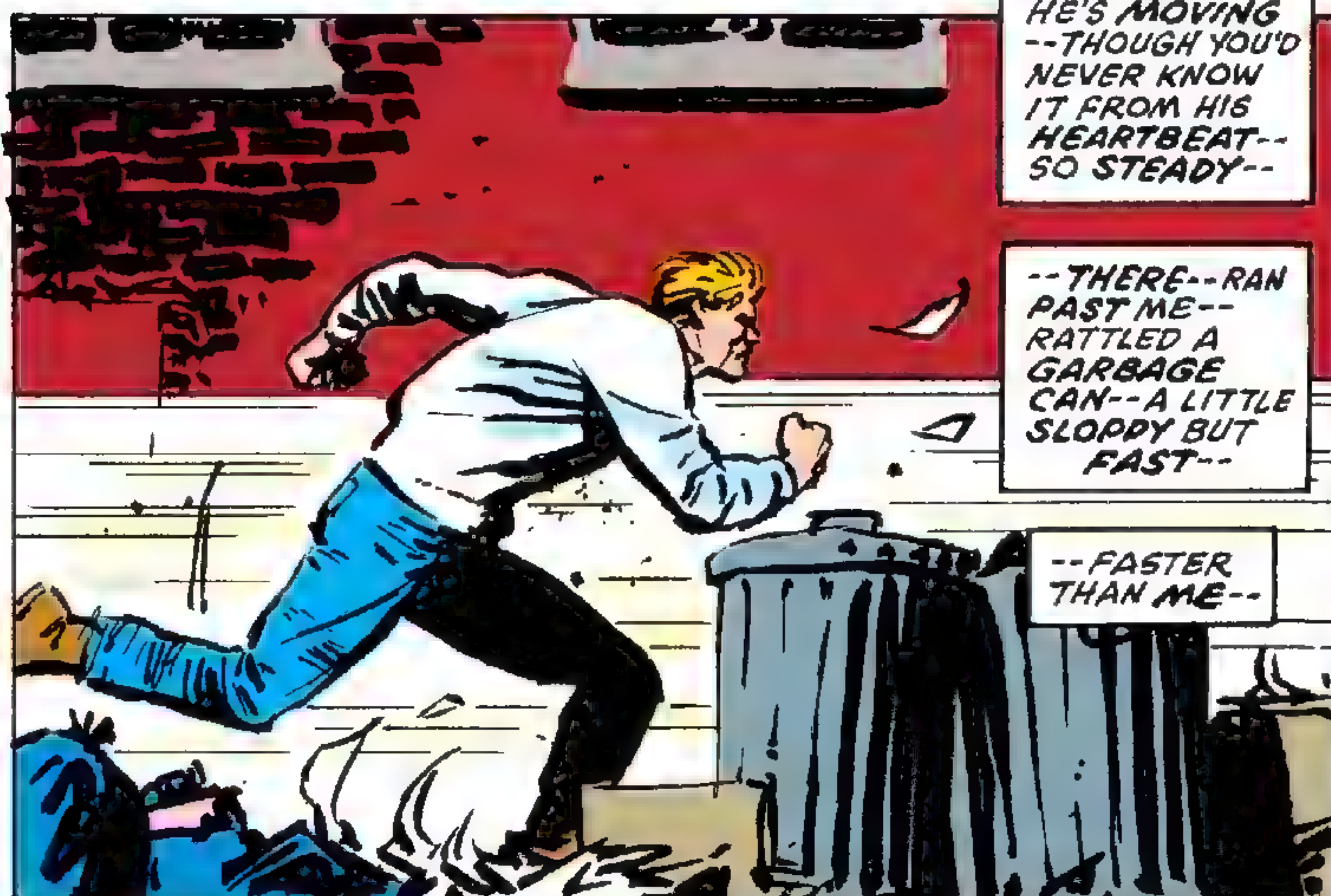
--YES-- NO
MAN EVER
BREATHED
LIKE THAT--

--DOWN THE
BLOCK-- IN
THAT ALLEY--

--NO-- THERE'S
HIS SCENT--
HE'S MOVING
--THOUGH YOU'D
NEVER KNOW
IT FROM HIS
HEARTBEAT--
SO STEADY--

--THERE-- RAN
PAST ME--
RATTLED A
GARBAGE
CAN-- A LITTLE
SLOPPY BUT
FAST--

--FASTER
THAN ME--



--NO GOOD-- HE'S GOT IT ALL WORKED
OUT-- RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER--

--LEAPING-- SO EASILY--
WINDOW STILL CREAKS
WITH HIS WEIGHT-- THREE
HUNDRED POUNDS, AT LEAST--

--HIS MUSCLES LIE ABOUT IT-- LIKE
HYDRAULIC PUMPS THEY SWING HIM UP--



-- ALL WORKED OUT--
HE TRACKED ME--
SINCE LAST NIGHT--

DAREDEVIL--
I MEAN YOU
NO HARM.

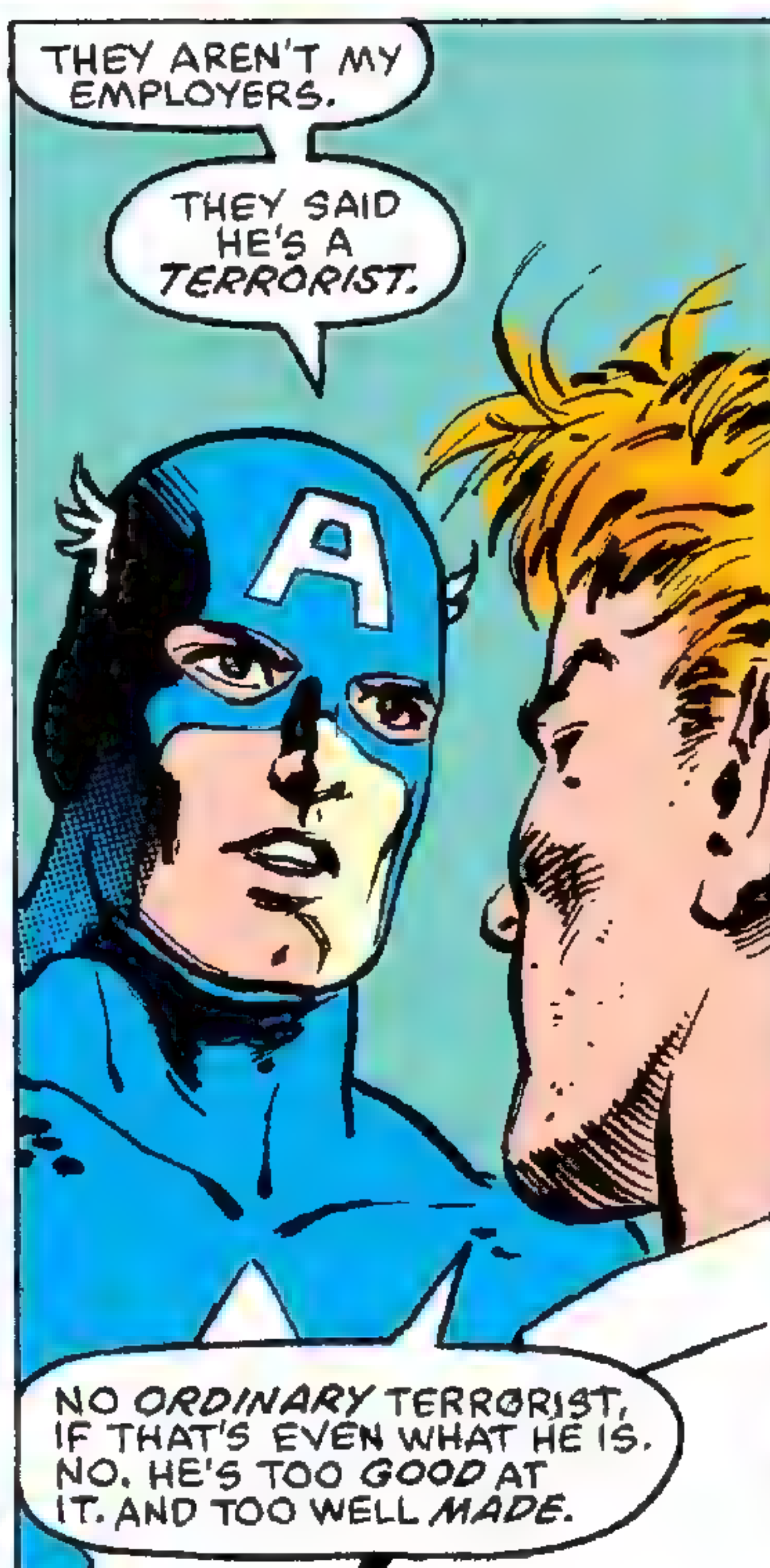
WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?



THAT MAN--
LAST NIGHT--
WHO IS HE?

YOU DIDN'T
ASK?

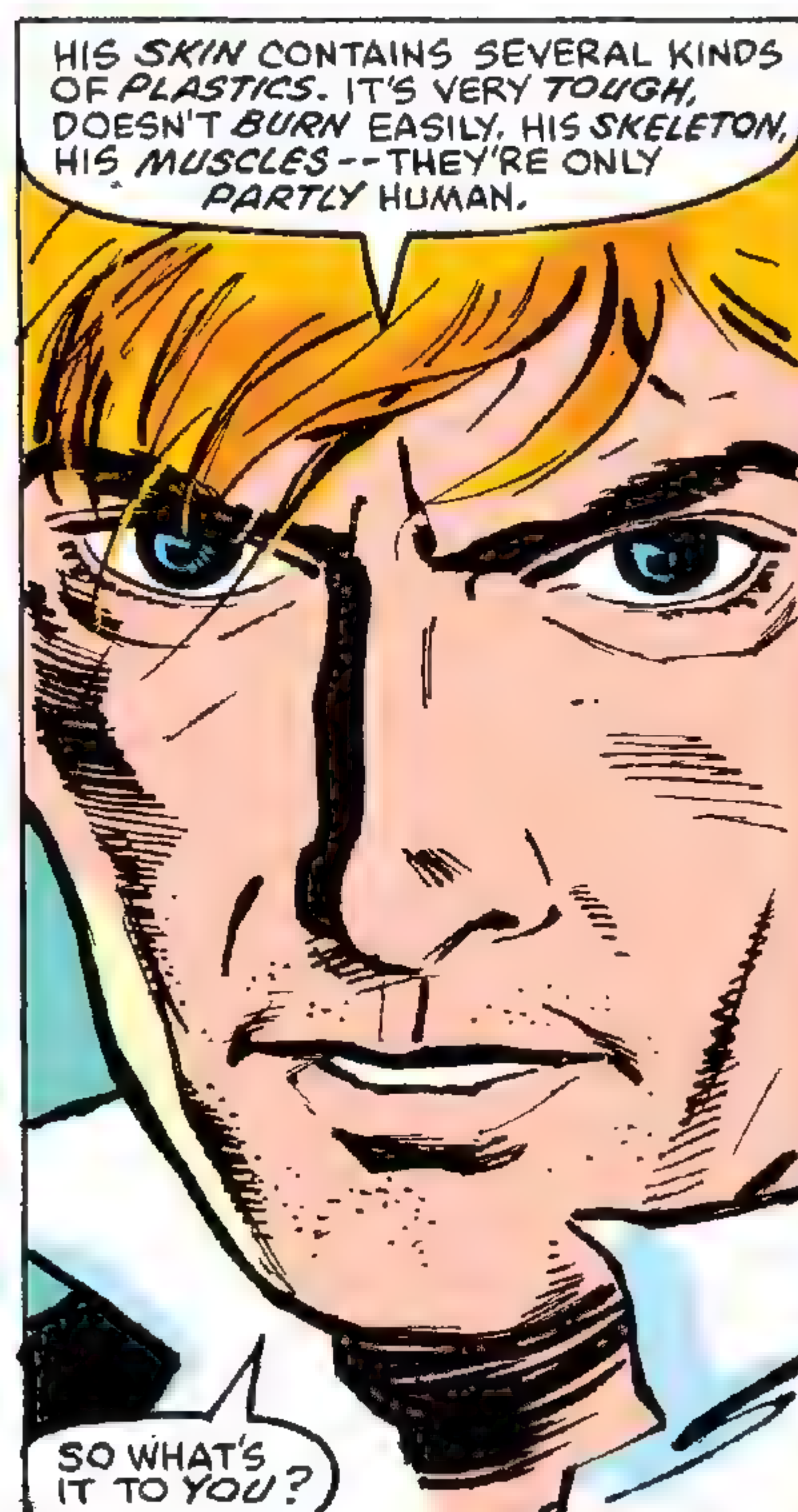
YOUR
EMPLOYERS,
I MEAN.



THEY AREN'T MY
EMPLOYERS.

THEY SAID
HE'S A
TERRORIST.

NO ORDINARY TERRORIST,
IF THAT'S EVEN WHAT HE IS.
NO. HE'S TOO GOOD AT
IT. AND TOO WELL MADE.



HIS SKIN CONTAINS SEVERAL KINDS
OF PLASTICS. IT'S VERY TOUGH,
DOESN'T BURN EASILY. HIS SKELETON,
HIS MUSCLES--THEY'RE ONLY
PARTLY HUMAN.

SO WHAT'S
IT TO YOU?

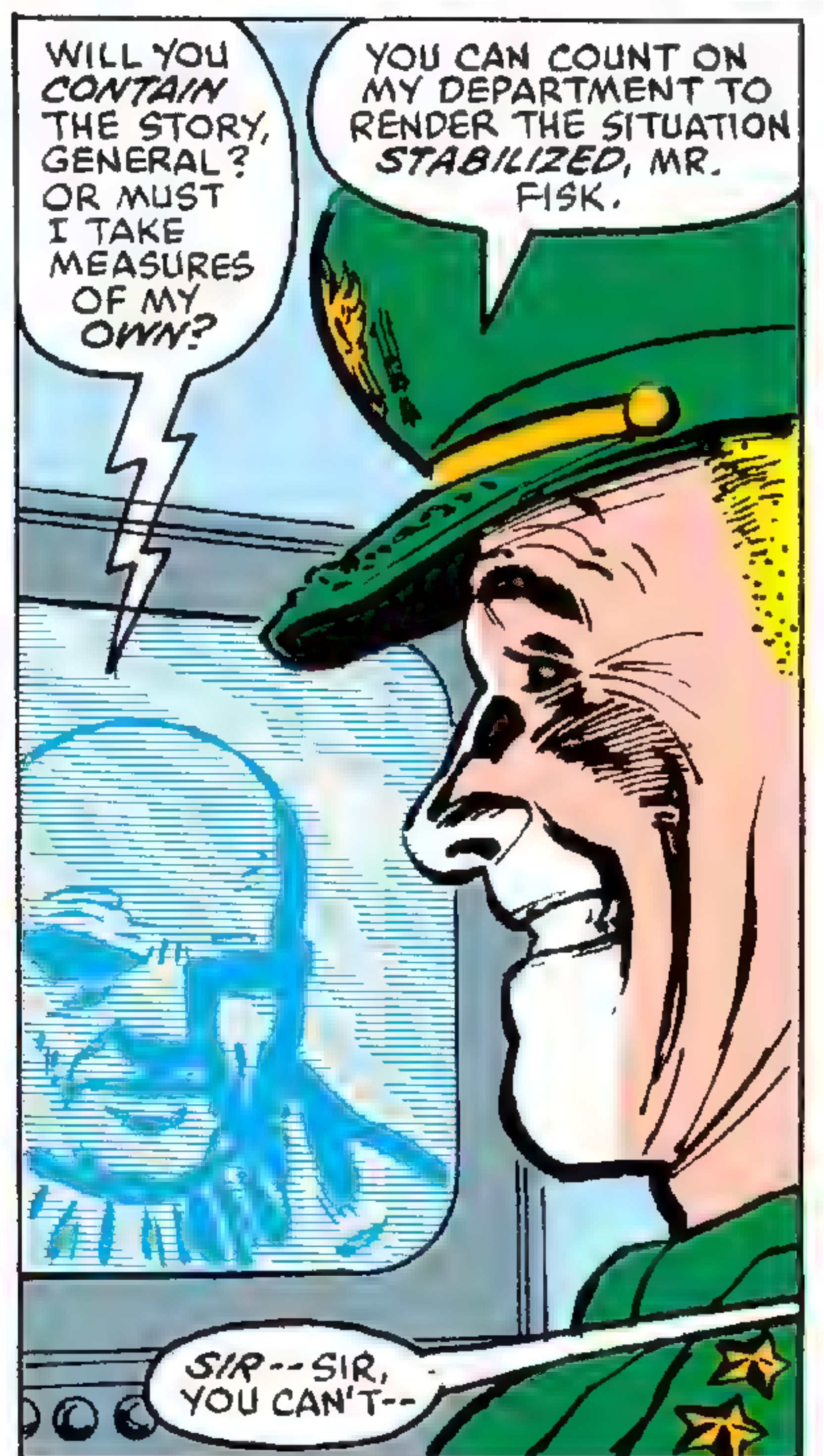
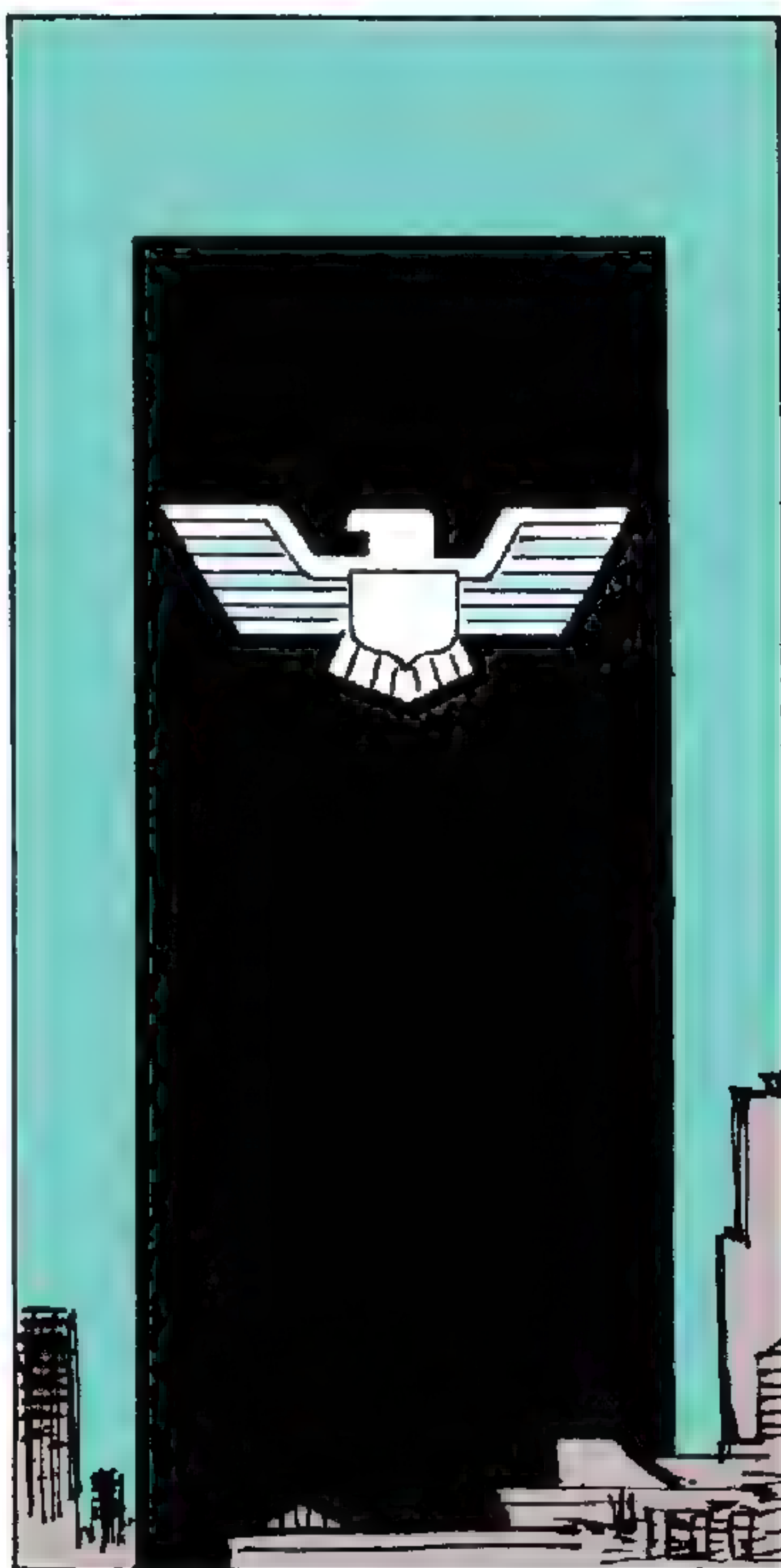


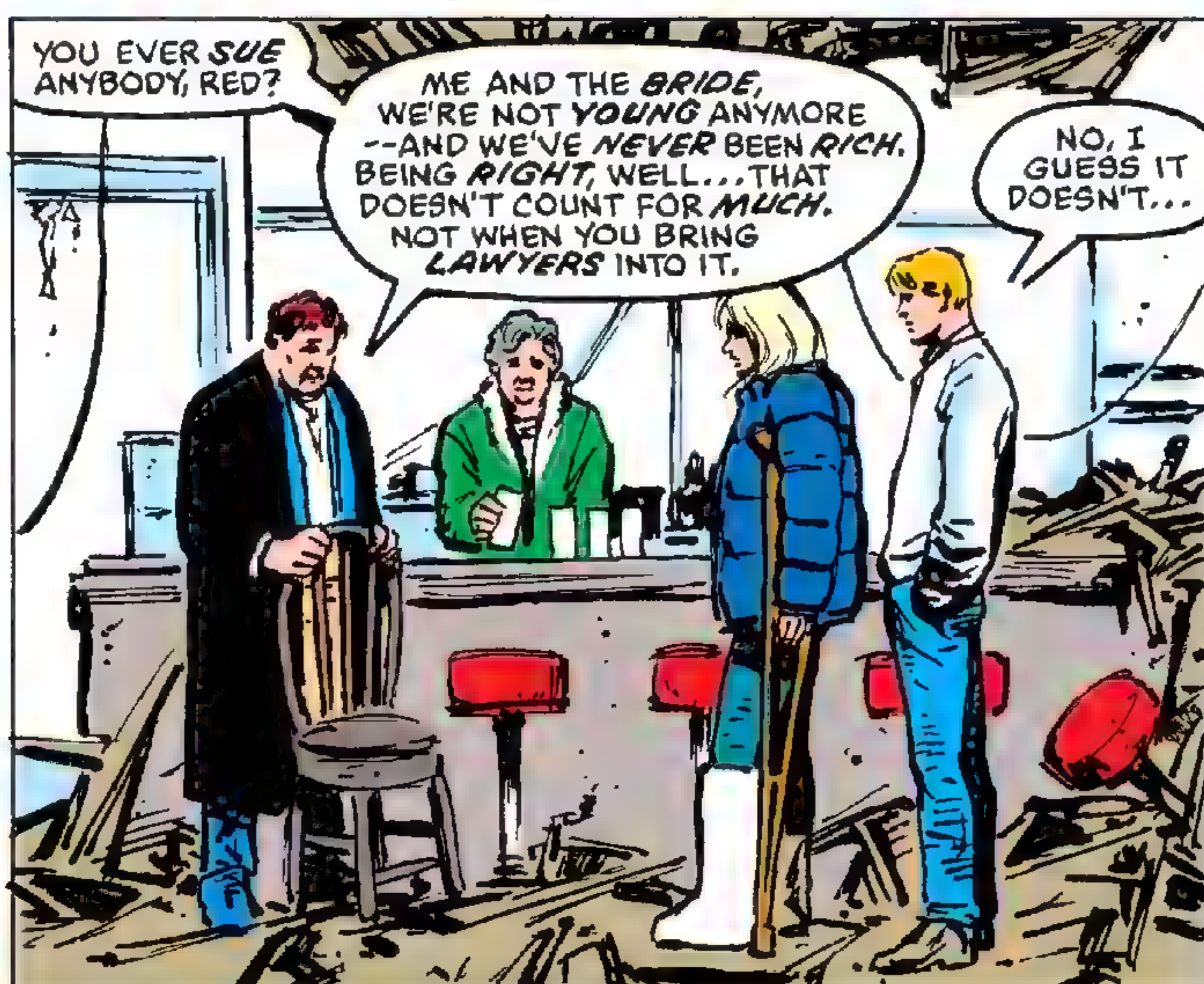
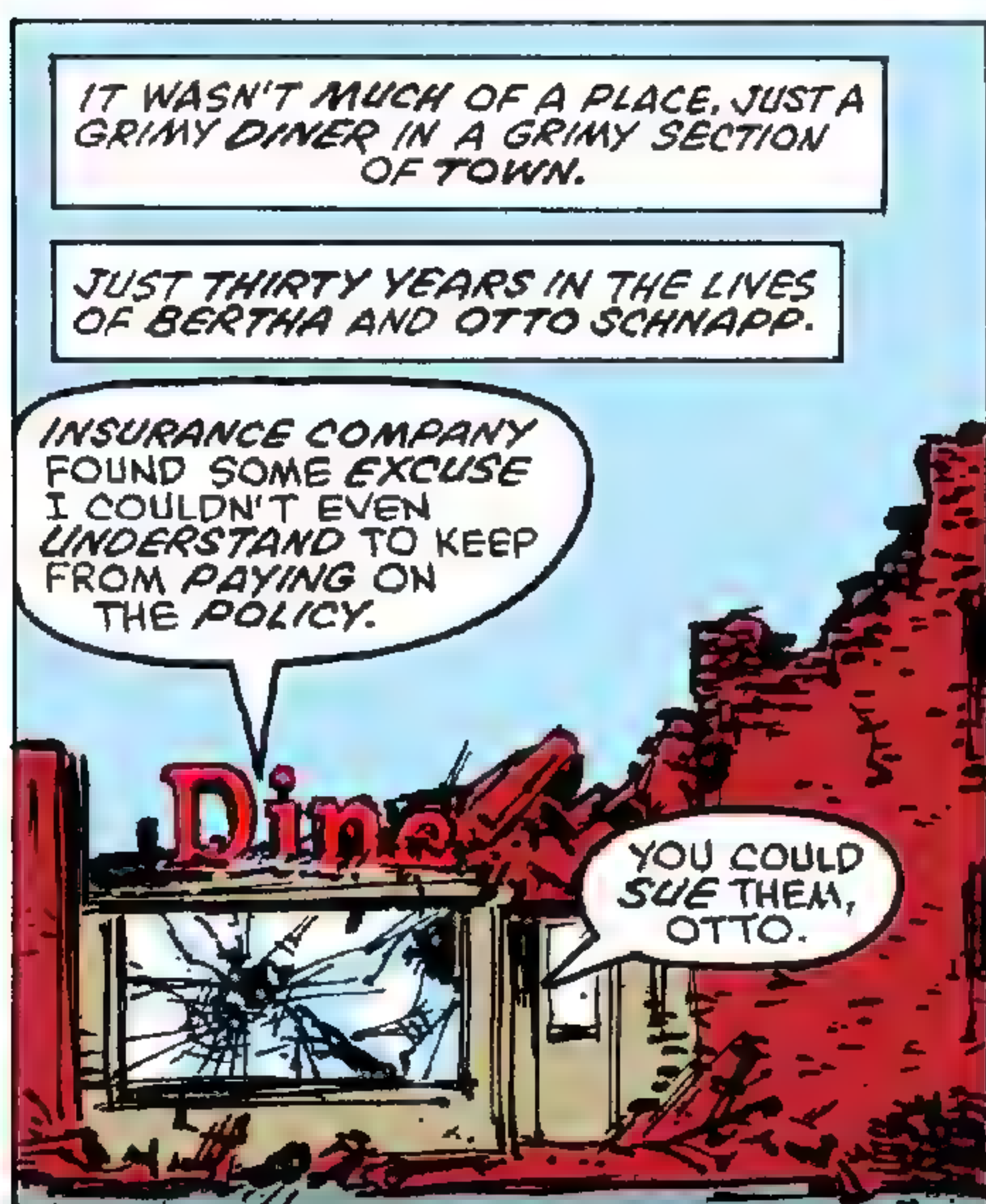
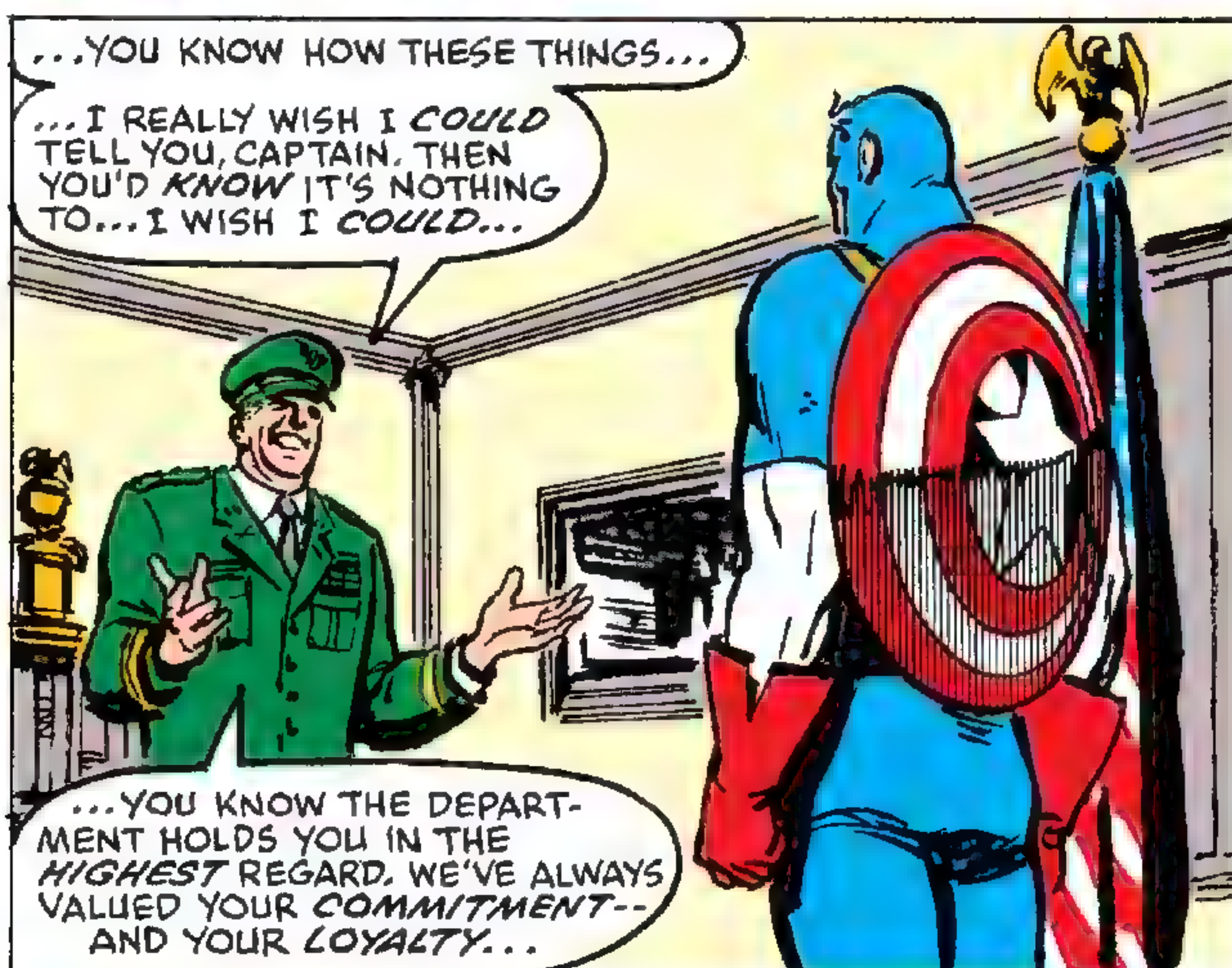
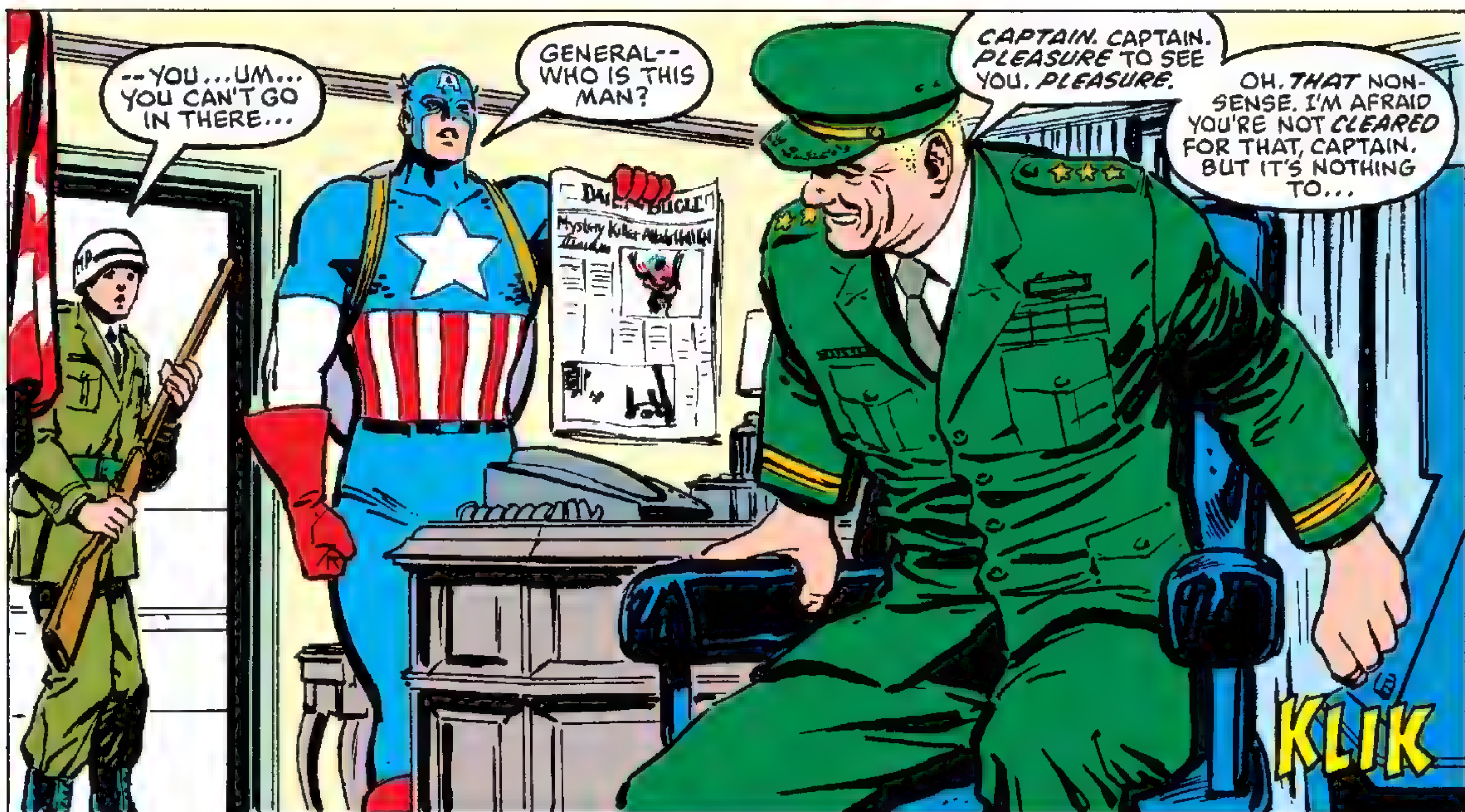
Glori's PICTURES make it just under DEADLINE.

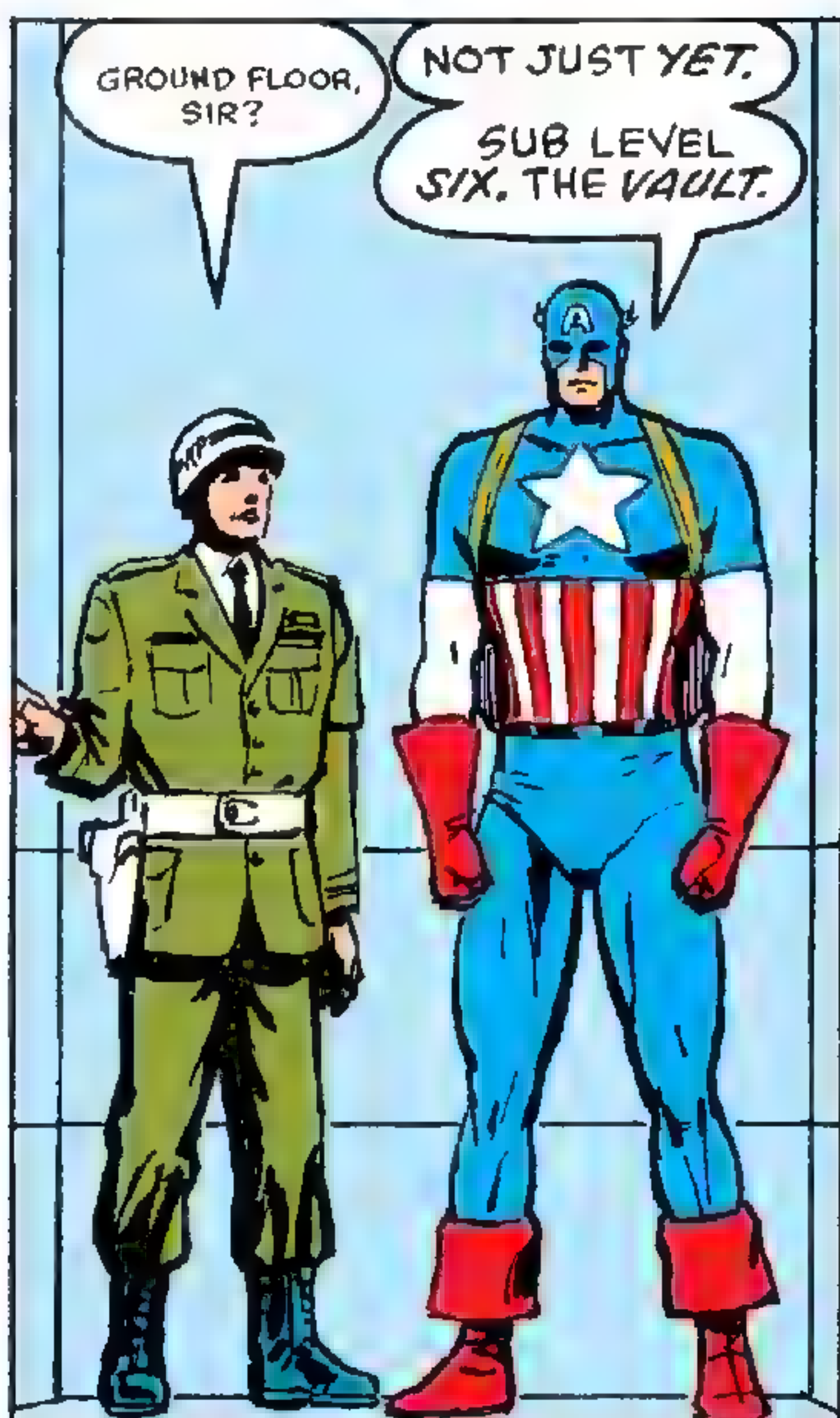
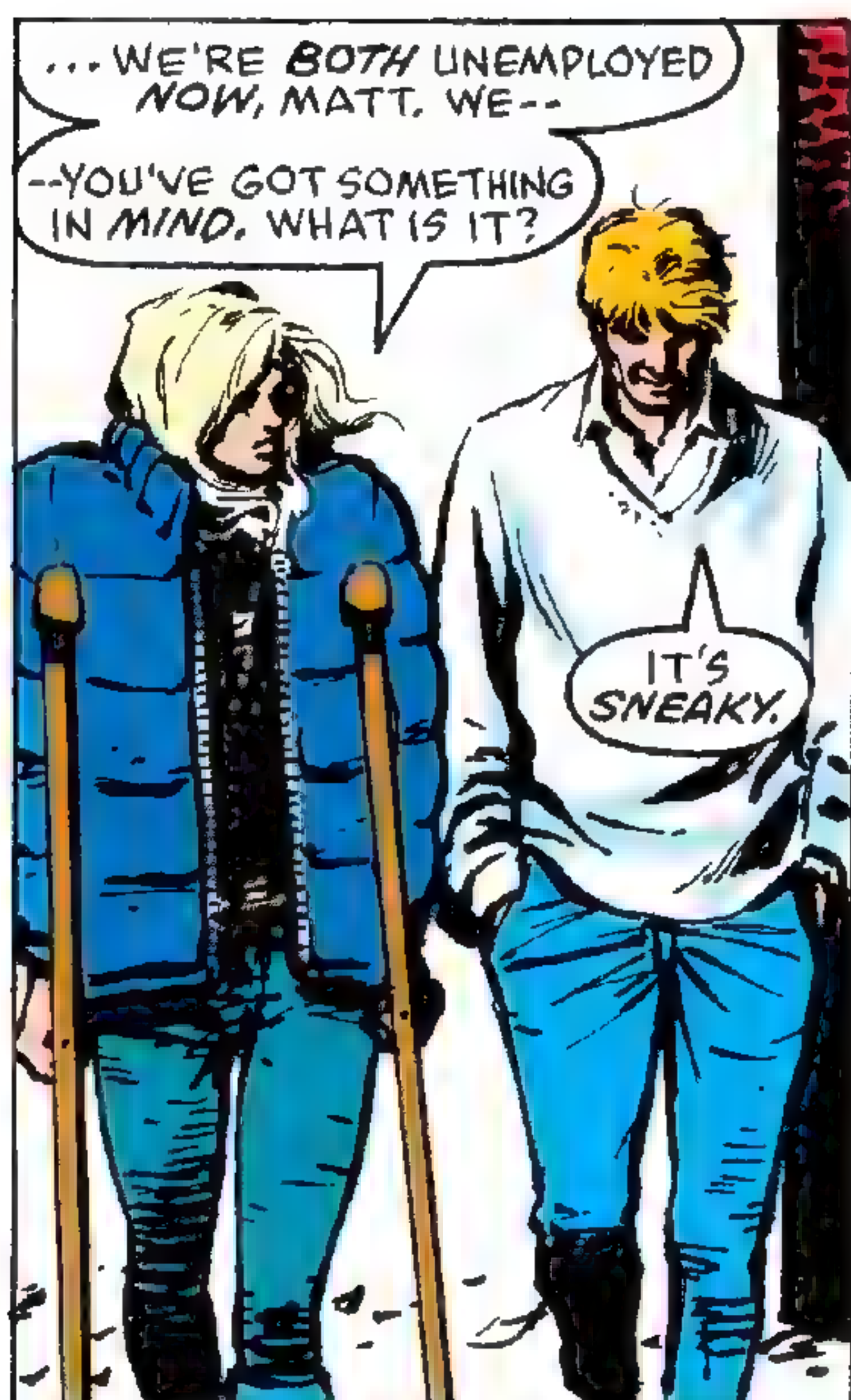
Mystery Killer Attacks Hell's Kitchen Dozens Dead



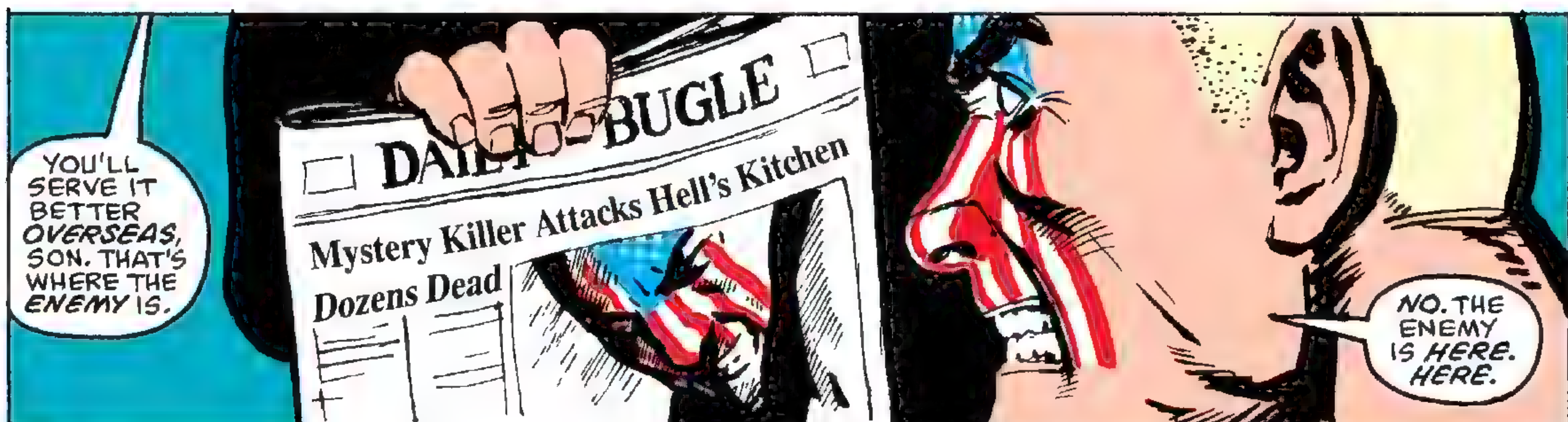
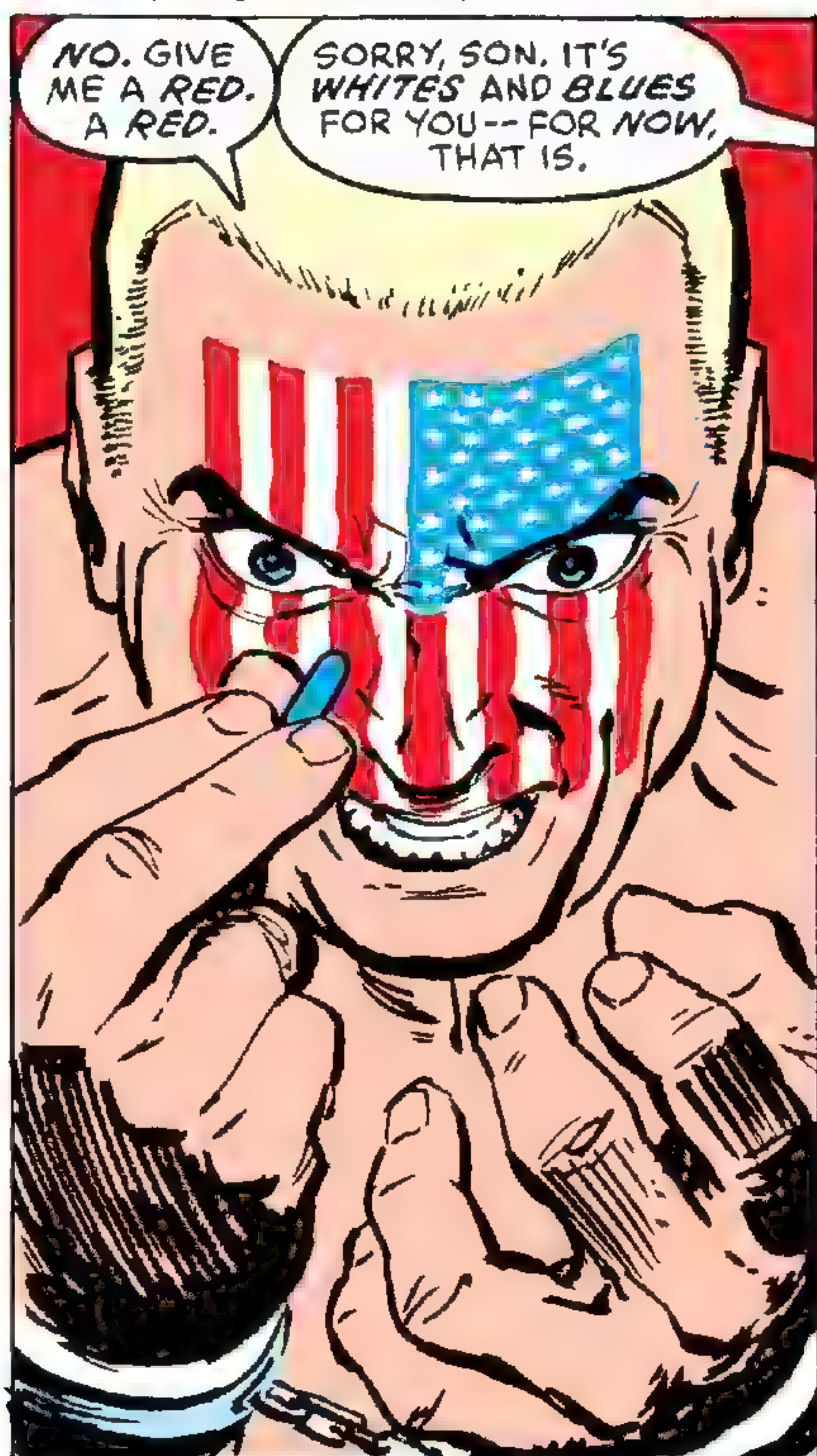
JAMESON is so happy he springs for two COLORS.







MANY FLOORS ABOVE...



THE SOLDIER TRIES NOT TO REMEMBER HOW IT USED TO BE-- WHEN BREAKING INTO TOP SECRET RECORDS OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE-- AN ACT OF TREASON-- WAS UNTHINKABLE.

UNTHINKABLE -- BECAUSE IT WAS UNNECESSARY.

HE TRIES NOT TO RESENT THE COMPUTERS. ONLY AN OLD MAN WOULD.

HE PUNCHES THE KEYS AND BREAKS THE RIGHT CODES AND PRAYS THAT HE IS WRONG.

PROJECT RE-BIRTH-- THE WORD FLASHES ON THE SCREEN. THEN A NAME, HIS NAME...

STEVE ROGERS. UNFIT FOR ACTIVE DUTY. SUBJECT OF A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT THAT MADE HIM A SUPERMAN.

STEVE ROGERS-- THE SUPER SOLDIER -- PROTOTYPE FOR WHAT WAS TO BE AN AMERICAN FIGHTING ELITE.

IF ONLY IT HAD GONE DIFFERENTLY, HE THINKS. IF ONLY THE SERUM AND THE MIND THAT HELD IT HAD NOT BEEN DESTROYED...

... WE COULD HAVE WON THE WAR WITH CLEAN HANDS-- NOT WITH MILLIONS OF INNOCENTS MURDERED BY ATOMIC FIRE.

ALL THIS IS OLD NEWS. BEST NOT TO DWELL ON IT.

CODE AFTER CODE HE UNTANGLES, EASILY, IMPATIENTLY, HUNTING FOR ATTEMPTS TO REVIVE PROJECT REBIRTH.

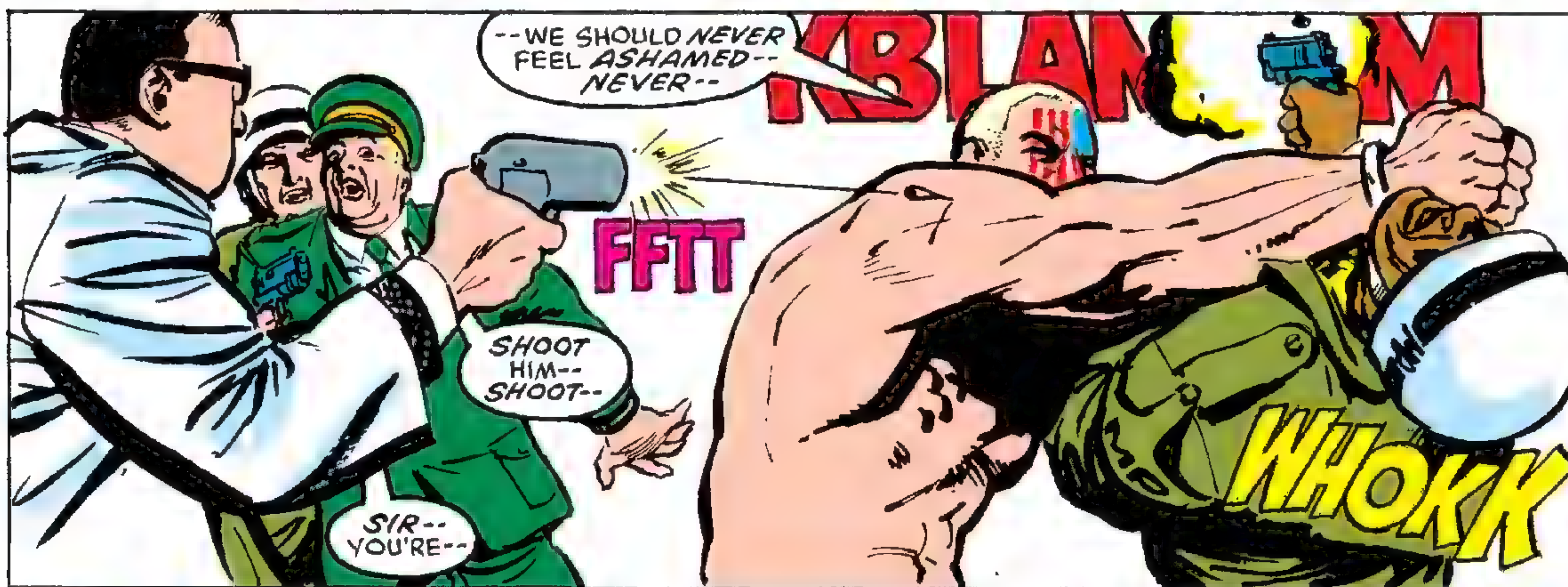
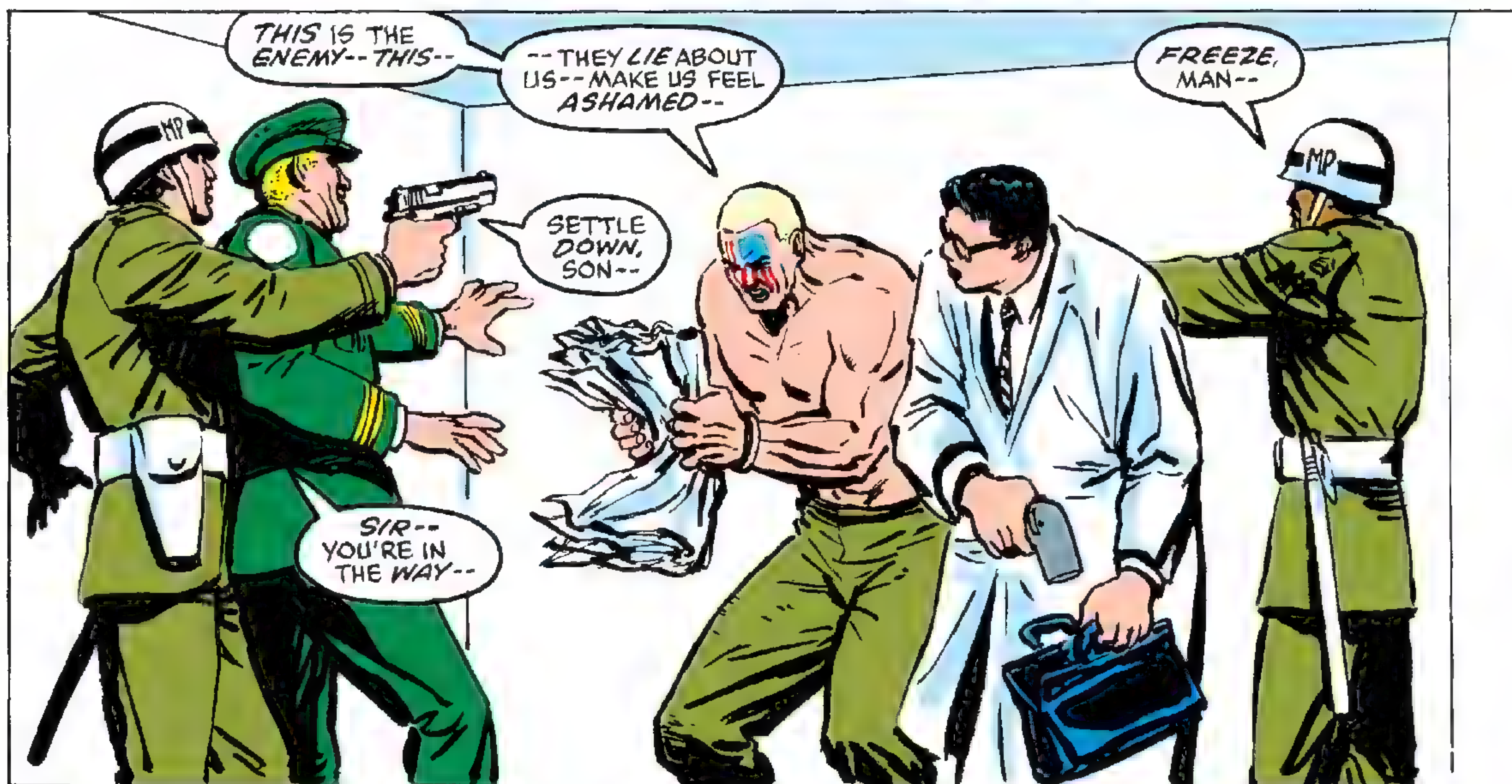
HIS STOMACH LURCHES AS TWENTY NAMES APPEAR.

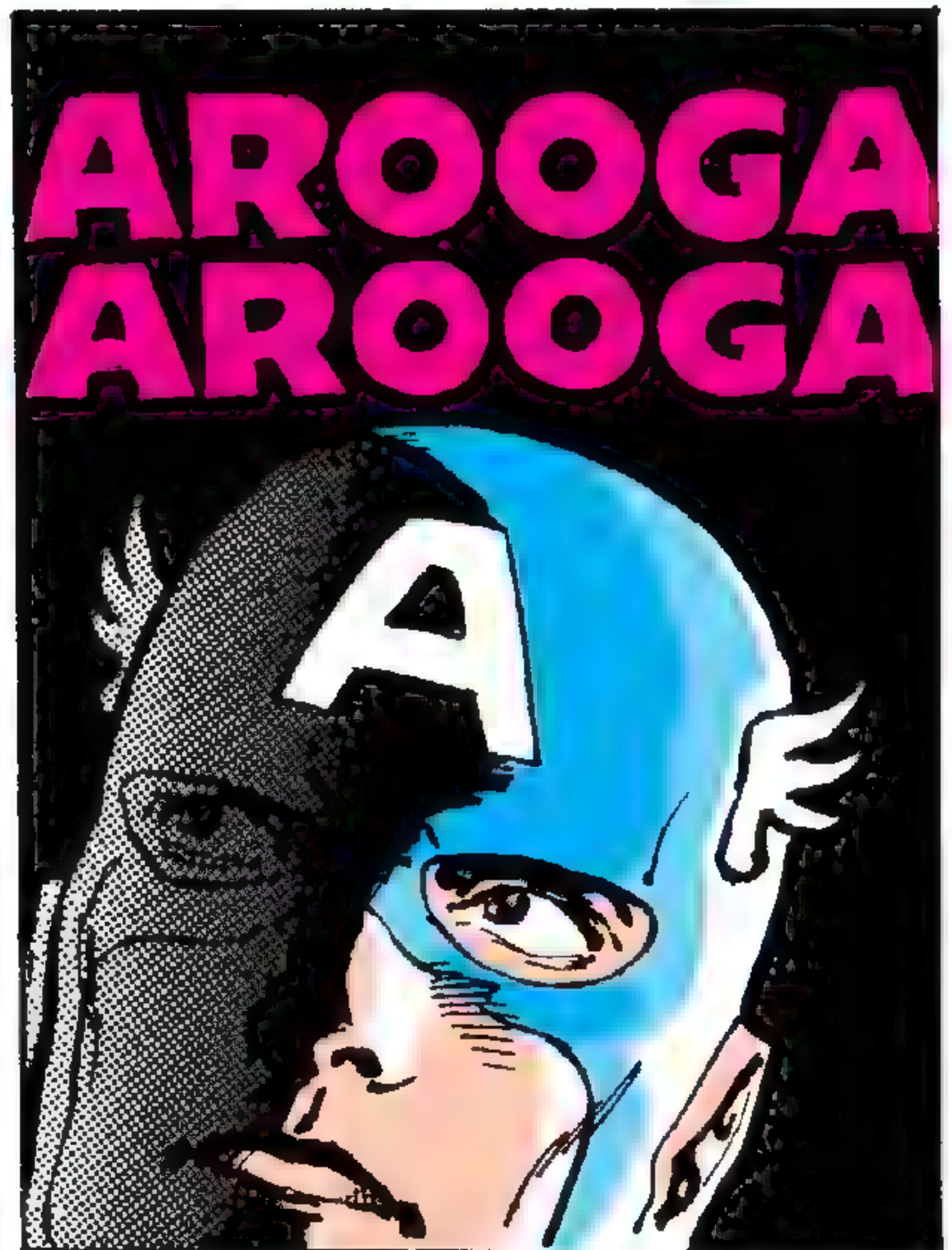
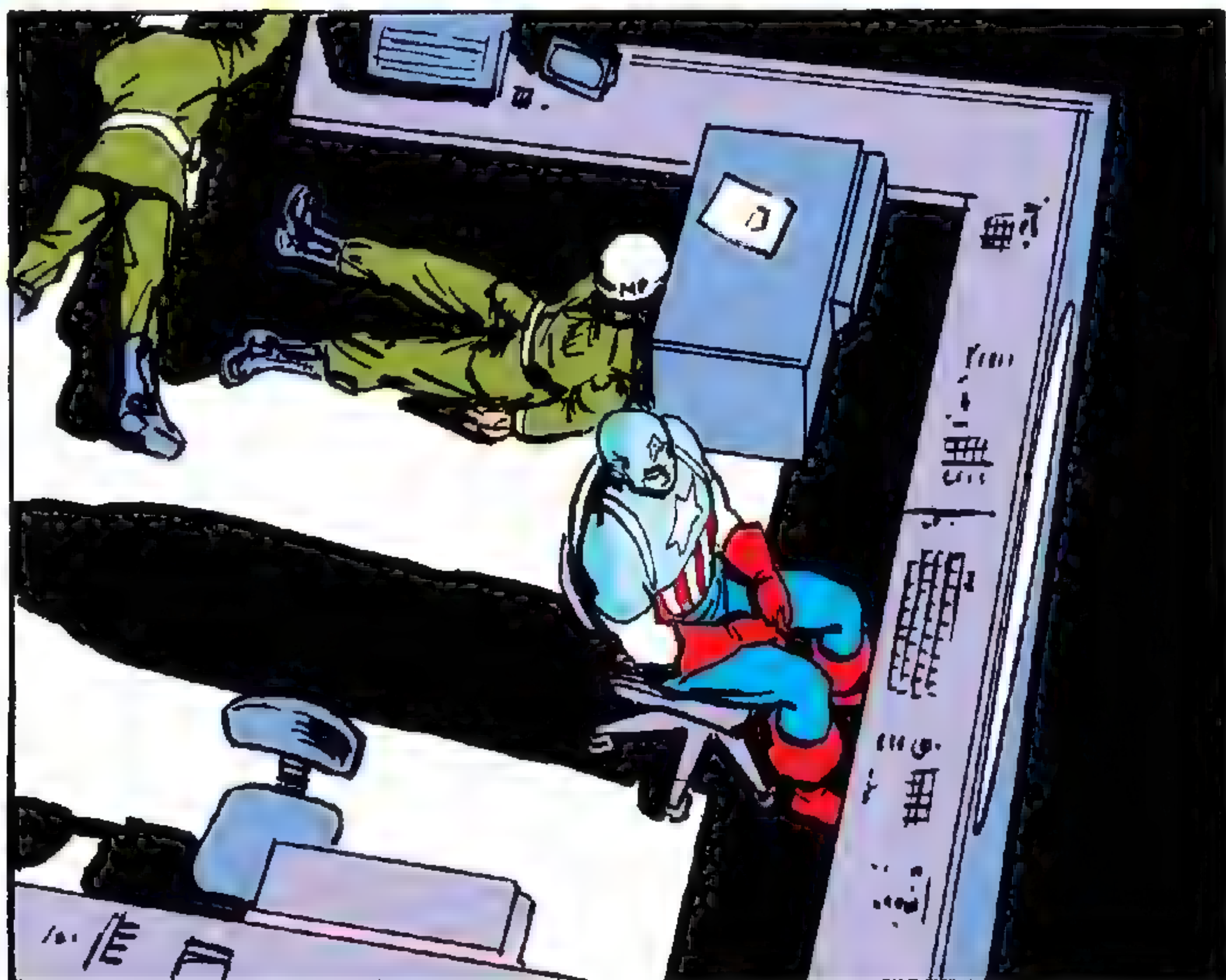
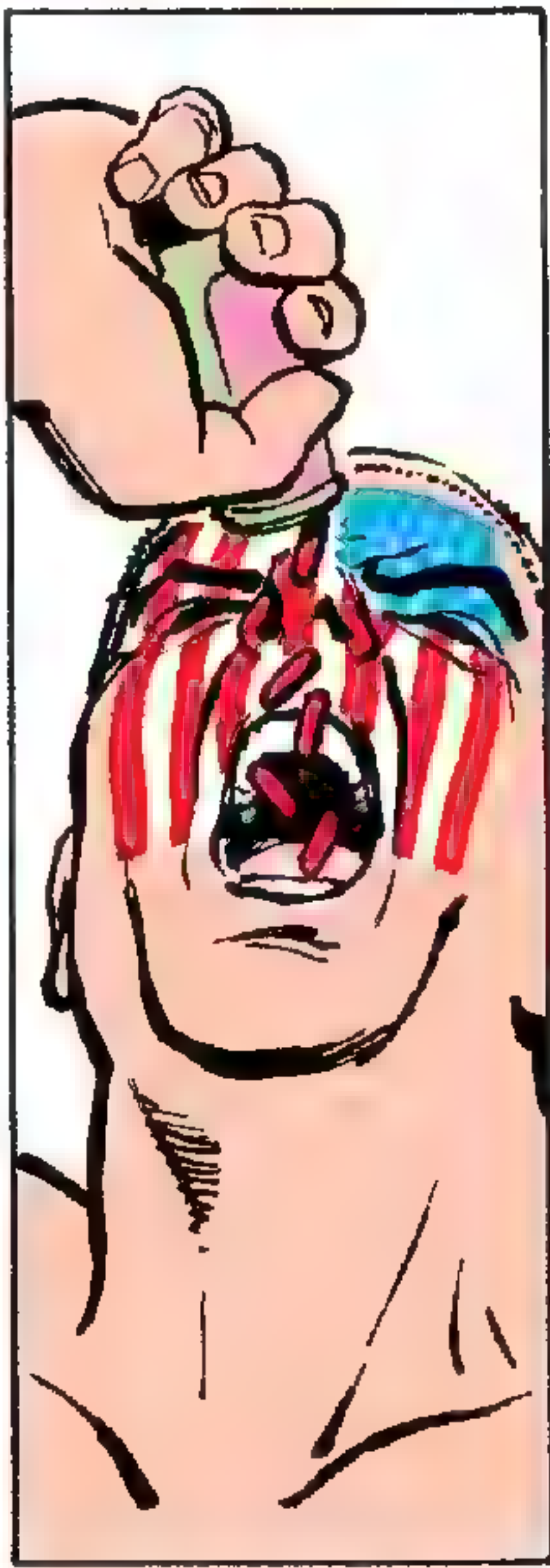
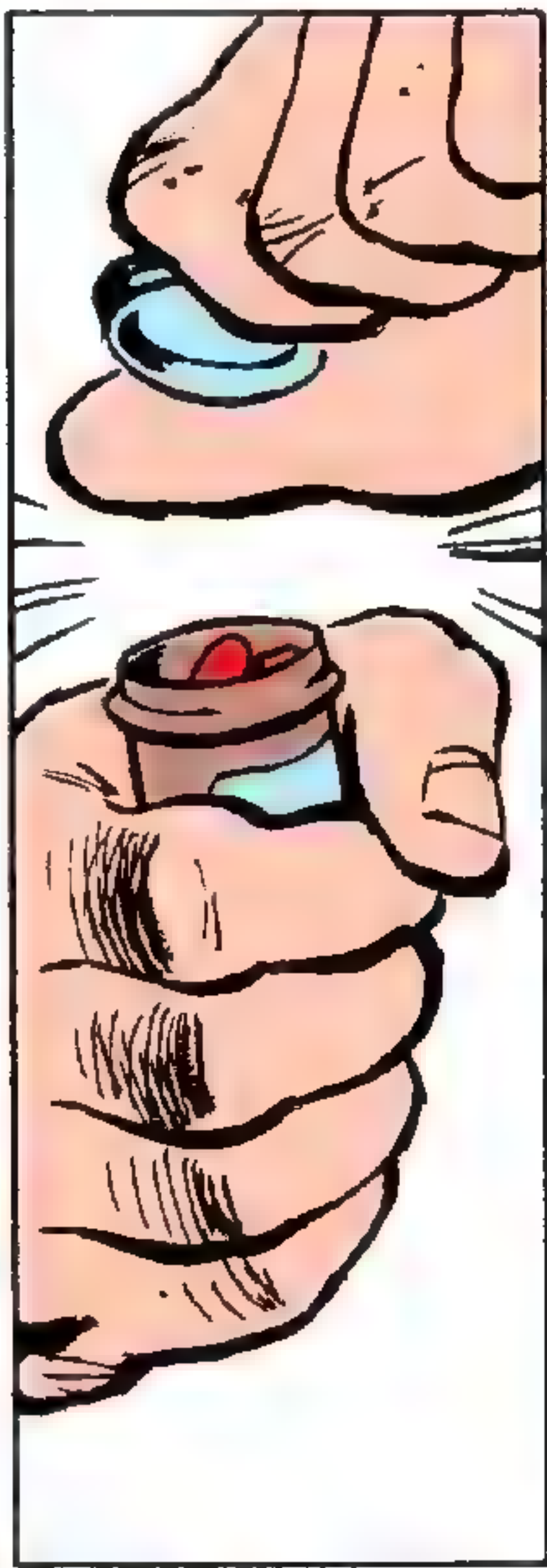
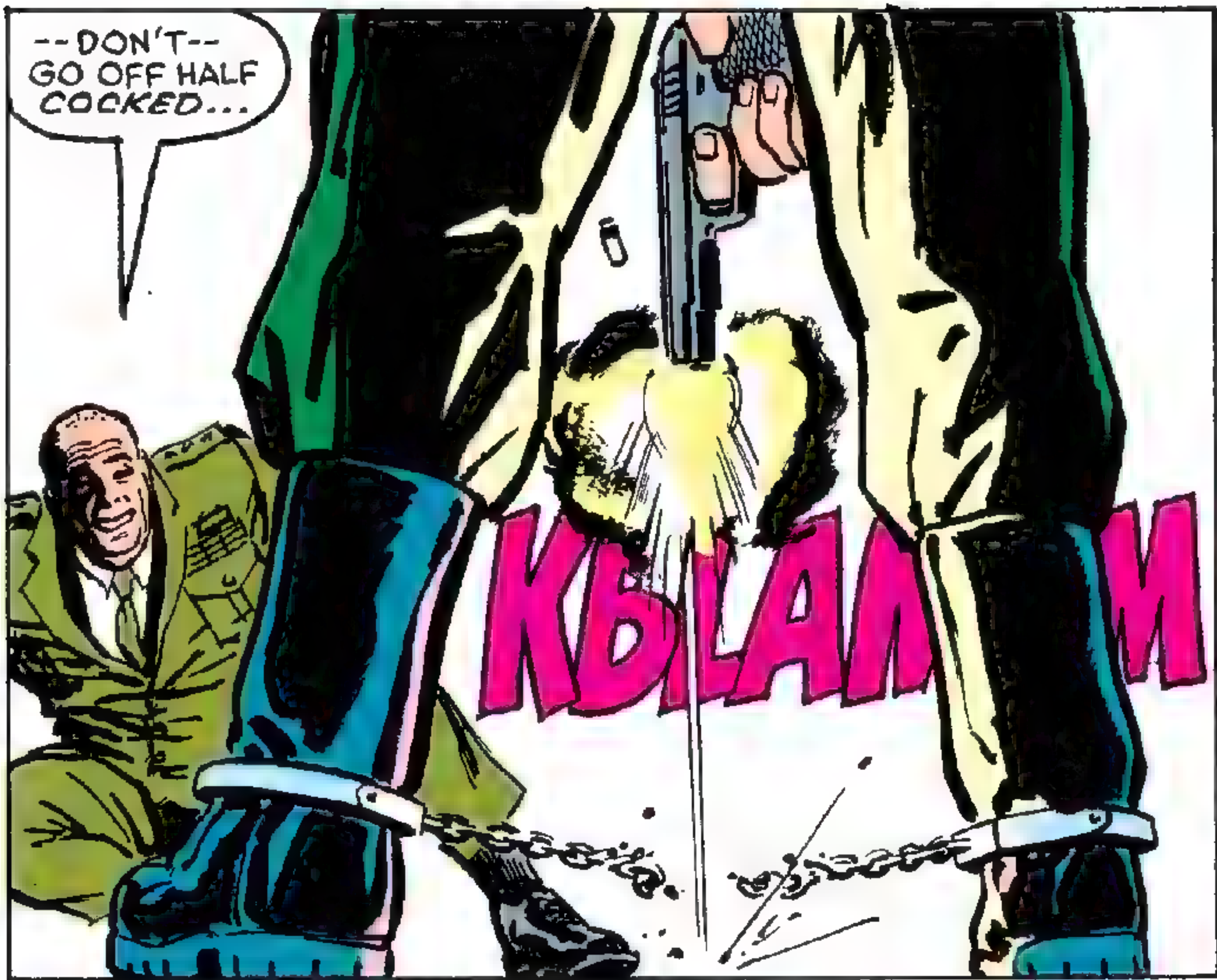
TWENTY.

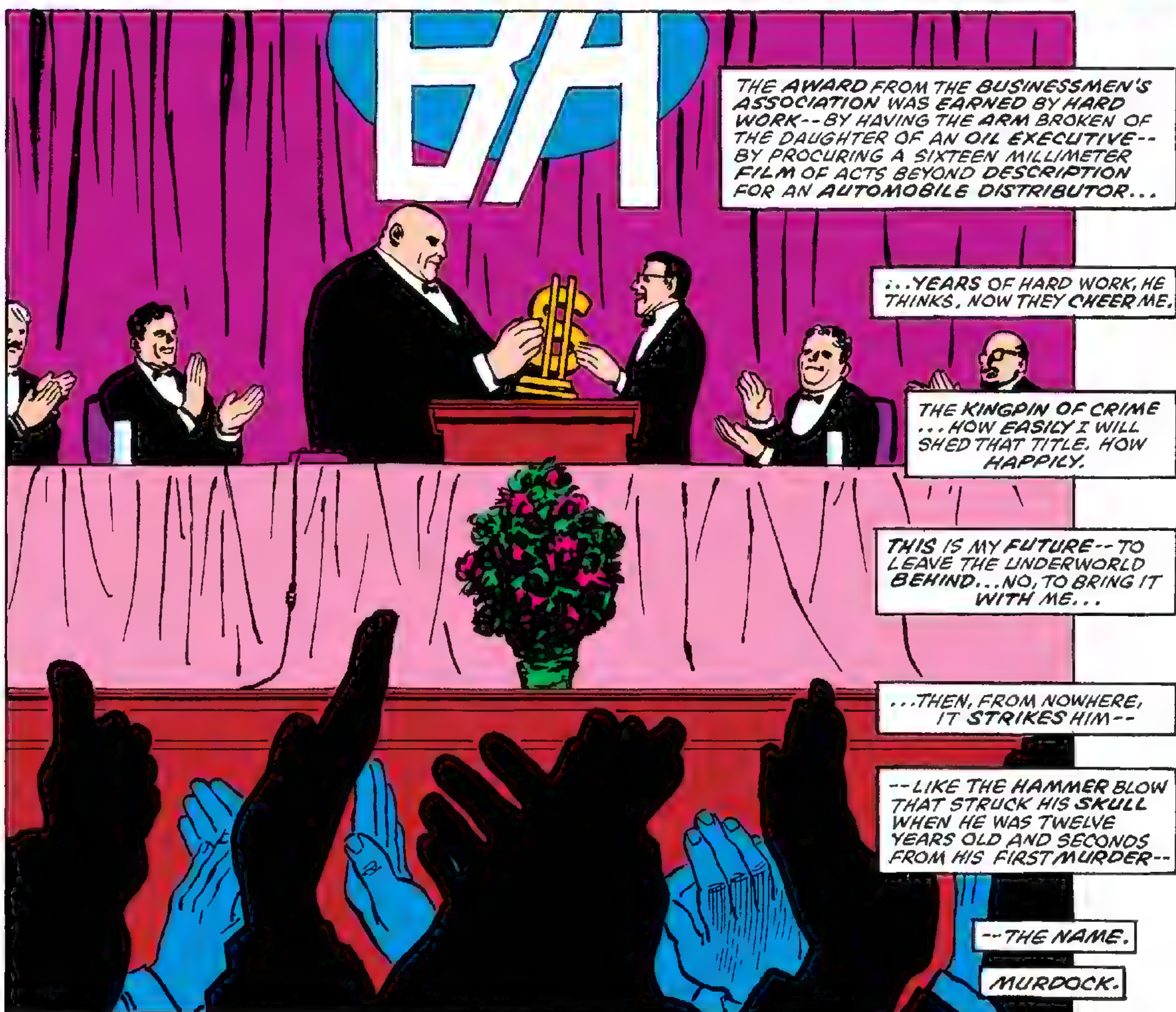
DEAD-- ALL BUT ONE.

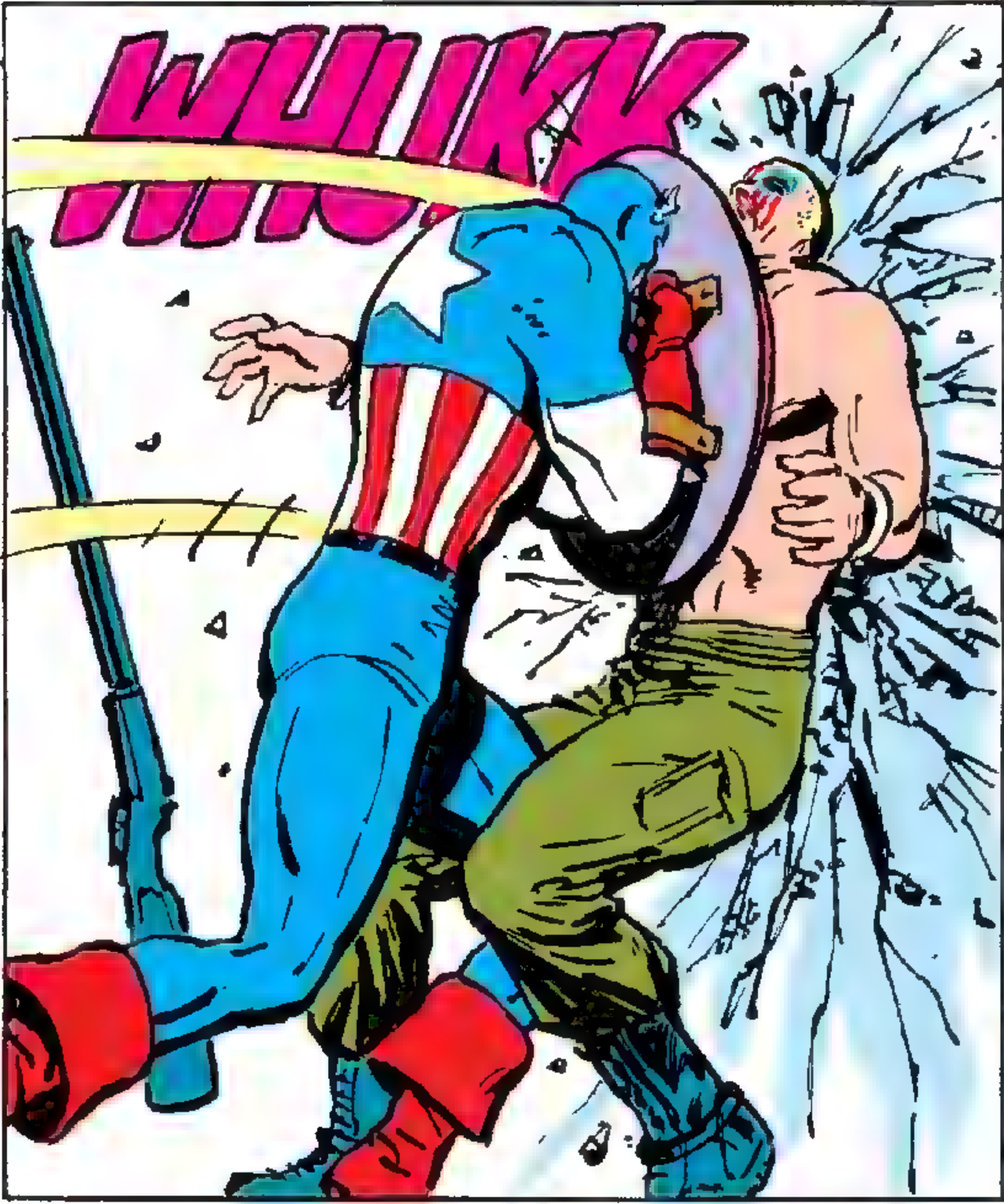
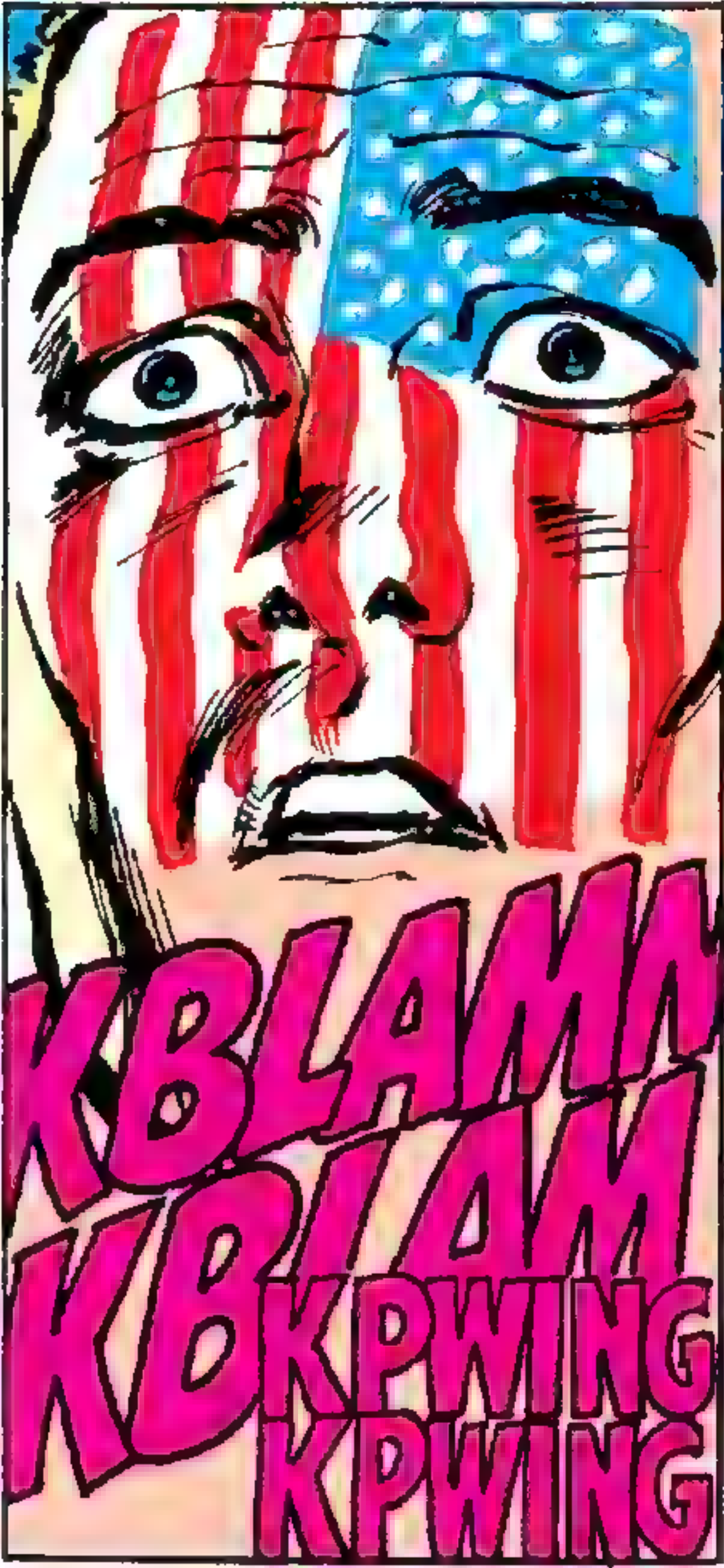
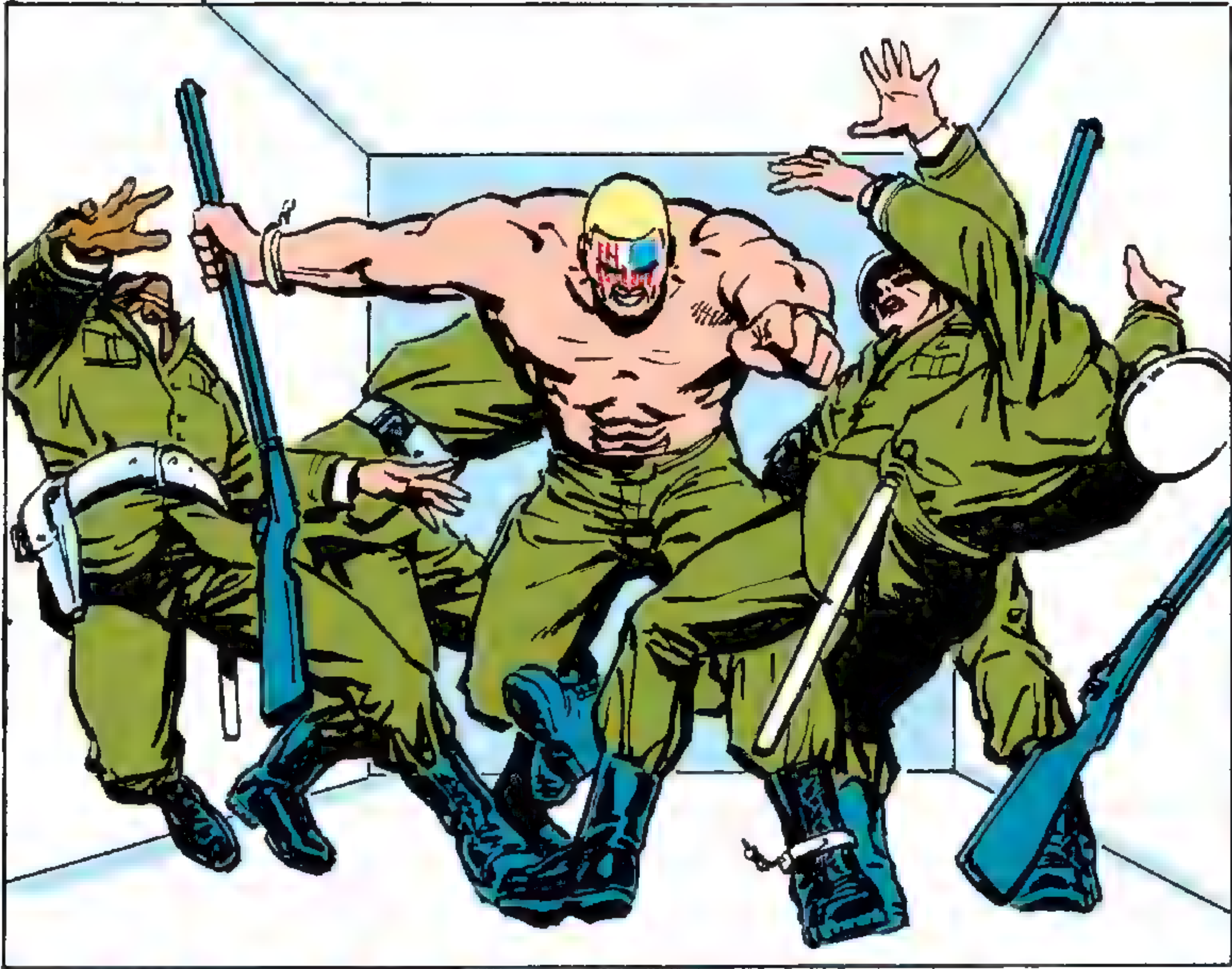
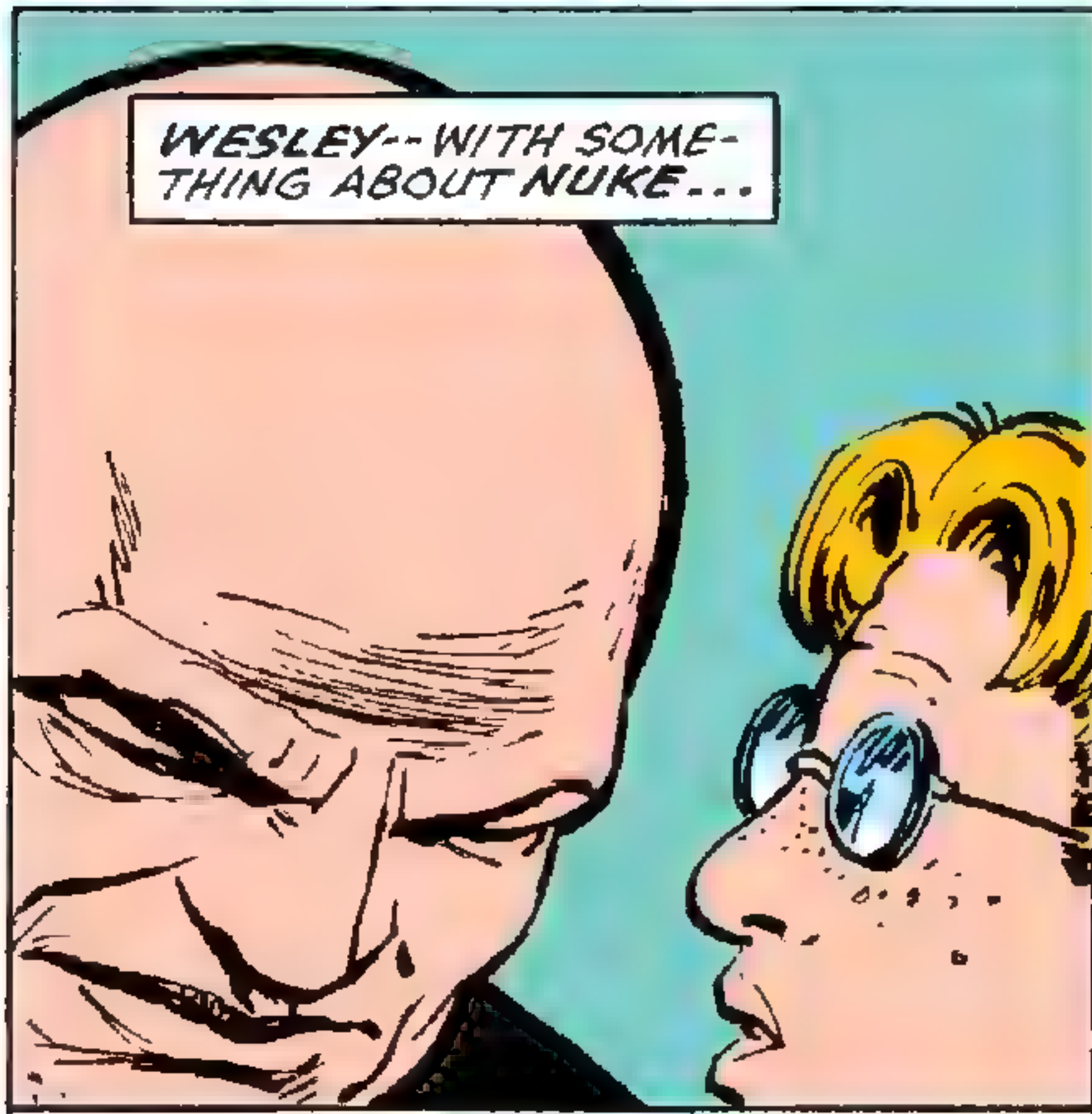
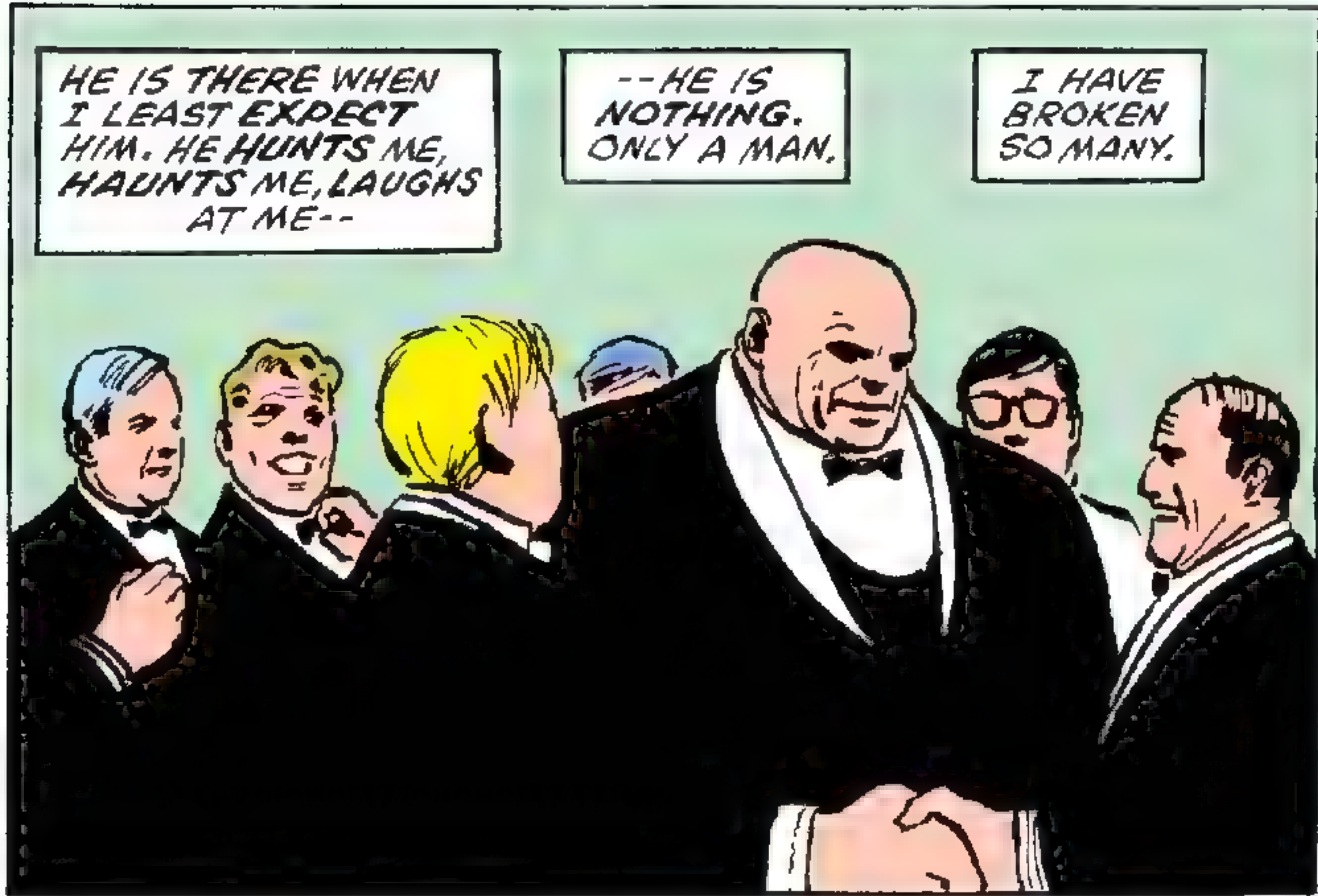
AGENT SIMPSON.

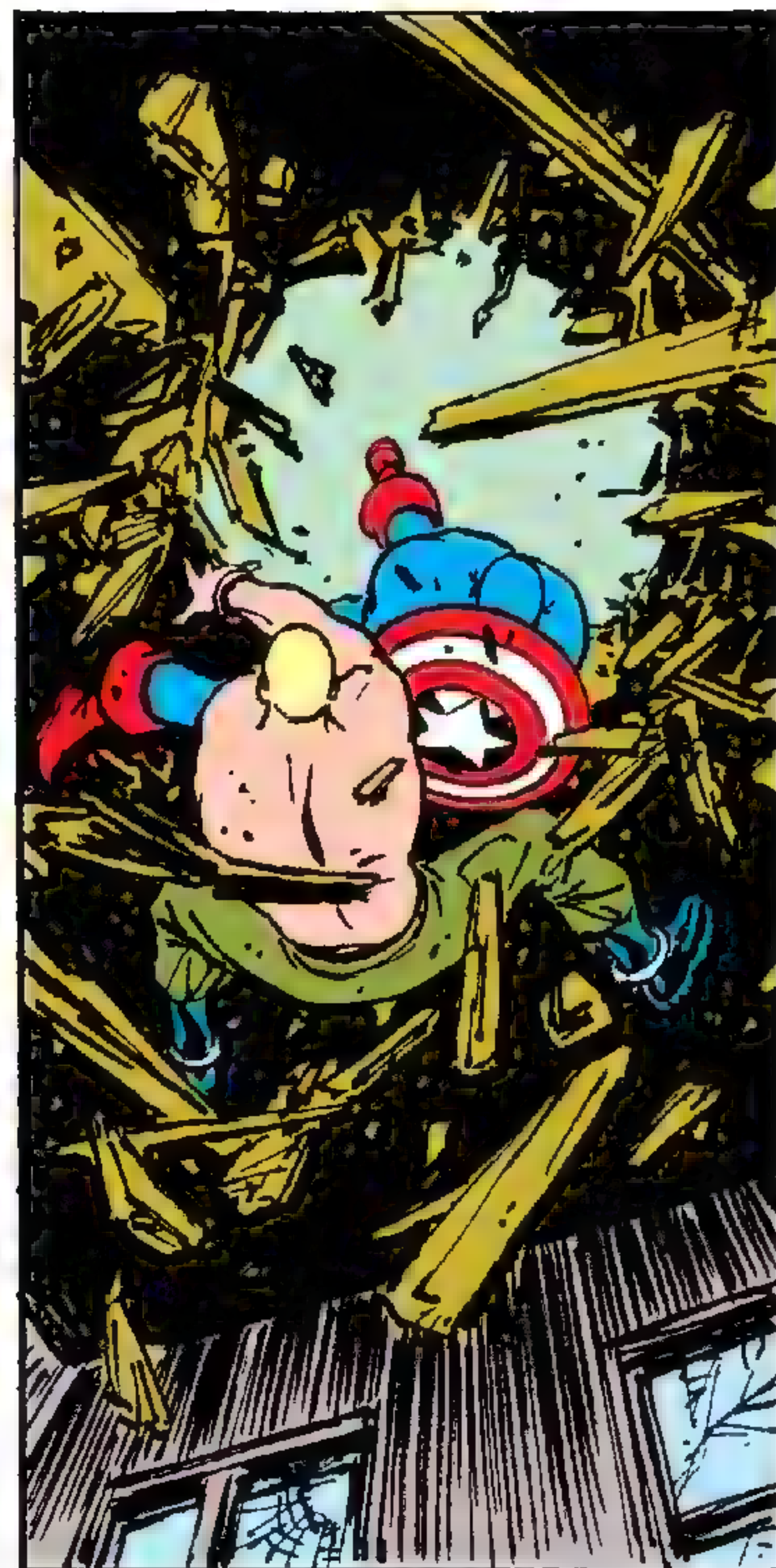
CODE NAME: NUKE.











THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS
FED BY COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS
TO CLEVER CON MEN AND NOW
STAND POISED--

--TO BE FUNNELED INTO
THE TECHNICALLY LEGITIMATE
SIDE OF THE KINGPIN'S
FINANCIAL EMPIRE.

RINGG

THIRTY THOUSAND
DOLLARS OF REBUILT
DINER...

...OUR ARMY CONTACT SAYS NUKE
BROKE OUT. HEADED FOR THE DAILY
BUGLE.

SCRAMBLE ROARK AND WIRE
HIM GOOD. GET HIM IN PO-
SITION AND WAIT FOR THE
KILL ORDER...

THE SOLDIER
REMEMBERS
THE TIME
BEFORE HE
WAS FROZEN.

HE REMEMBERS
THE SMILES. THERE
WAS SO MUCH HOPE
IN THAT TIME. HIS
TIME.

HE REMEMBERS
THE WAR...

THREE BLOCKS AWAY--
HAS TO BE THEM--



THE SOLDIER THINKS OF AIRPLANES,
THE OLD KIND. THEN HE THINKS OF
EGG BEATERS--

--IT'S THE SOUND--
ARMY HELICOPTERS
--HOVERING OVER
THE ROOF--

CAPTAIN...

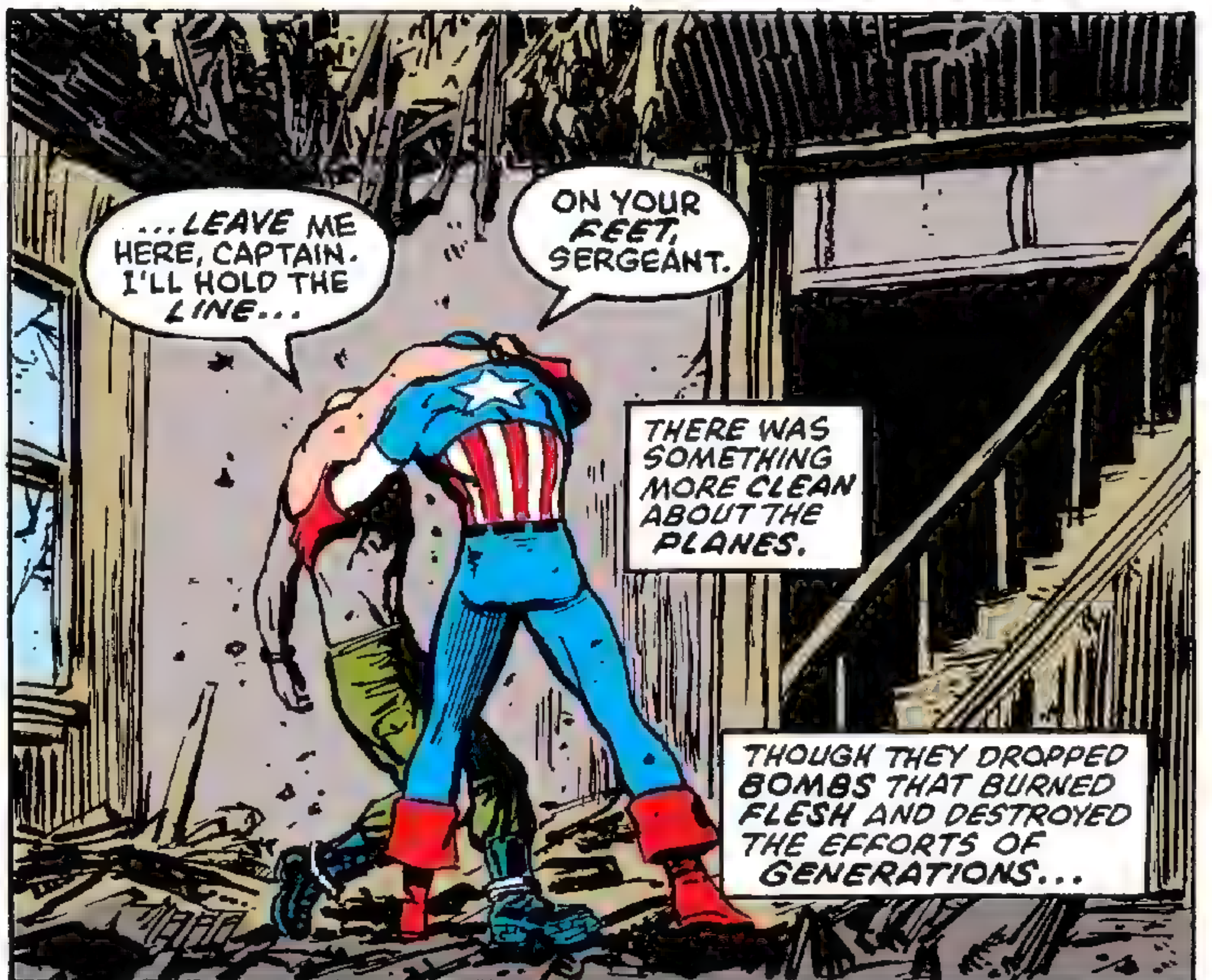


...LEAVE ME
HERE, CAPTAIN.
I'LL HOLD THE
LINE...

ON YOUR
FEET,
SERGEANT.

THERE WAS
SOMETHING
MORE CLEAN
ABOUT THE
PLANES.

THOUGH THEY DROPPED
BOMBS THAT BURNED
FLESH AND DESTROYED
THE EFFORTS OF
GENERATIONS...



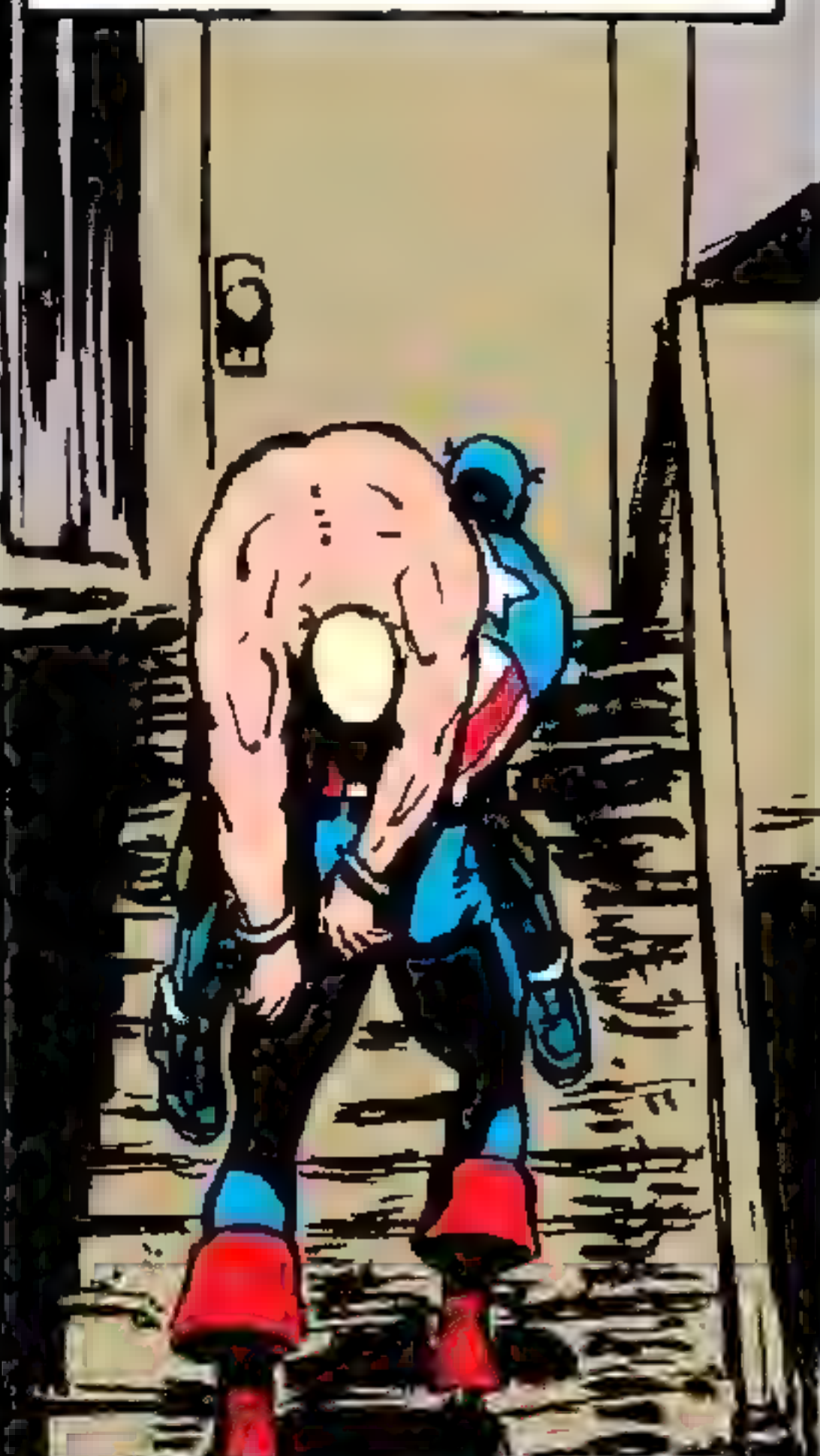
--THOSE HELICOPTERS
--MOVING IN--

--I DON'T LIKE WHAT THEY'RE
SAYING TO EACH OTHER--

--WAIT TILL
THEY COME
OUT--KEEP
IT TIGHT--

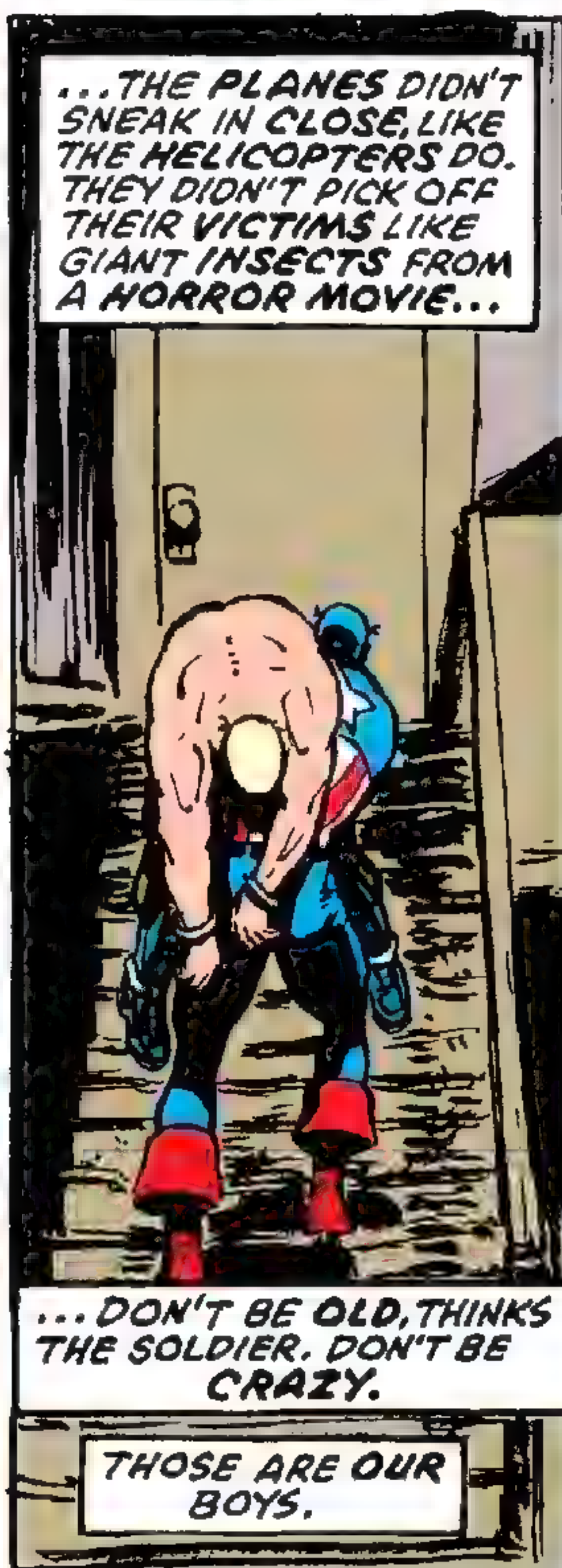


...THE PLANES DIDN'T
SNEAK IN CLOSE, LIKE
THE HELICOPTERS DO.
THEY DIDN'T PICK OFF
THEIR VICTIMS LIKE
GIANT INSECTS FROM
A HORROR MOVIE...

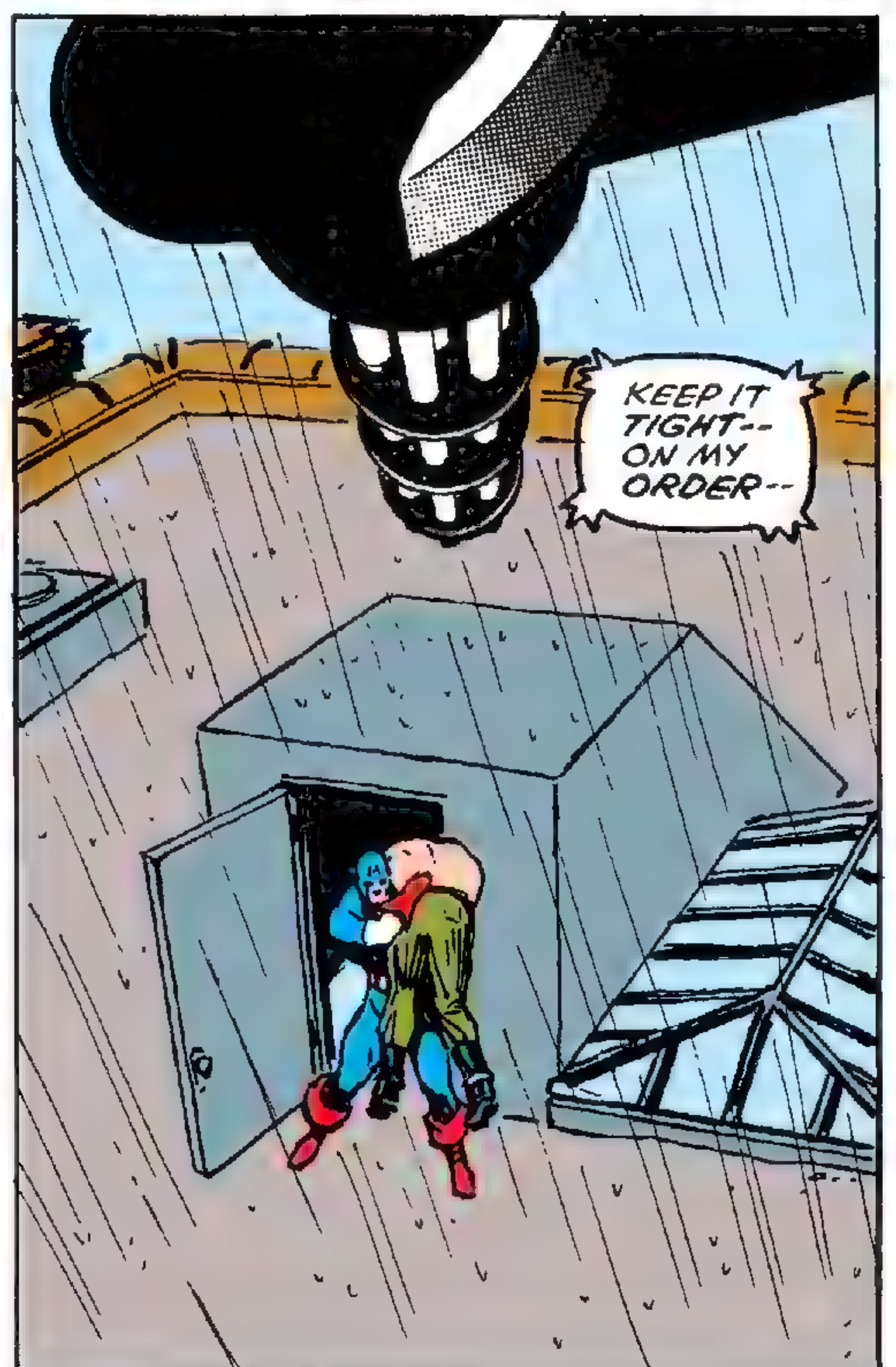


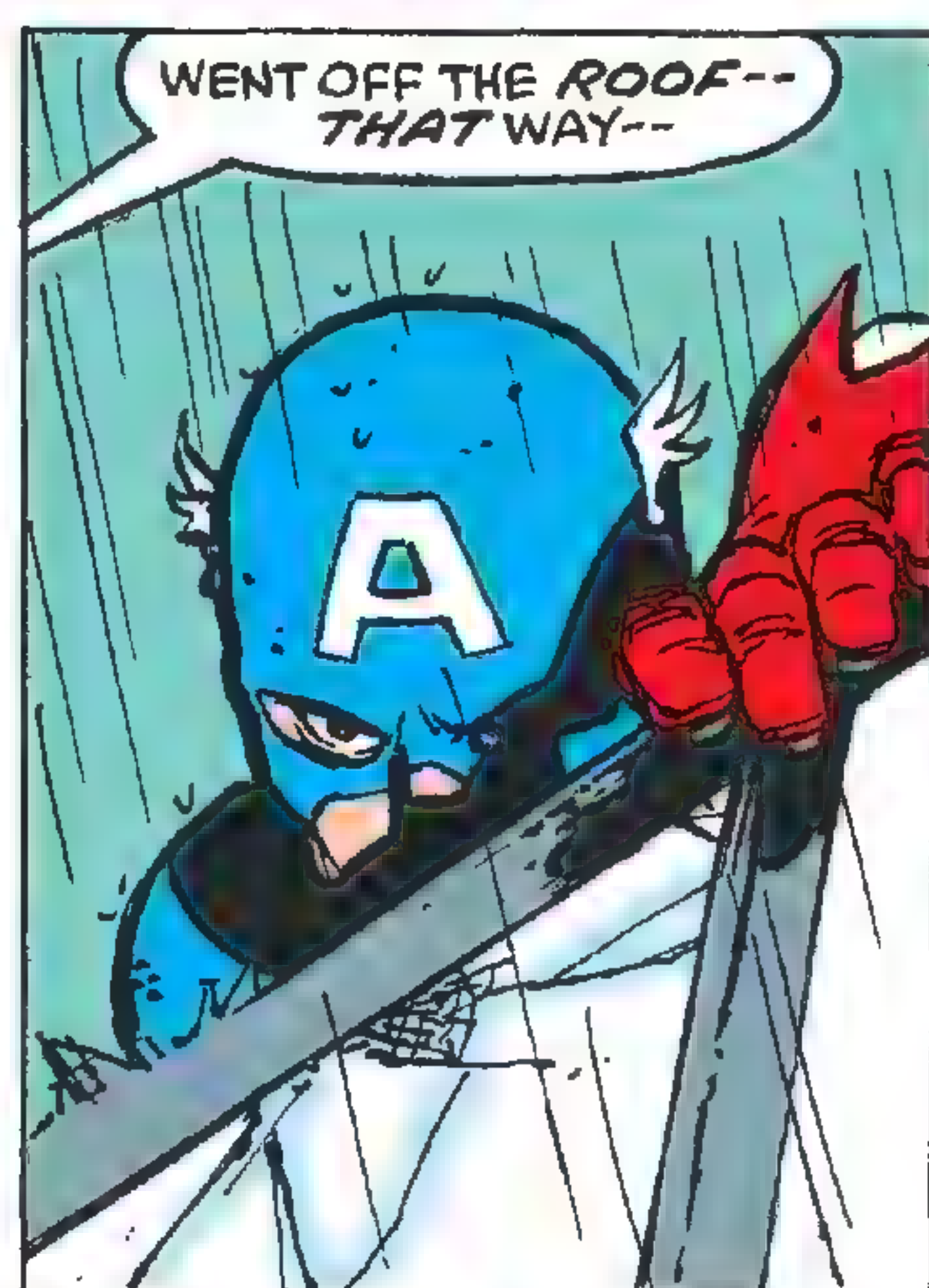
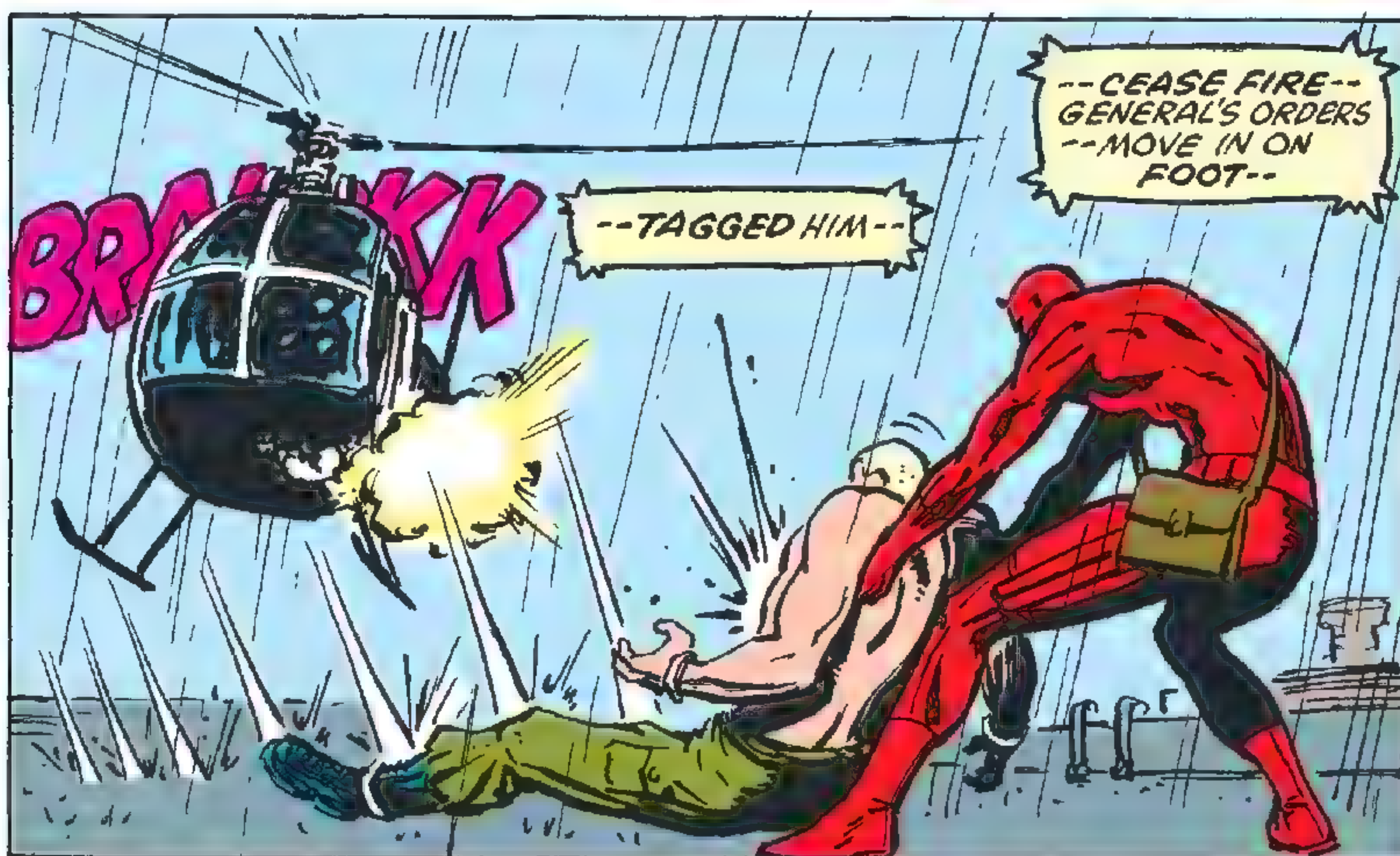
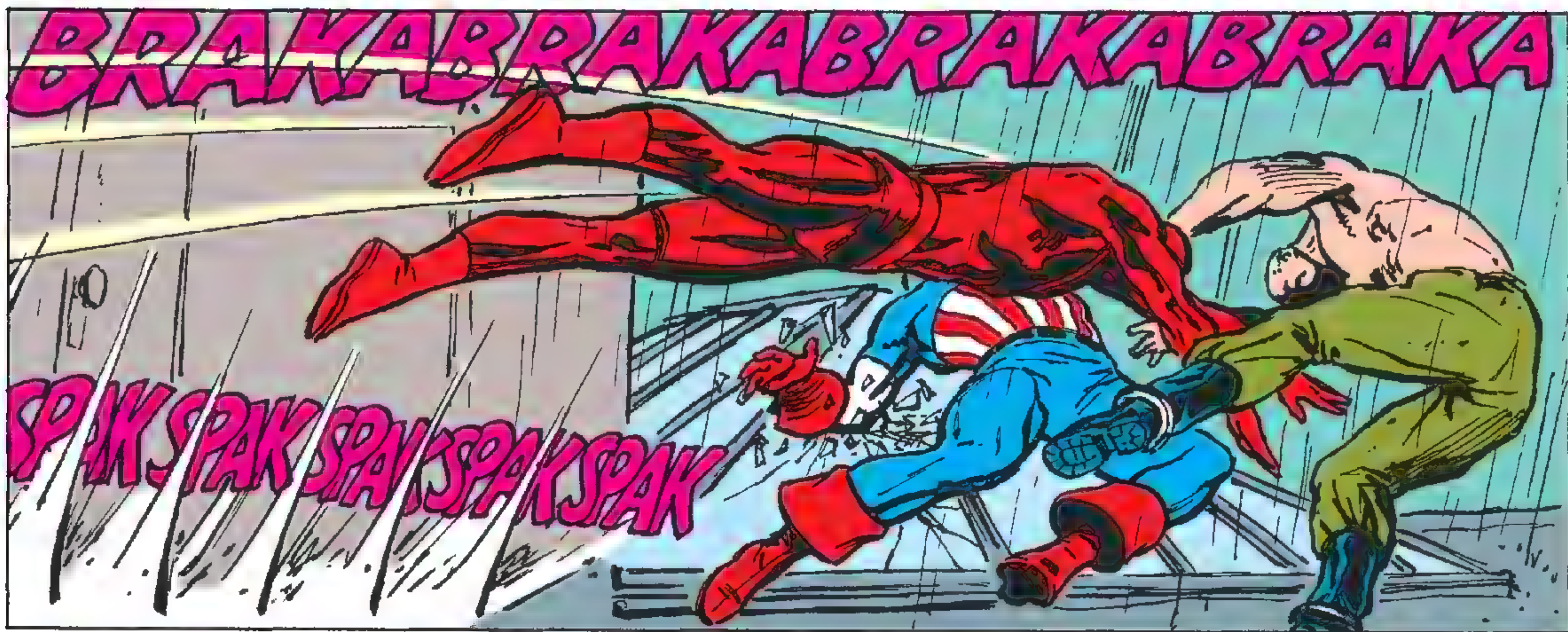
...DON'T BE OLD, THINKS
THE SOLDIER. DON'T BE
CRAZY.

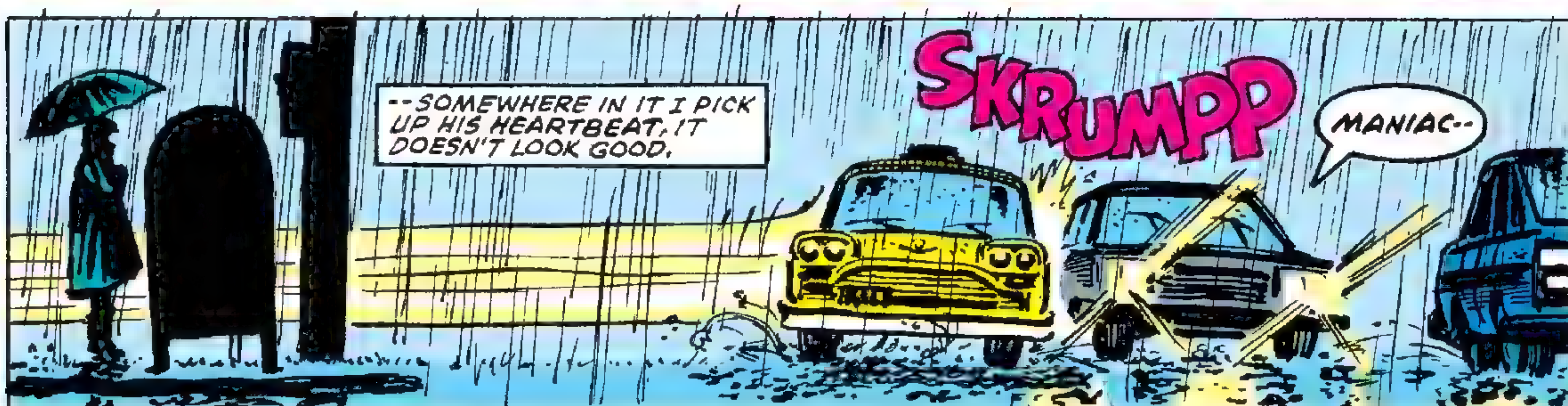
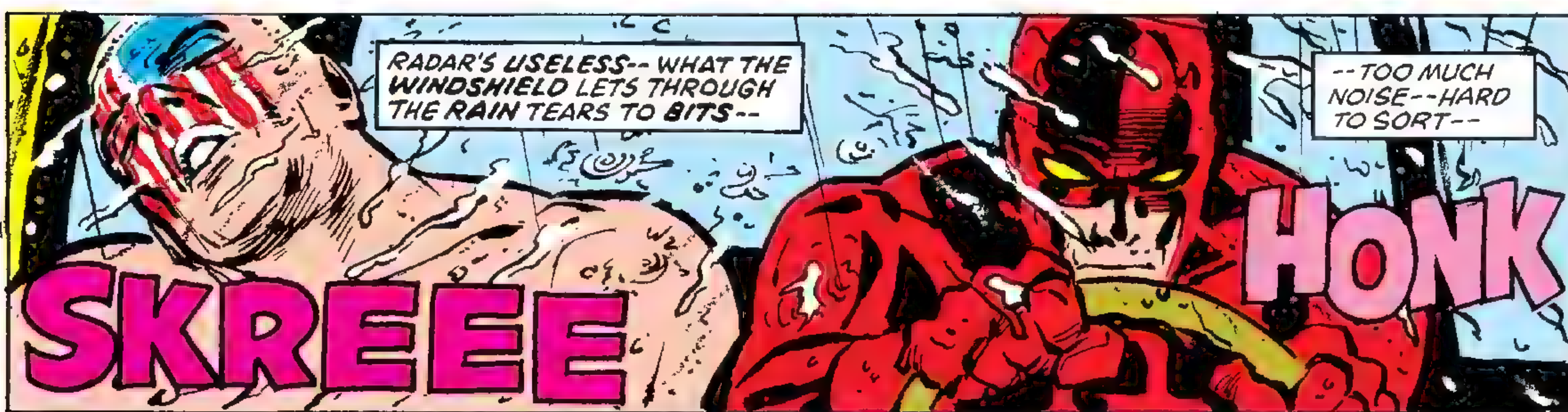
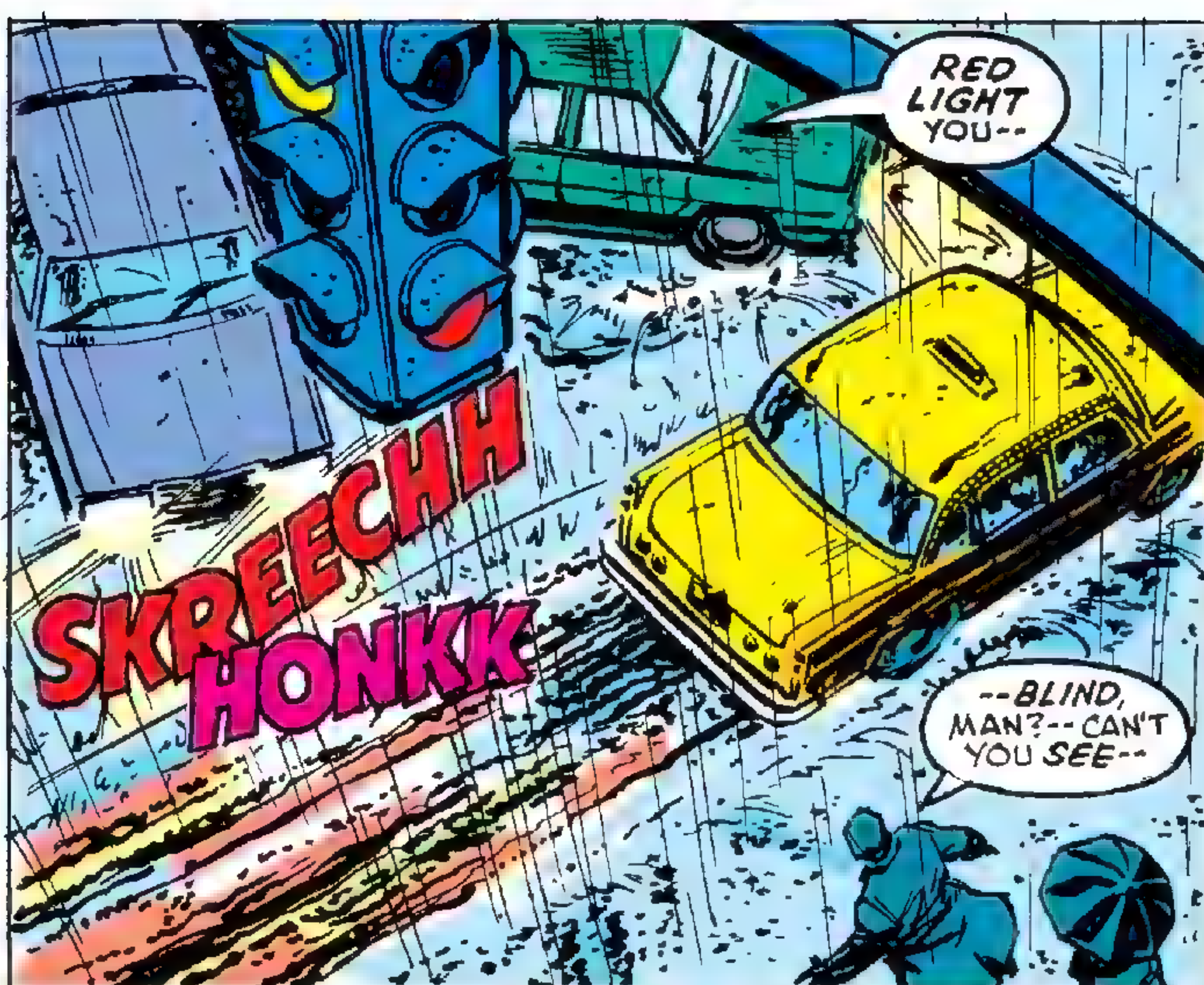
THOSE ARE OUR
BOYS.

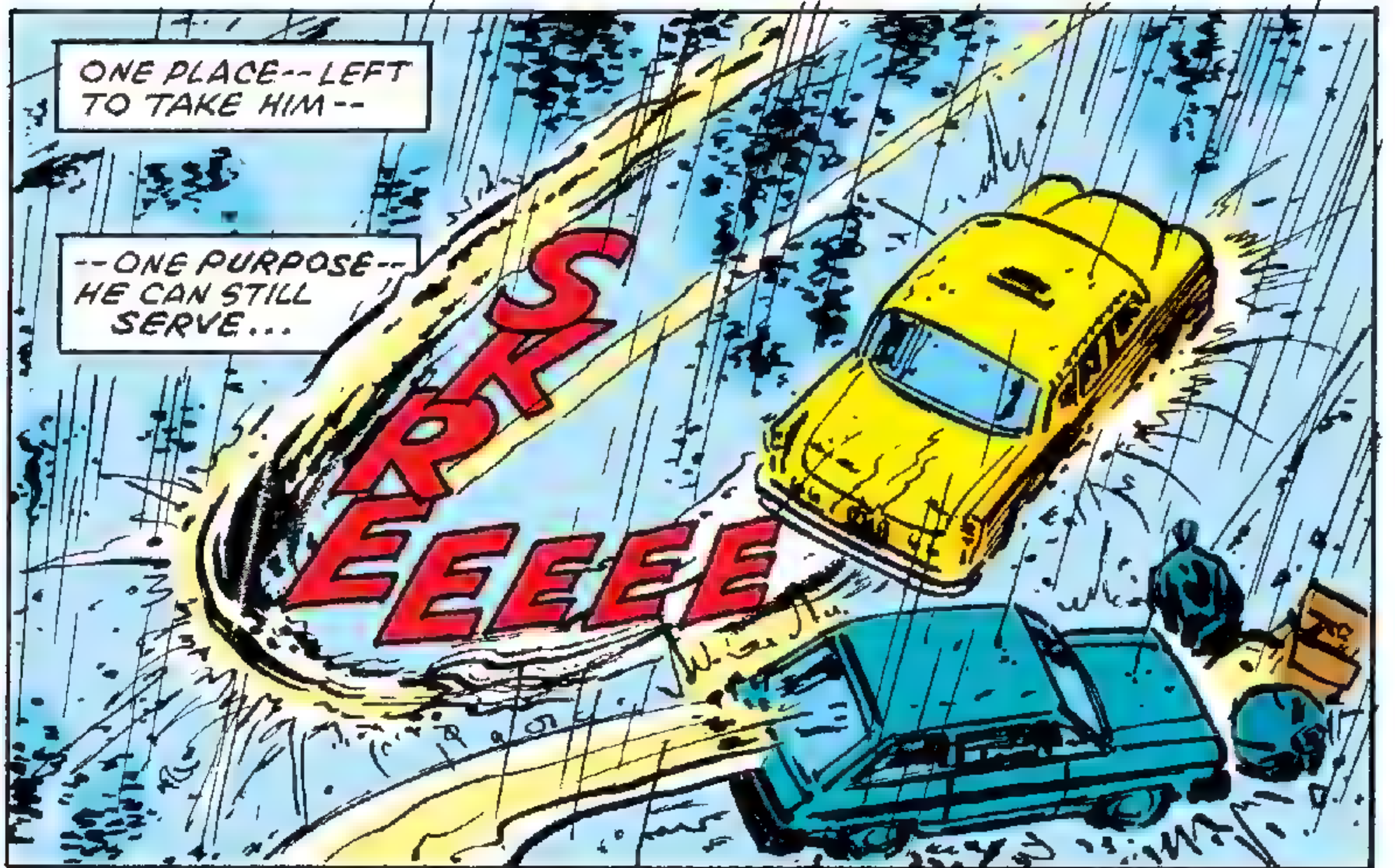


KEEP IT
TIGHT--
ON MY
ORDER--



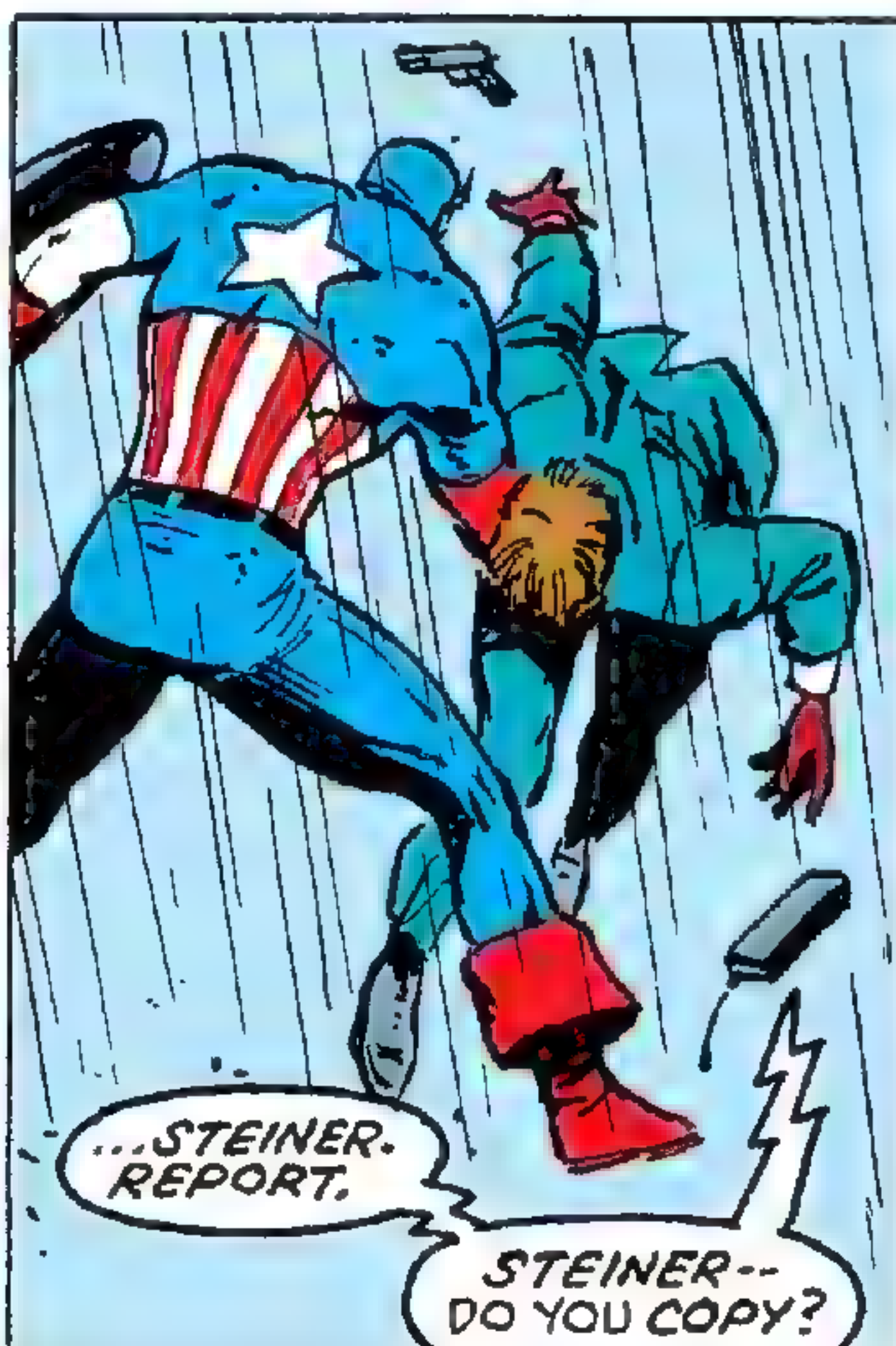
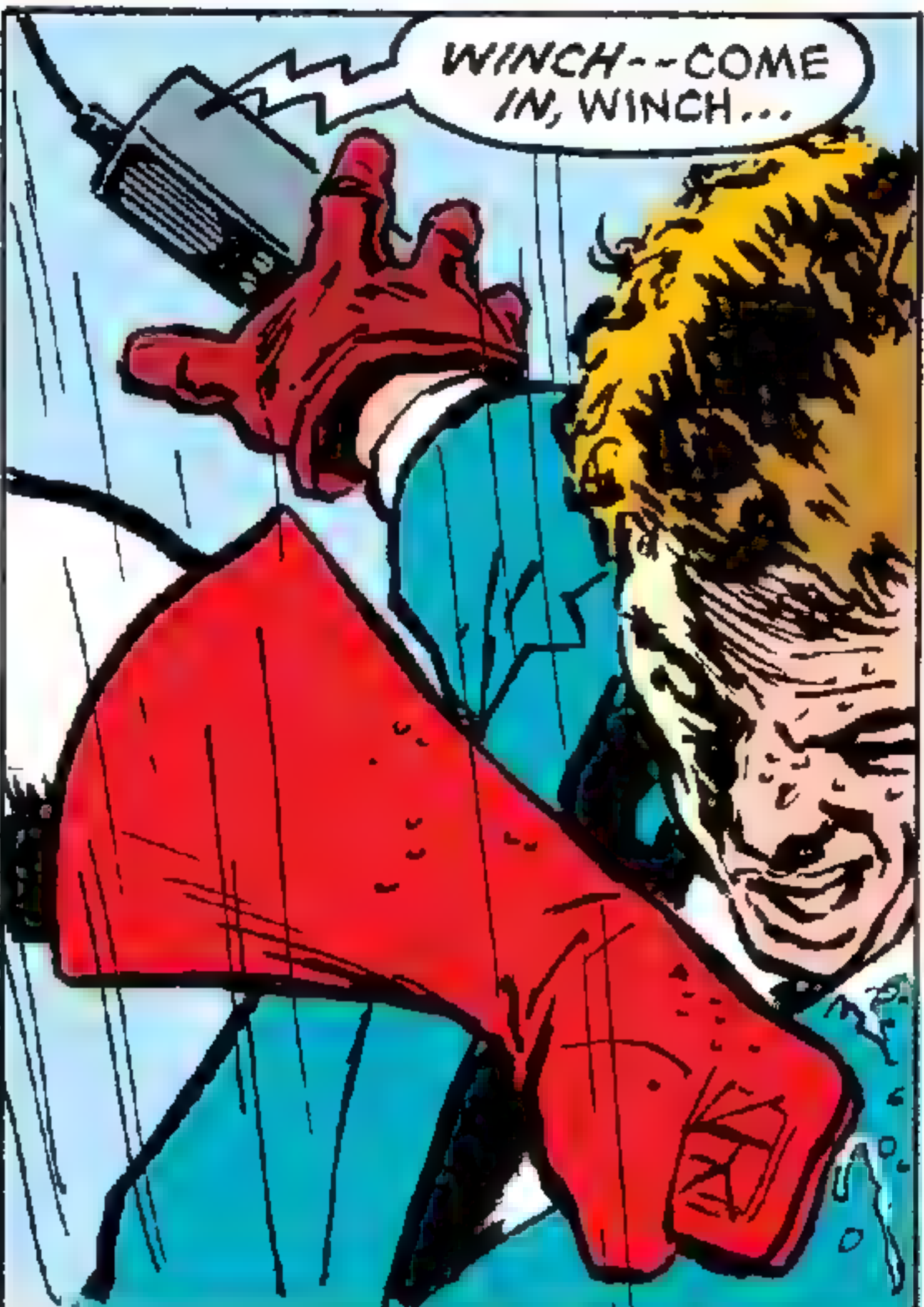


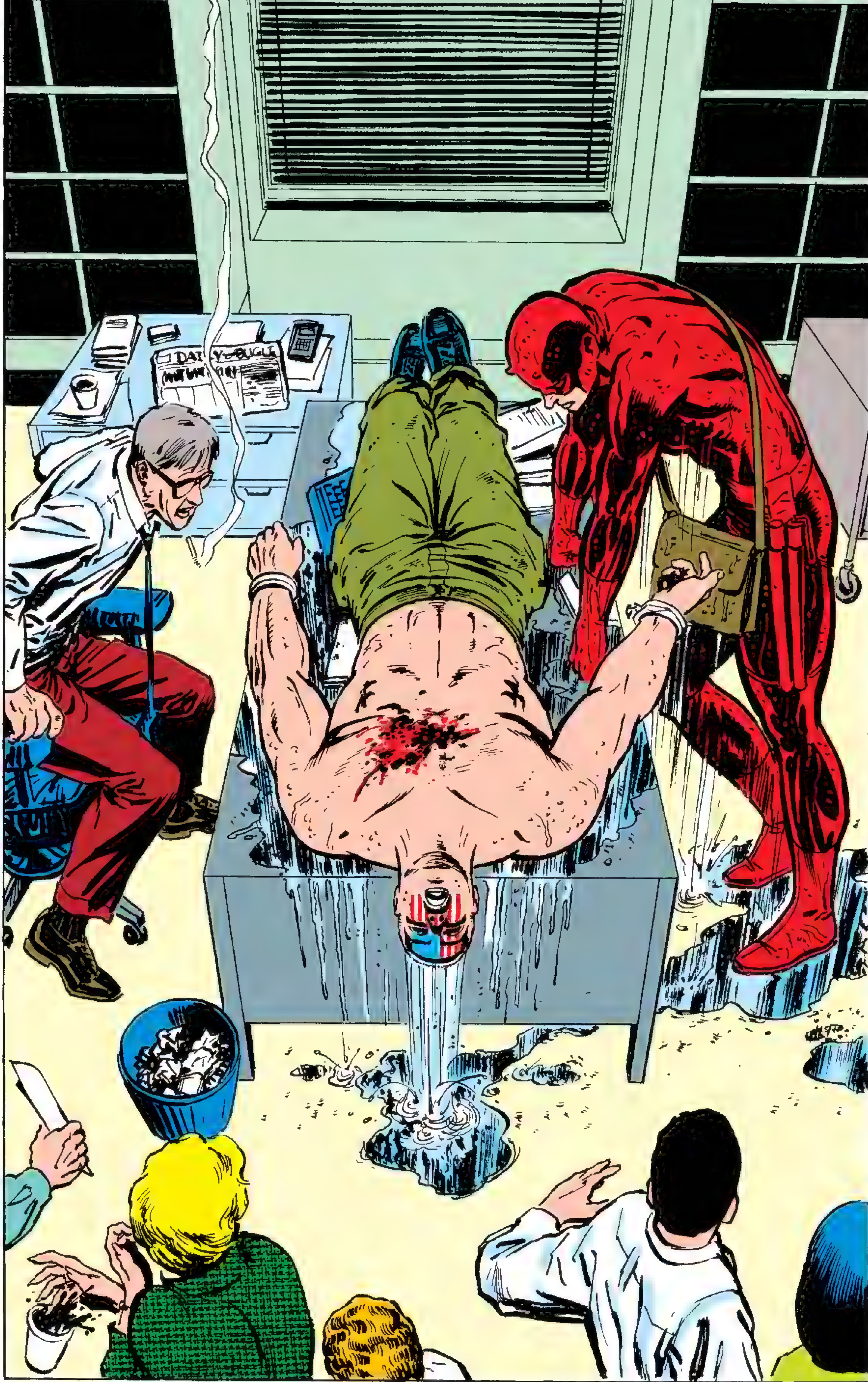




EAST. THE DAILY BUGLE. WE MUST ASSUME THAT NUKE HAS OVERCOME DAREDEVIL--AND IS FOLLOWING HIS ORIGINAL PLAN.

PATCH ME THROUGH TO OUR SQUAD ON THE BUGLE'S ROOF.





THE NEXT FEW WEEKS GO POORLY FOR THE KINGPIN OF CRIME.

ONE OF THE HIT MEN PLACED ON THE ROOF OF THE DAILY BUGLE NAMES THE CRIMELORD AS RESPONSIBLE FOR NUKE'S ASSAULT.

THEN, FROM EVERYWHERE, THE CHARGES COME...



...FROM CITIZENS GROUPS AND SENATE SUB-COMMITTEES-- FIRED BY TESTIMONY FROM DISGRUNTLED EX-EMPLOYEES, BAG MEN AND NUMBERS RUNNERS BARTERING AWAY PRISON SENTENCES--

--SPEAKING MORE SWIFTLY THAN THE KINGPIN CAN HAVE THEM KILLED...

...AND THE FACES OF HIS LIEUTENANTS GROW SULLEN AND HOSTILE. HIS COMMANDS ARE OBEYED, BUT FAR TOO SLOWLY...

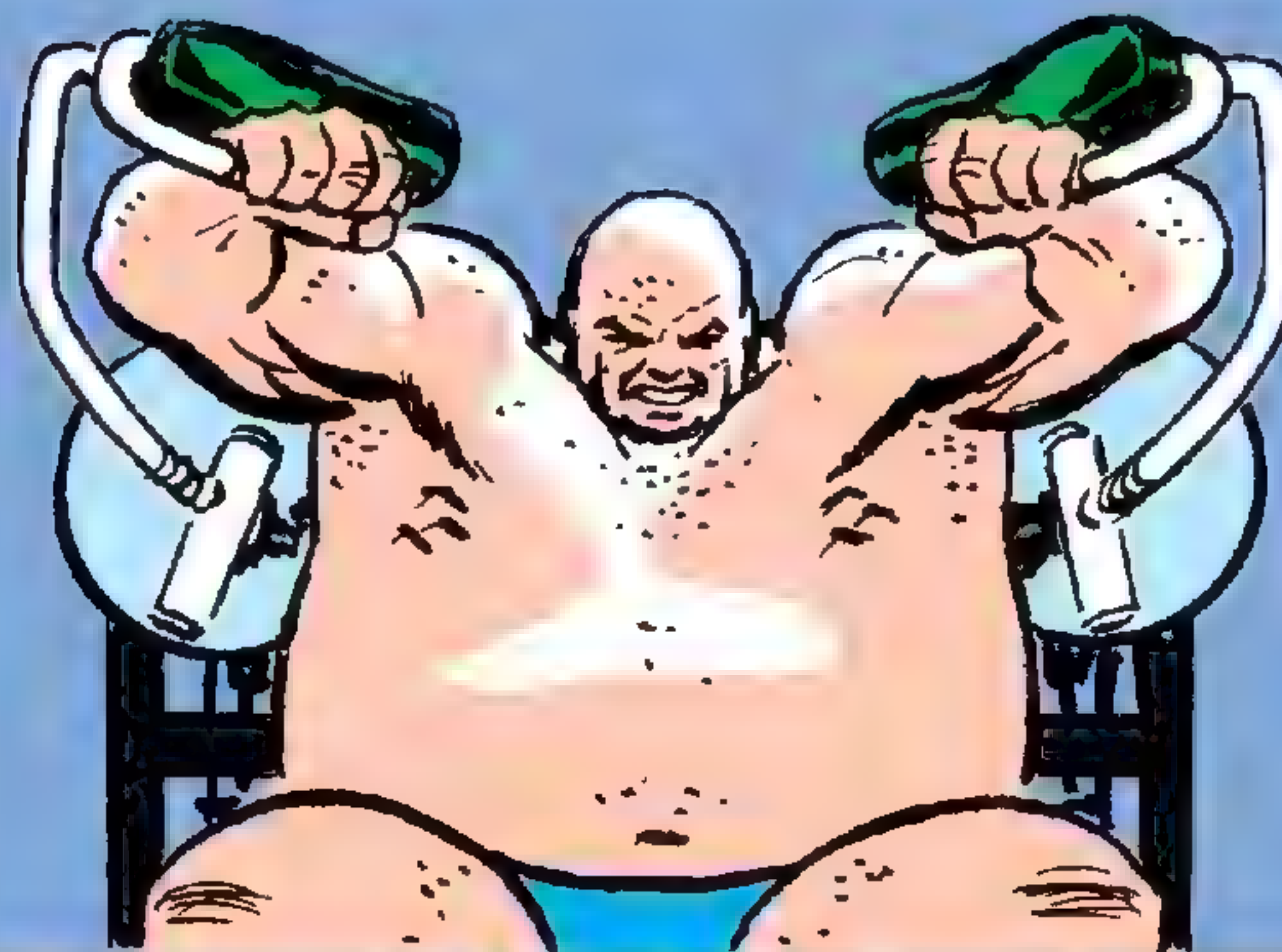


FEW OF THE CHARGES STICK. THOSE THAT DO ARE SKILLFULLY CAST INTO YEARS OF LITIGATION.

STILL, IN THE EYES OF EVERYONE EXCEPT, AS YET, THE LAW-- HE IS A VILLAIN.

HE IS SHUNNED-- EVEN CONDEMNED-- BY THE BUSINESSMEN WHO SO RECENTLY CHEERED HIM.

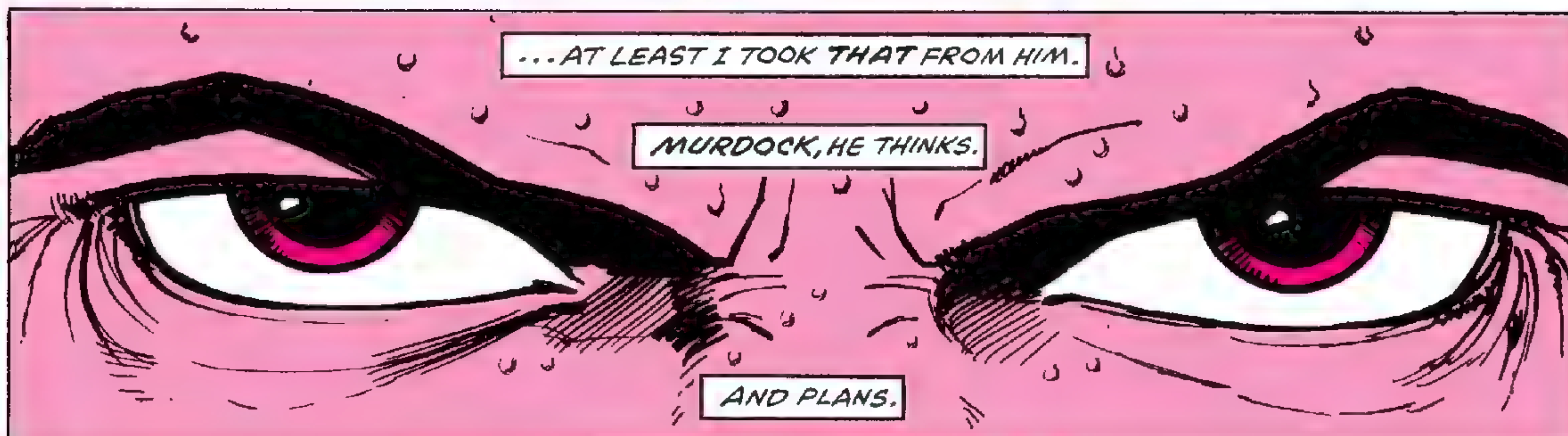
THE LAW.



...AT LEAST I TOOK THAT FROM HIM.

MURDOCK, HE THINKS.

AND PLANS.

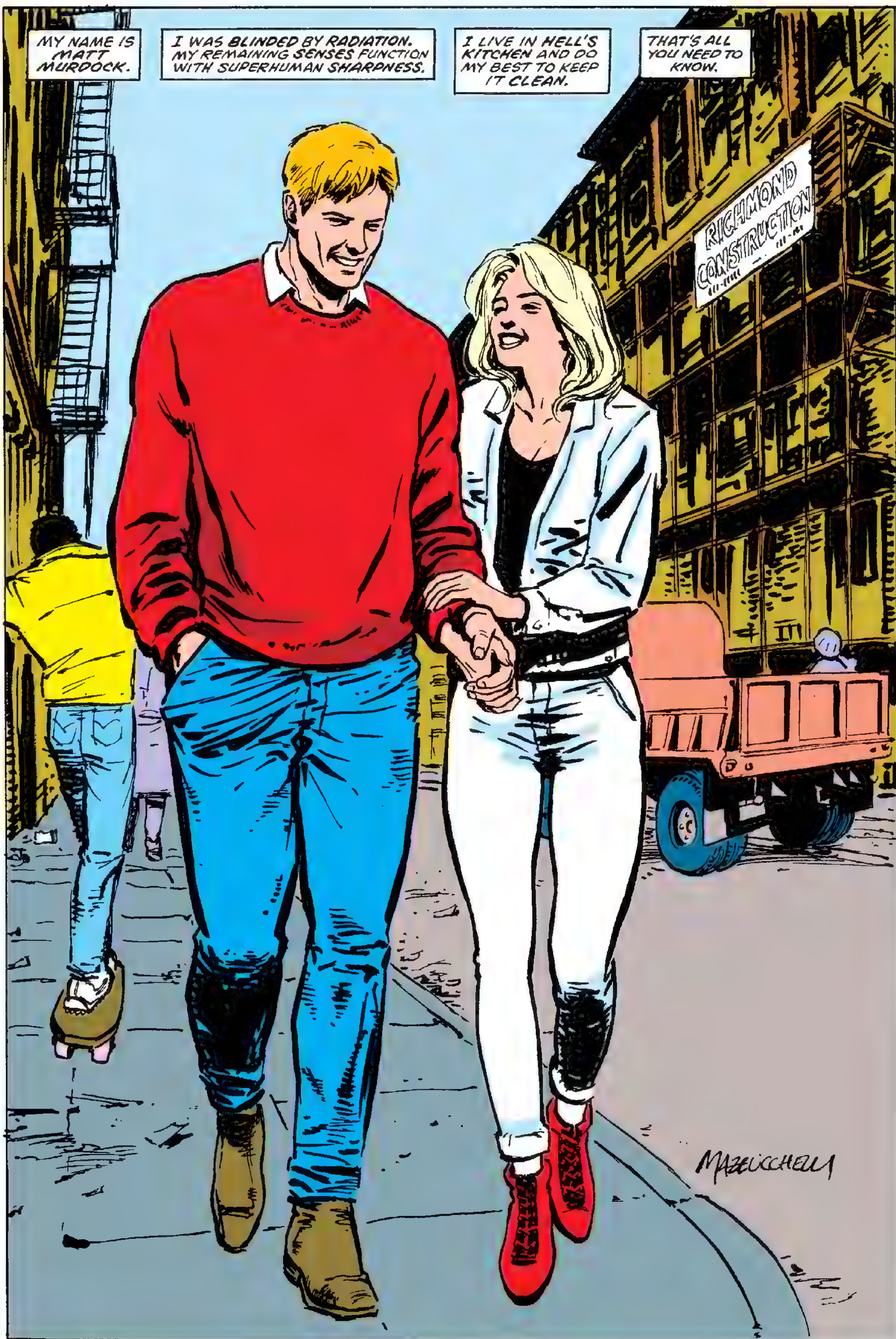


MY NAME IS
MATT
MURDOCK.

I WAS BLINDED BY RADIATION.
MY REMAINING SENSES FUNCTION
WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS.

I LIVE IN HELL'S
KITCHEN AND DO
MY BEST TO KEEP
IT CLEAN.

THAT'S ALL
YOU NEED TO
KNOW.



AFTERWORD

It's almost criminal how easy David makes it to write a script. He makes a three-dimensional stage of the individual panel, complete in authentic detail, nonetheless uncluttered and utterly readable. He creates actors whose dramatic range is startling, whose best and most compelling moments are wordless.

He's talked of writing his own comics. Keep your eye out for them. I will.

Frank Miller
Los Angeles, 1987





65¢
226
JAN
02459

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR



Before teaming up on their multipart "Born Again" saga, Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli collaborated on a standalone story in *Daredevil* #226, which is presented here for the sake of completeness.

THEY WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE
HERE, THINKS MELVIN POTTER,
SOMEWHERE IN THE BLUR OF WHERE
HE IS OR WHAT HE'S DOING--

HE'D BEEN PROMISED
THERE'D BE NOBODY--
PROMISED--

--HE TRIES NOT TO HEAR
THE SICKENING CRACK OF
THE GUARD'S JAW--

-- TRIES NOT TO WONDER
WHAT THE BURNING IN HIS
THROAT IS, OR WHY HE
CAN BARELY SEE PAST THE
WATER IN HIS EYES--

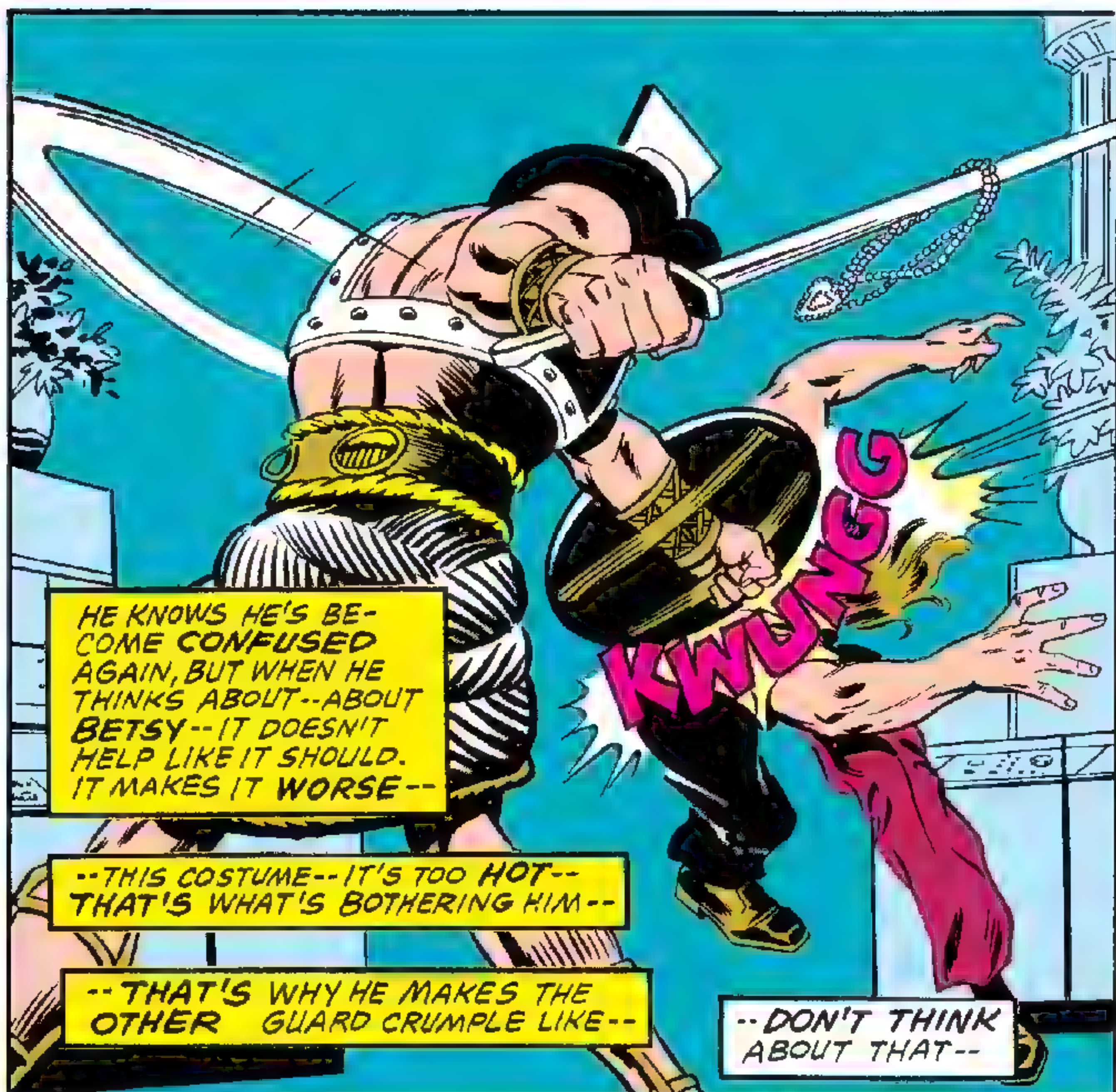
-- THEY'D COME UP ON HIM
SO FAST AND MADE IT ALL
REAL-- MADE HIM A
THIEF-- A JEWEL THIEF--

IT'S ALL
THEIR
FAULT...

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

WARRIORS

DENNY O'NEIL & FRANK MILLER / DAVID MAZZUCHELLI & DENNIS JANKE / MAX SCHEELE / JOE ROSEN / RALPH MACCHIO / JIM SHOOTER
STORY / ART / COLOR / LETTERS / EDITOR / EDITOR IN CHIEF

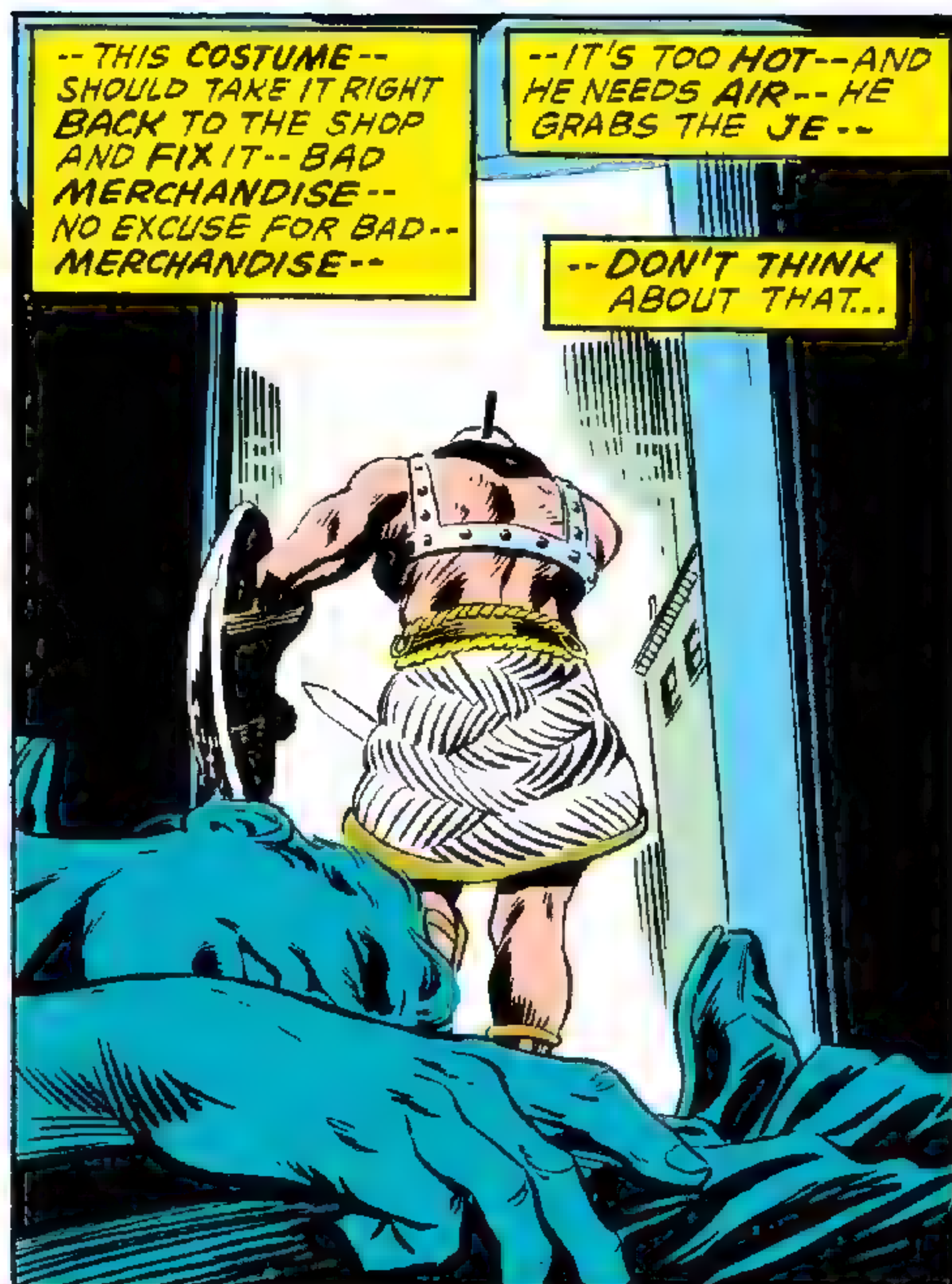


HE KNOWS HE'S BE-
COME **CONFUSED**
AGAIN, BUT WHEN HE
THINKS ABOUT--ABOUT
BETSY--IT DOESN'T
HELP LIKE IT SHOULD.
IT MAKES IT **WORSE--**

--THIS COSTUME--IT'S TOO **HOT--**
THAT'S WHAT'S BOTHERING HIM--

--THAT'S WHY HE MAKES THE
OTHER GUARD CRUMPLE LIKE--

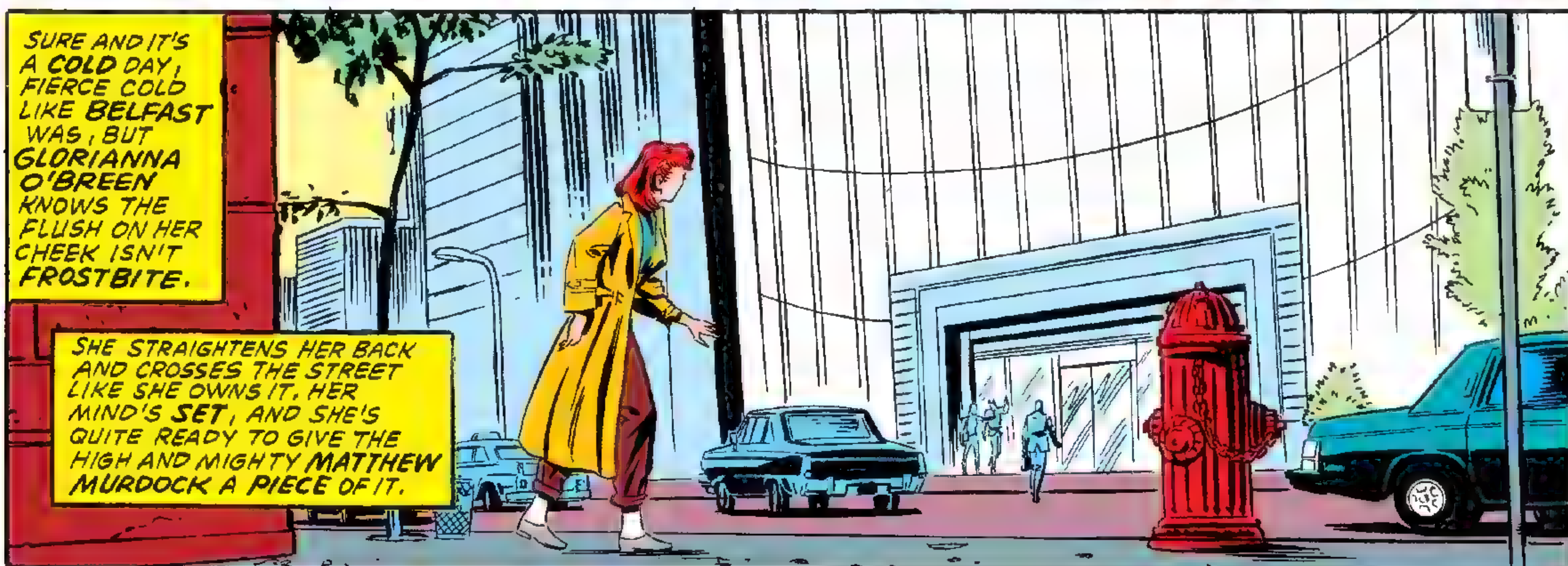
--DON'T THINK
ABOUT THAT--



-- THIS COSTUME--
SHOULD TAKE IT RIGHT
BACK TO THE SHOP
AND FIX IT-- BAD
MERCHANDISE--
NO EXCUSE FOR BAD--
MERCHANDISE--

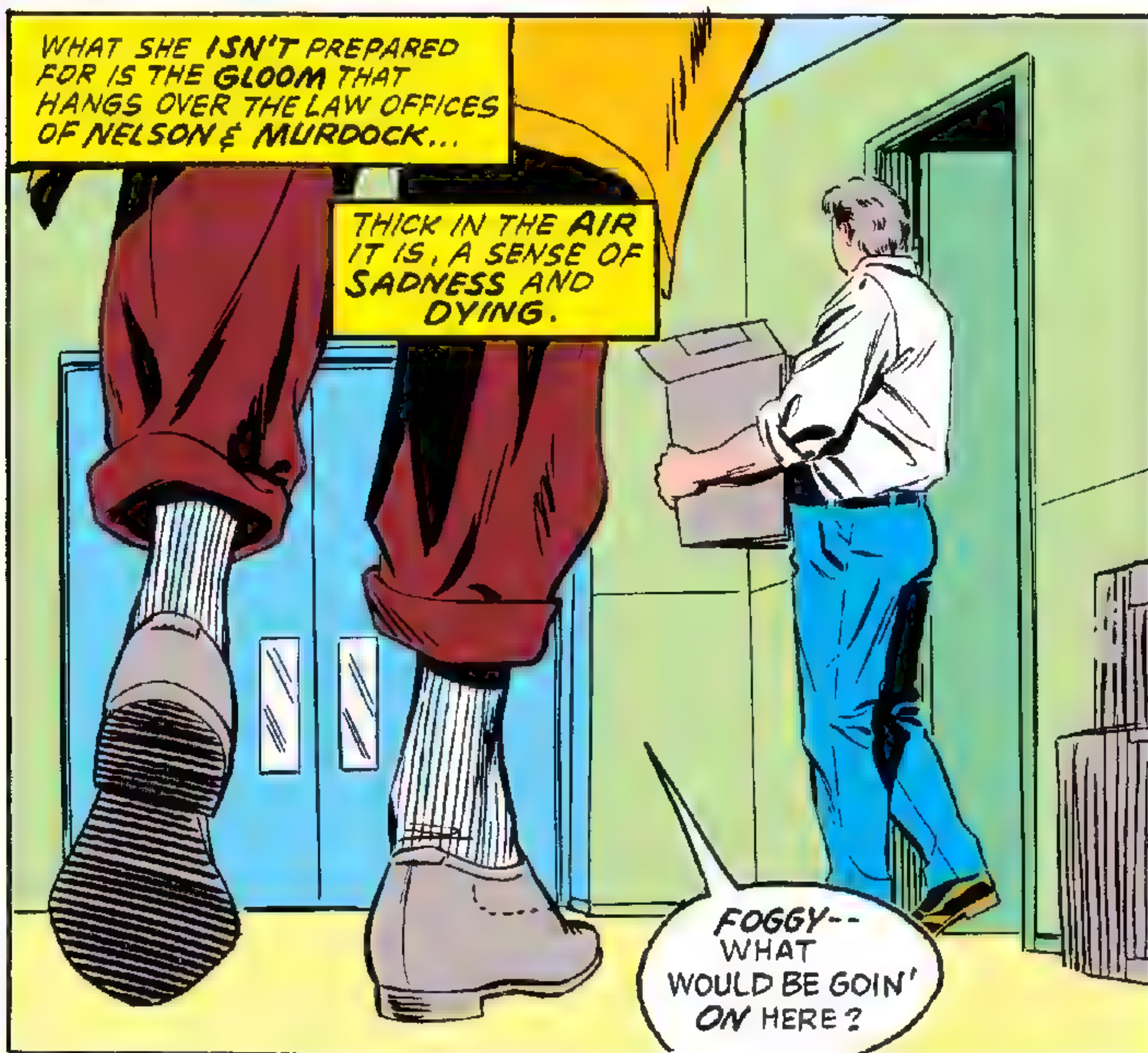
--IT'S TOO **HOT--**AND
HE NEEDS **AIR--** HE
GRABS THE **JE--**

--DON'T THINK
ABOUT THAT...



SURE AND IT'S
A **COLD DAY**,
FIERCE **COLD**
LIKE **BELFAST**
WAS, BUT
GLORIANNA
O'BREEN
KNOWS THE
FLUSH ON HER
CHEEK ISN'T
FROSTBITE.

SHE STRAIGHTENS HER BACK
AND CROSSES THE STREET
LIKE SHE OWNS IT. HER
MIND'S **SET**, AND SHE'S
QUITE READY TO GIVE THE
HIGH AND MIGHTY **MATTHEW**
MURDOCK A **PIECE OF IT**.



WHAT SHE ISN'T PREPARED
FOR IS THE **GLOOM** THAT
HANGS OVER THE LAW OFFICES
OF **NELSON & MURDOCK**...

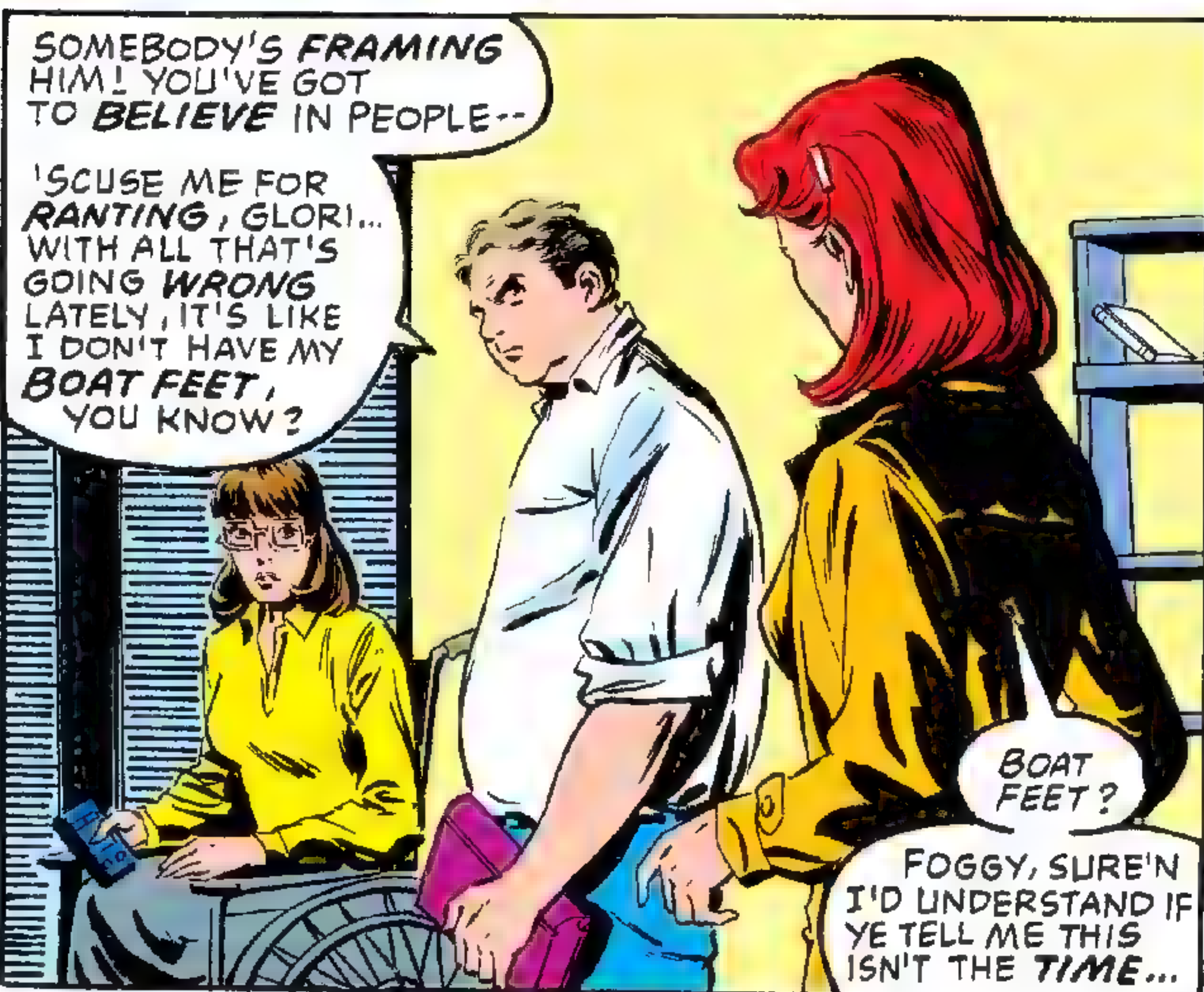
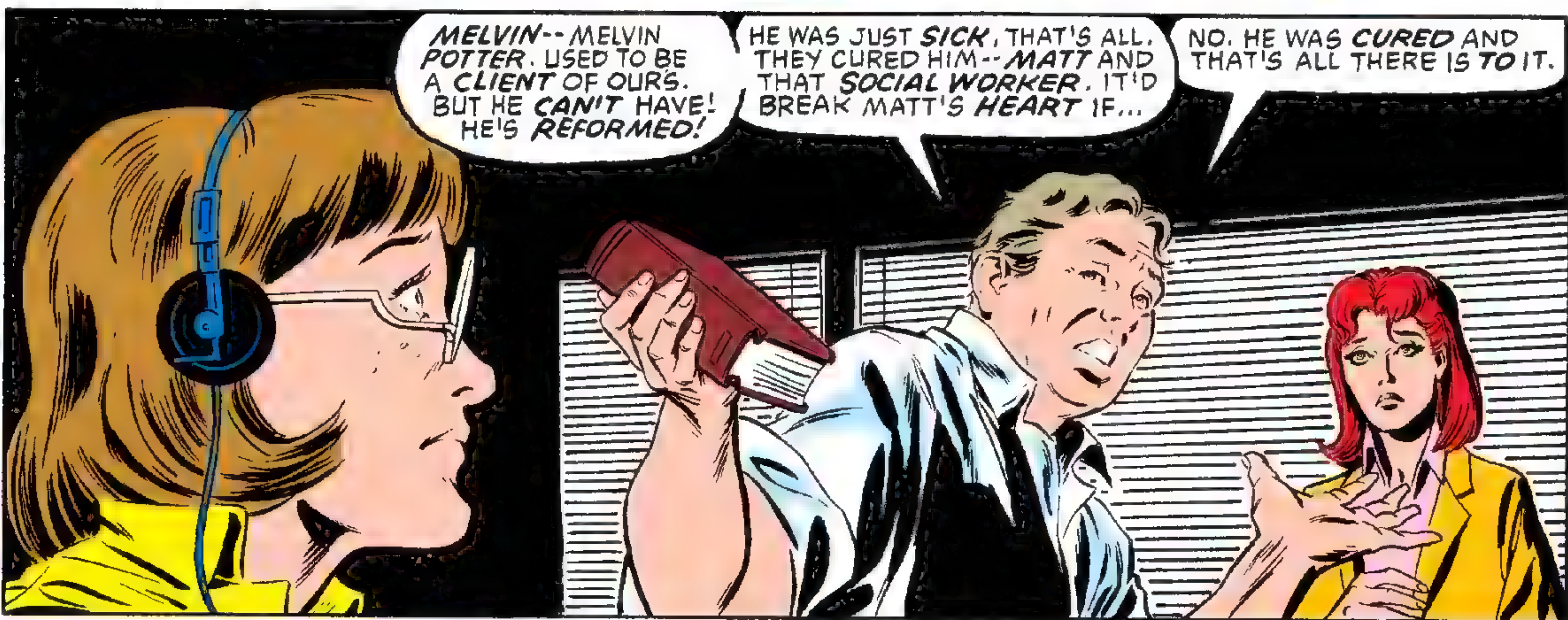
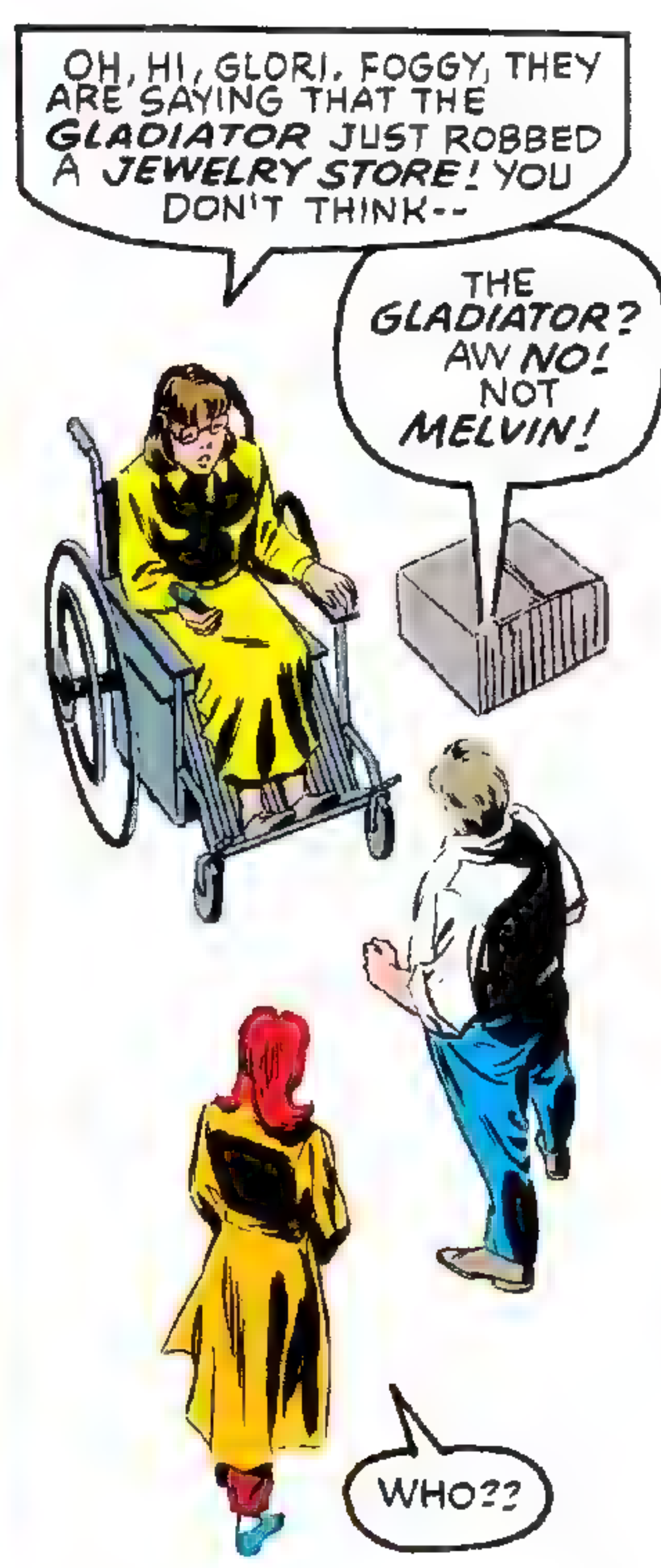
THICK IN THE AIR
IT IS, A SENSE OF
SADNESS AND
DYING.

FOGGY--
WHAT
WOULD BE GOIN'
ON HERE?



GLORI--
HI-- WE--

GOLLY--
YOU LOOK--
OOPS!



HE WAS RUNNING ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS WHEN IT HIT HIM.

HE WAS NOTICING HOW BEAUTIFULLY HE DANCED--AND YES, HE DIDN'T MIND FLAUNTING IT, IF ONLY TO HIMSELF. I'M TERRIFIC AT THIS, HE THOUGHT, I'M IN TERRIFIC SHAPE FOR MY AGE...

THAT WAS THE THOUGHT THAT STOPPED HIM COLD. CUTTING THROUGH THE GREY HAZE IN HIS HEAD.

FOR MY AGE, THINKS MATT MURDOCK. MY AGE.

I'M NOT EVEN THIRTY YET.

HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN DAREDEVIL? HOW LONG, EVEN, SINCE THE WORLD THREW THAT ISOTOPE IN MY FACE, MAKING ME A BLIND MAN?

OH, SURE, I BUILT UP MY OTHER SENSES... THERE'S NOBODY WHO CAN SMELL OR HEAR LIKE I DO--BUT IT STRUCK ME BLIND, AND IT WASN'T THE LAST BAD THING TO STRIKE ME...

...ONE DISASTER AFTER ANOTHER, AND EVERYONE PUTTING THE BLAME ON ME. EVERYONE I LOVED OR TRUSTED.

FOGGY--MY PARTNER--COULDN'T PICK UP JUST A LITTLE SLACK AND KEEP THE LAW FIRM GOING AND HEATHER...

...YEAH, HEATHER-- WHY BE AFRAID TO THINK OF HER NAME?--KILLED HERSELF... THIS ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE I HAVE TO DEAL WITH...

...BUT THAT'S WHAT LIFE HAS TURNED INTO. ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER TO DEAL WITH.

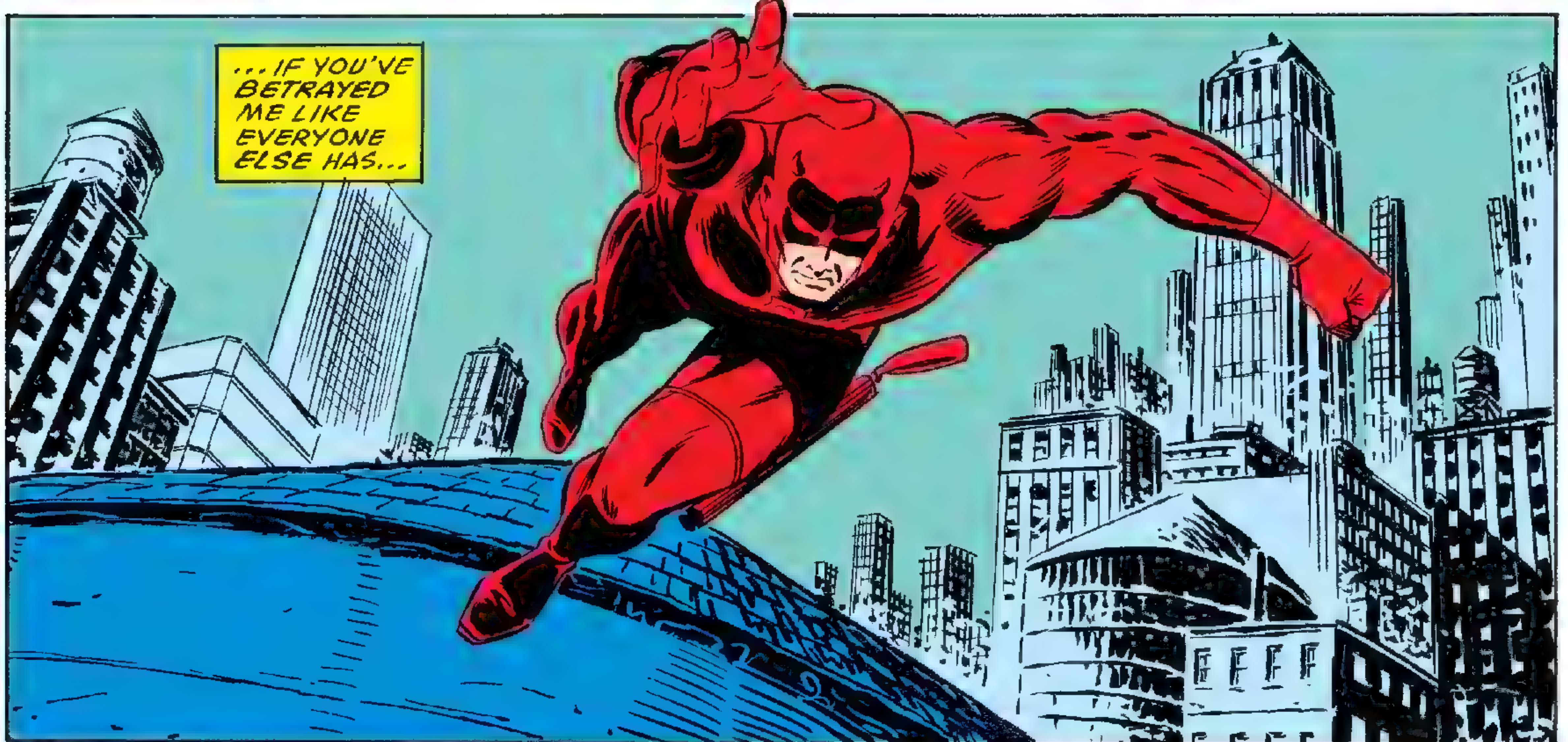
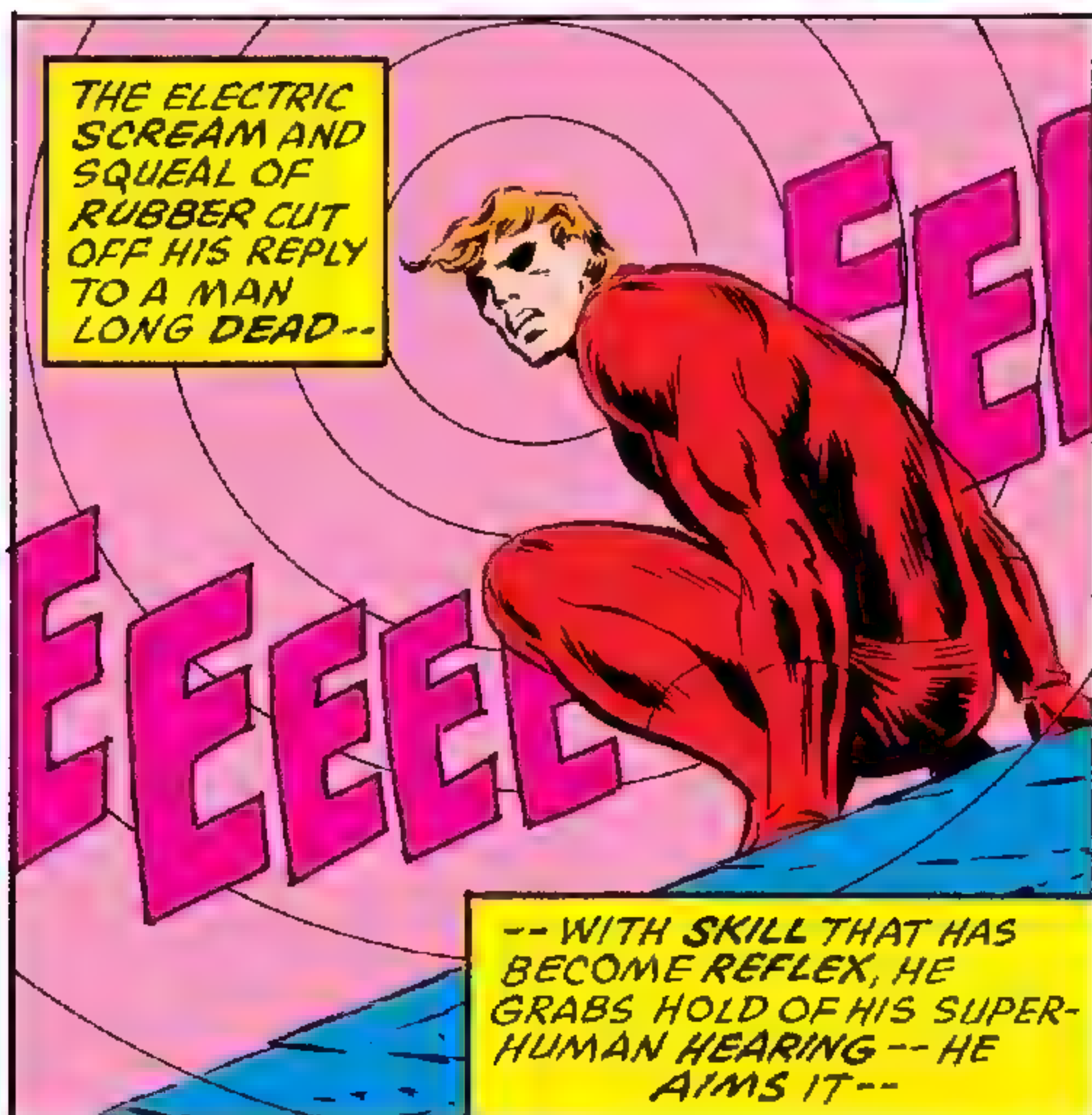
HE FEELS THE CUT OF THE OCTOBER WIND HEARS THE DULL THROB OF NEW YORK CITY BELOW HIM. HE WONDERS WHEN THE CITY STARTED MAKING HIM SICK.

THE CITY OF THINGS TO DEAL WITH.

THEN, HE'S GOT A MEMORY TO DEAL WITH--OF SOMETHING THAT HIS TEACHER TOLD HIM.

...THERE'S TWO SIDES TO YOU, PUNK--ONE STUDIES AND READS, THE OTHER TRAINS--AND FIGHTS.

PROBLEM IS, PUNK--AIN'T NEITHER OF THEM SIDES YOURS!

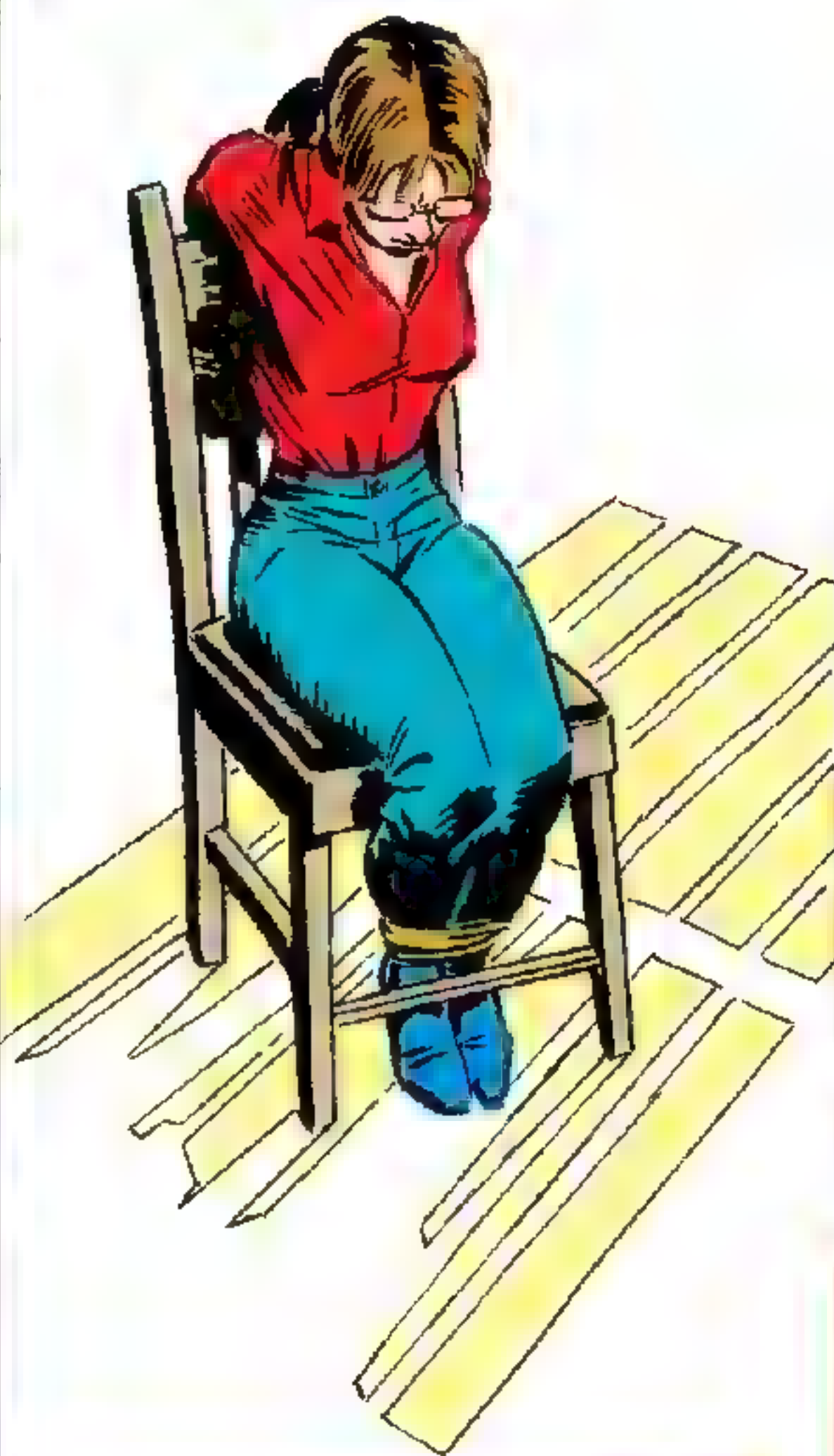




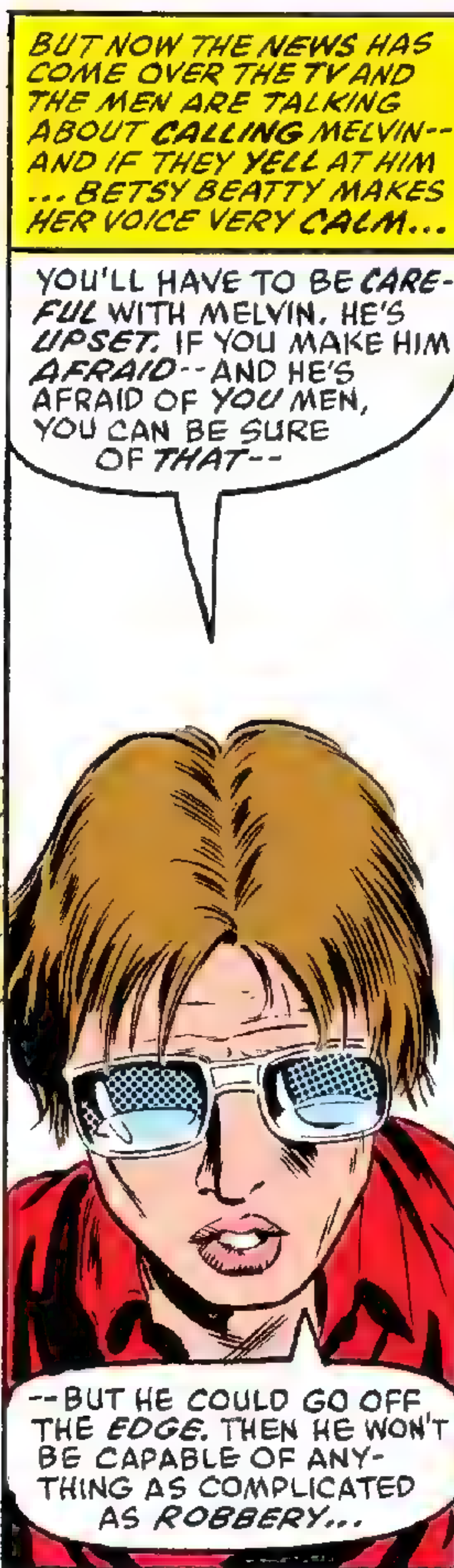
BETSY BEATTY IGNORES THE PAIN AND STARES OUT THE WINDOW AND STRAINS TO FIND A LANDMARK.

THEY MIGHT PUT HER ON THE TELEPHONE WITH MELVIN AGAIN. IF SHE KNOWS WHAT PART OF THE CITY SHE'S IN, SHE MIGHT GIVE HIM A CLUE.

THE ROPES ARE TIGHT AROUND HER, CUTTING OFF THE FLOW OF BLOOD TO HER FEET AND HANDS. SHE'D ASKED THEM TO LOOSEN THE ROPES, VERY POLITELY, AND THE SMALLEST ONE HAD PUNCHED HER IN THE STOMACH.



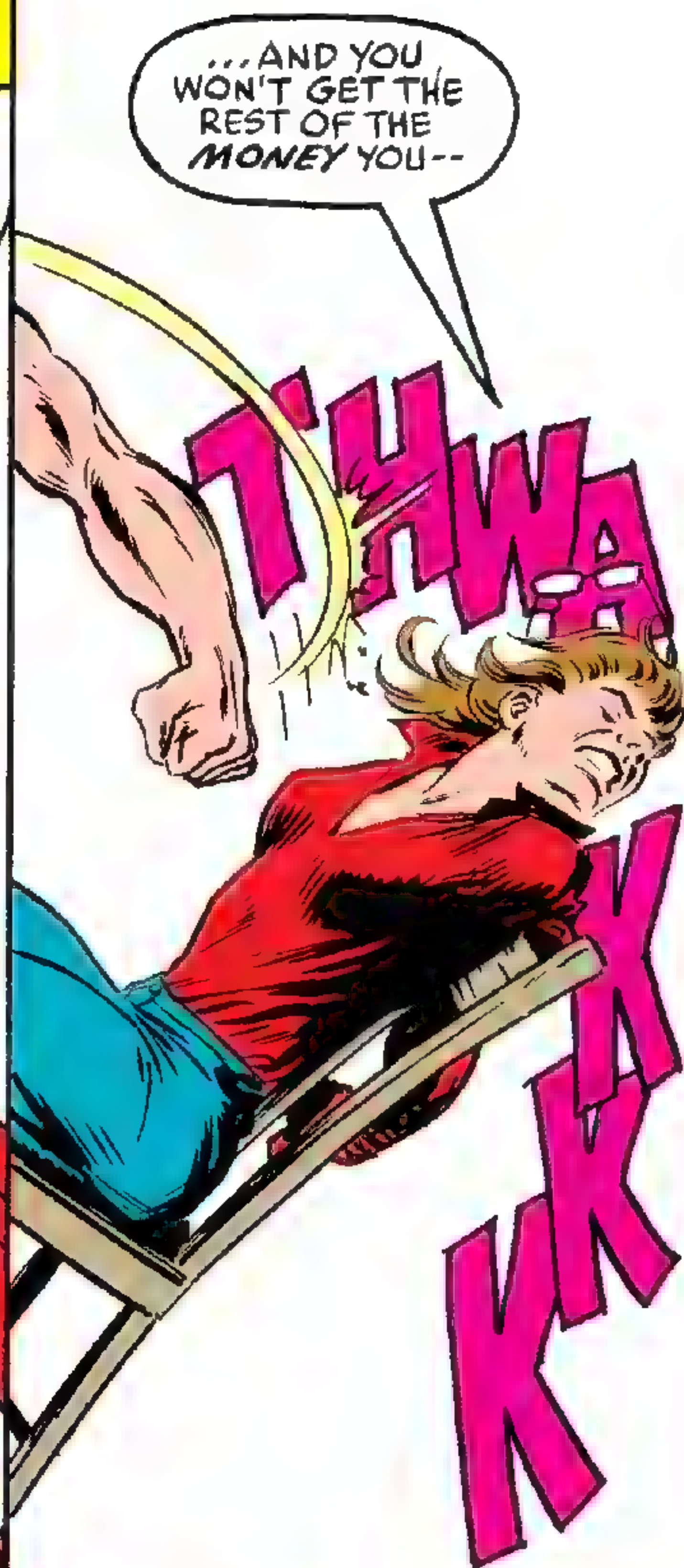
THEY WILL TAPE HER MOUTH SHUT IF SHE SPEAKS TOO LOUDLY OR TOO FREQUENTLY. SO SHE HAS BEEN QUIET, REMEMBERING EVERYTHING SHE HAS LEARNED ABOUT HANDLING SOCIOPATHS.



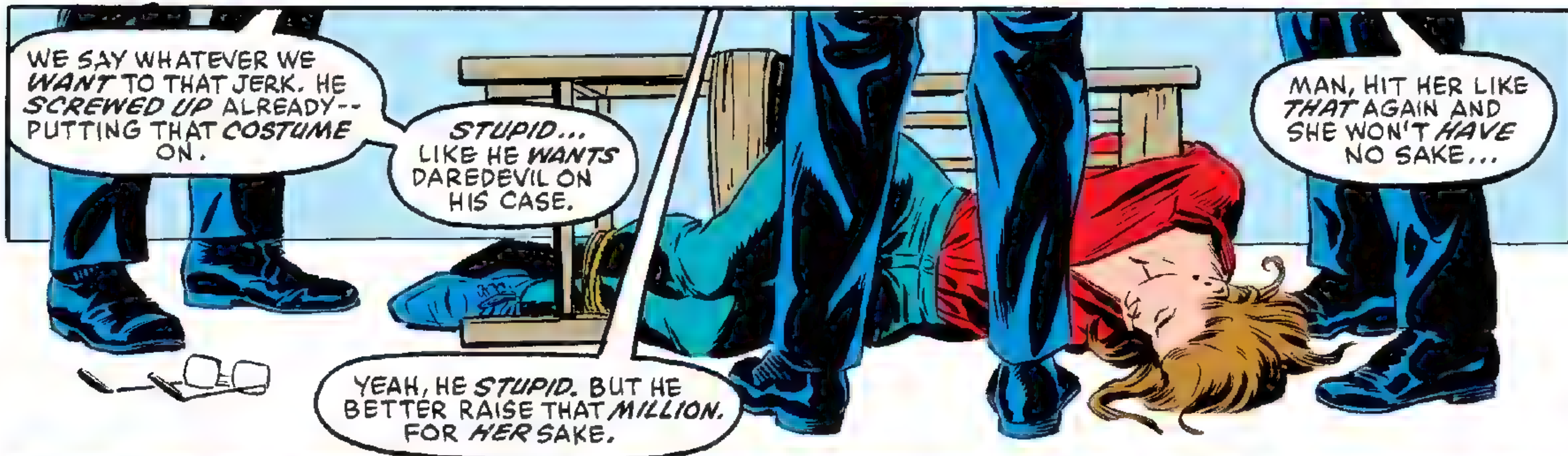
BUT NOW THE NEWS HAS COME OVER THE TV AND THE MEN ARE TALKING ABOUT CALLING MELVIN-- AND IF THEY YELL AT HIM ... BETSY BEATTY MAKES HER VOICE VERY CALM...

YOU'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL WITH MELVIN. HE'S UPSET. IF YOU MAKE HIM AFRAID-- AND HE'S AFRAID OF YOU MEN, YOU CAN BE SURE OF THAT--

--BUT HE COULD GO OFF THE EDGE. THEN HE WON'T BE CAPABLE OF ANYTHING AS COMPLICATED AS ROBBERY...



...AND YOU WON'T GET THE REST OF THE MONEY YOU--

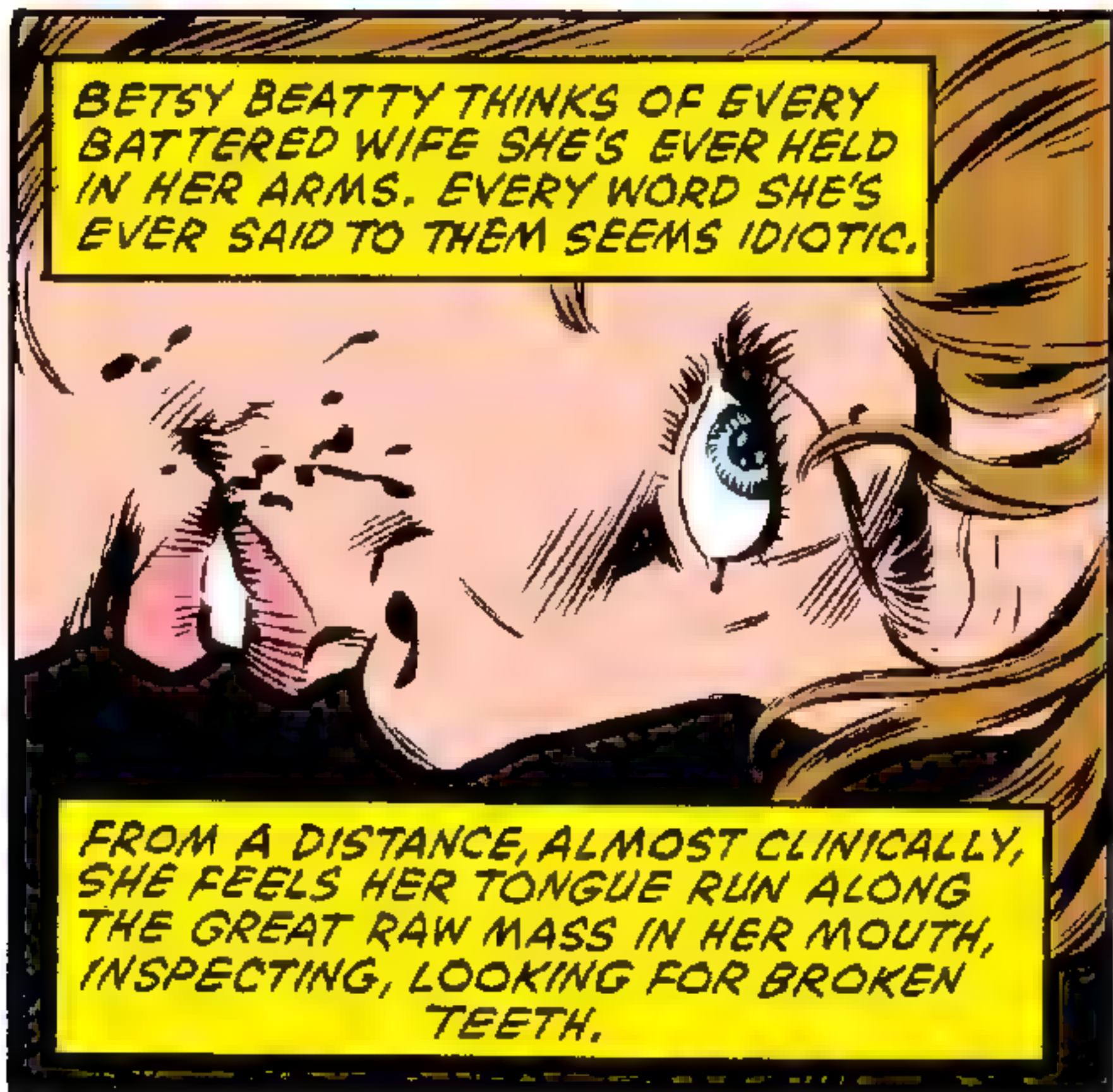


WE SAY WHATEVER WE WANT TO THAT JERK. HE SCREWED UP ALREADY-- PUTTING THAT COSTUME ON.

STUPID... LIKE HE WANTS DAREDEVIL ON HIS CASE.

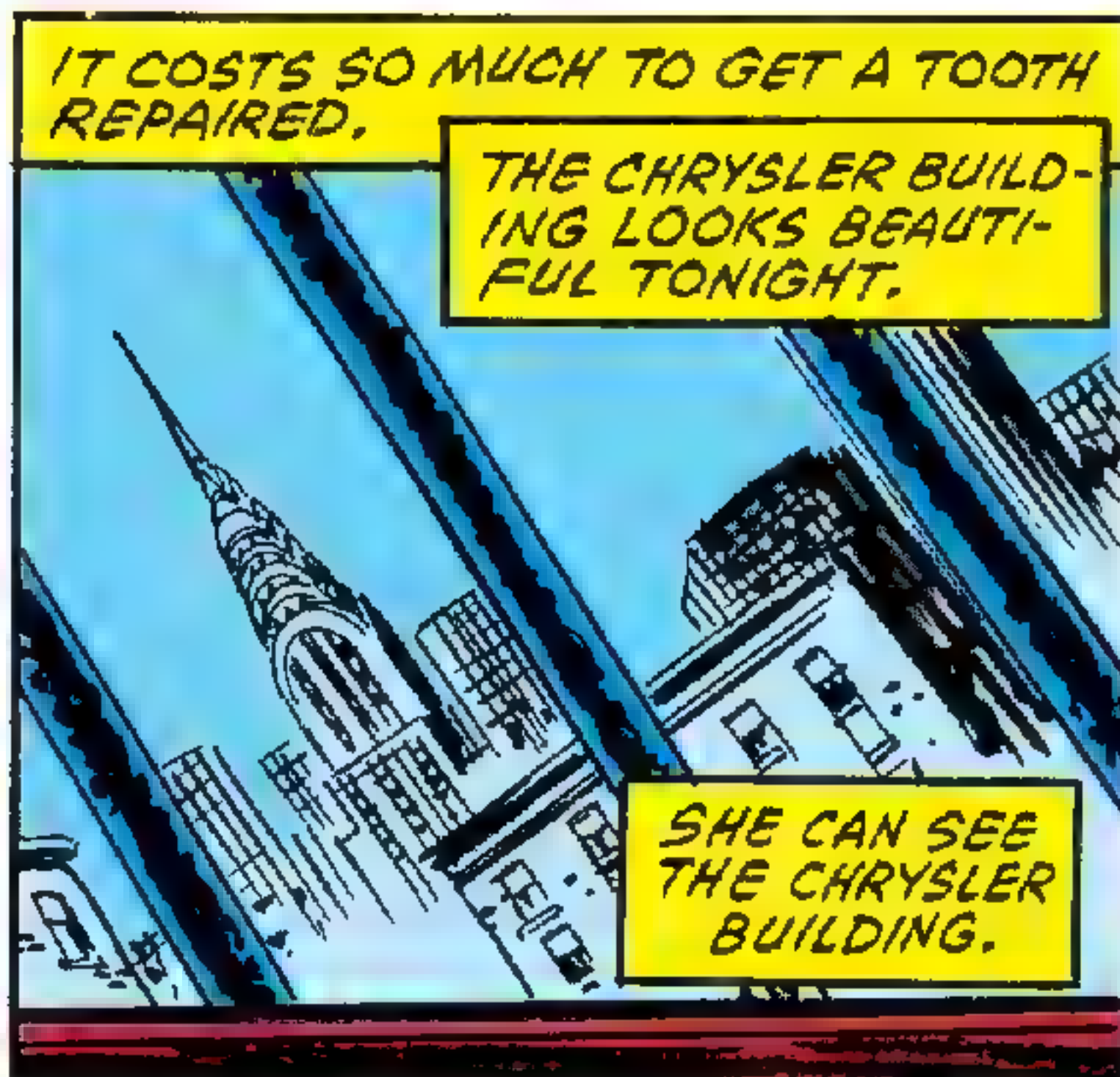
YEAH, HE STUPID. BUT HE BETTER RAISE THAT MILLION. FOR HER SAKE.

MAN, HIT HER LIKE THAT AGAIN AND SHE WON'T HAVE NO SAKE...



BETSY BEATTY THINKS OF EVERY BATTERED WIFE SHE'S EVER HELD IN HER ARMS. EVERY WORD SHE'S EVER SAID TO THEM SEEMS IDIOTIC.

FROM A DISTANCE, ALMOST CLINICALLY, SHE FEELS HER TONGUE RUN ALONG THE GREAT RAW MASS IN HER MOUTH, INSPECTING, LOOKING FOR BROKEN TEETH.



IT COSTS SO MUCH TO GET A TOOTH REPAIRED.

THE CHRYSLER BUILDING LOOKS BEAUTIFUL TONIGHT.

SHE CAN SEE THE CHRYSLER BUILDING.

SHE CAN SEE THE CHRYSLER BUILDING... SO BETSY BEATTY KNOWS WHERE SHE IS.



BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ON HER MOUTH--!

THE ROOM SMELLS AWFUL
AND HE'S SEEN THREE
COCKROACHES AND A
WATER BUG THE SIZE OF
A WALNUT.

BUT MELVIN POTTER IS
SAFE HERE, SAFE FROM
DAREDEVIL AND THE
POLICE, AND THIS IS
WHERE THE MEN TOLD
HIM TO GO. HE'LL STAY
HERE, RIGHT HERE, UNTIL
MIDNIGHT WHEN HE--

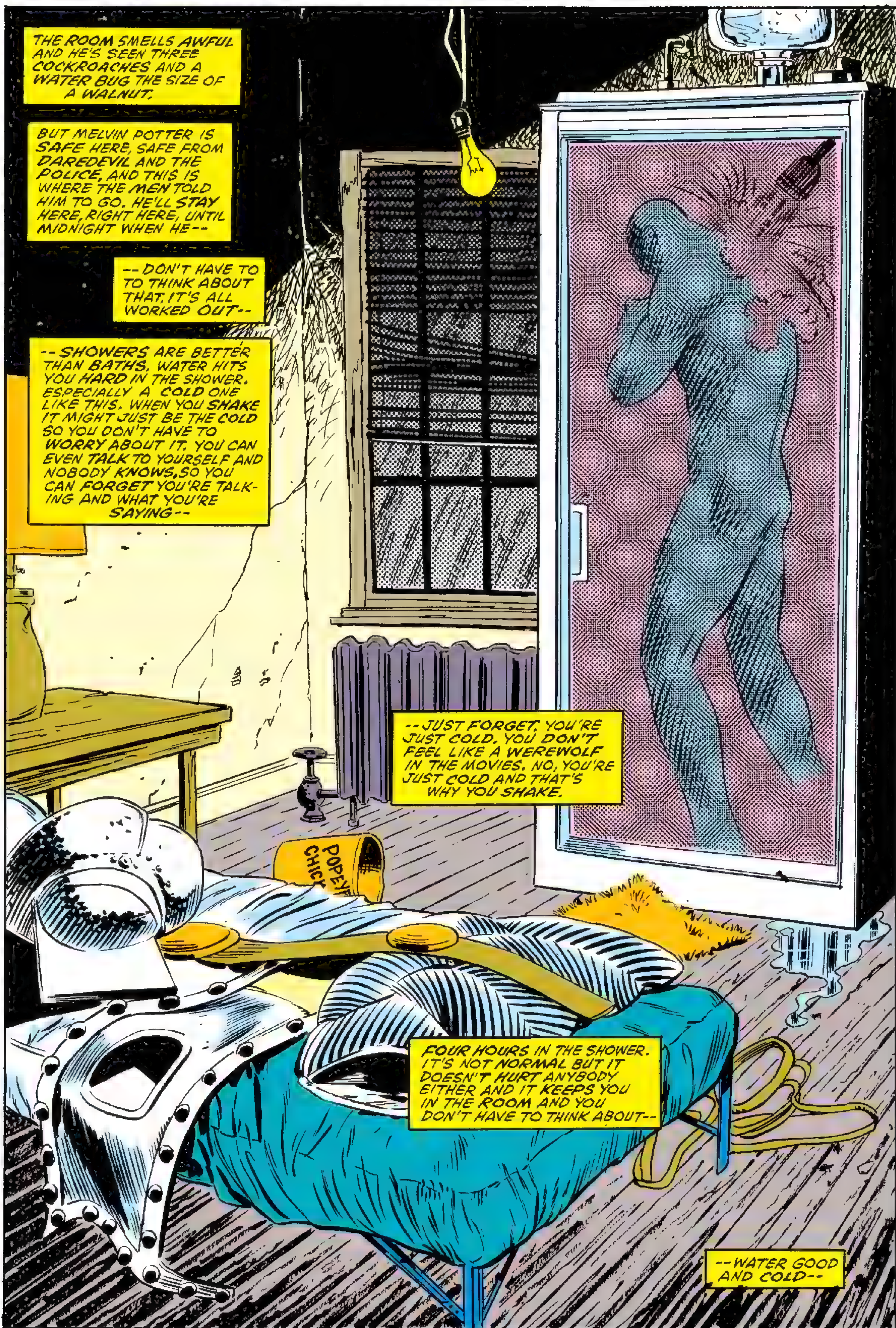
-- DON'T HAVE TO
TO THINK ABOUT
THAT, IT'S ALL
WORKED OUT--

-- SHOWERS ARE BETTER
THAN BATHS. WATER HITS
YOU HARD IN THE SHOWER,
ESPECIALLY A COLD ONE
LIKE THIS. WHEN YOU SHAKE
IT MIGHT JUST BE THE COLD
SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT IT. YOU CAN
EVEN TALK TO YOURSELF AND
NOBODY KNOWS, SO YOU
CAN FORGET YOU'RE TALK-
ING AND WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING--

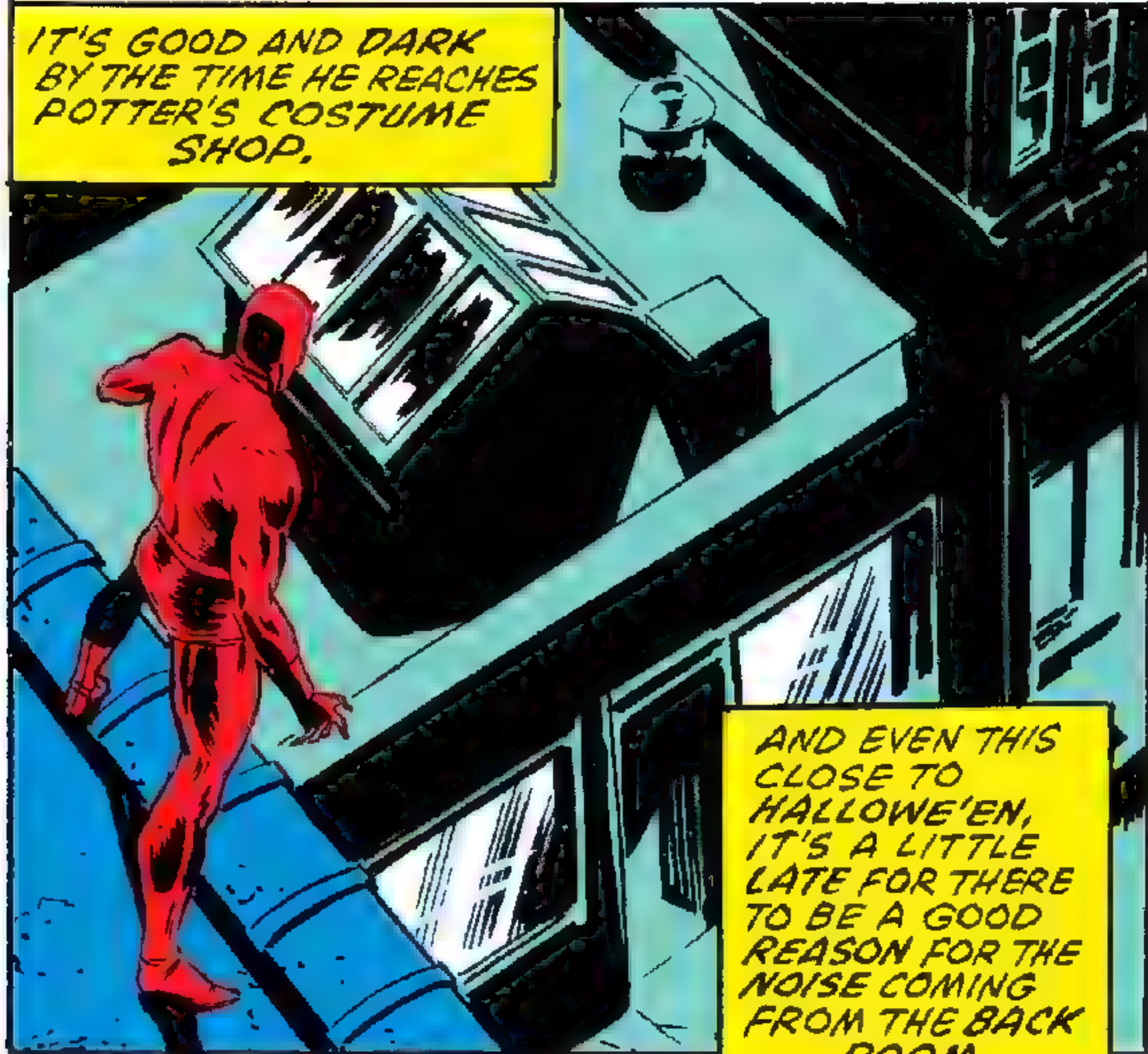
-- JUST FORGET, YOU'RE
JUST COLD. YOU DON'T
FEEL LIKE A WEREWOLF
IN THE MOVIES. NO, YOU'RE
JUST COLD AND THAT'S
WHY YOU SHAKE.

FOUR HOURS IN THE SHOWER.
IT'S NOT NORMAL BUT IT
DOESN'T HURT ANYBODY
EITHER AND IT KEEPS YOU
IN THE ROOM AND YOU
DON'T HAVE TO THINK ABOUT--

-- WATER GOOD
AND COLD--



IT'S GOOD AND DARK
BY THE TIME HE REACHES
POTTER'S COSTUME
SHOP.

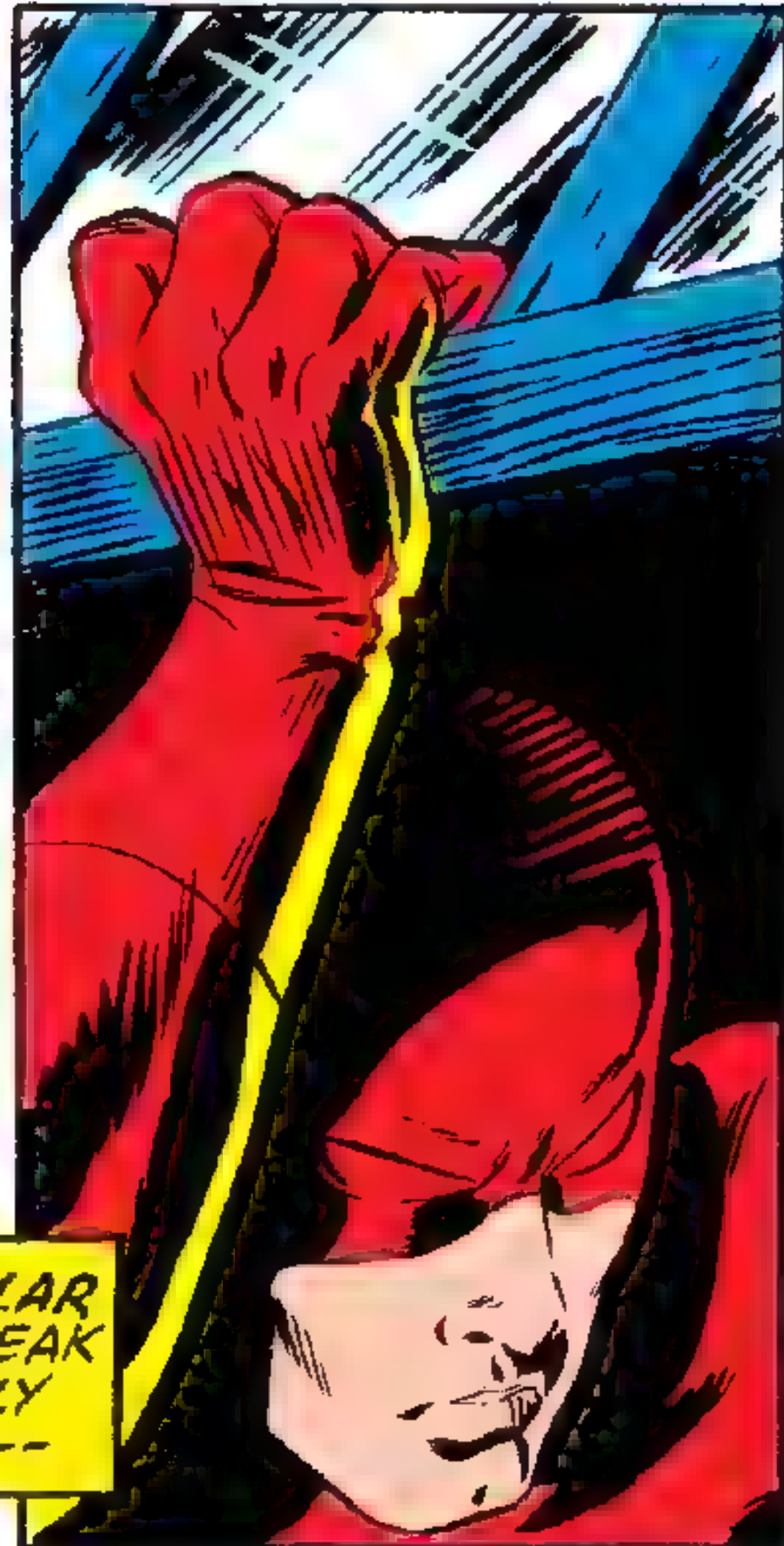


AND EVEN THIS
CLOSE TO
HALLOWE'EN,
IT'S A LITTLE
LATE FOR THERE
TO BE A GOOD
REASON FOR THE
NOISE COMING
FROM THE BACK
ROOM.

HE'S LOOKING
FOR A CLUE--
SOMETHING TO
SILENCE THE
VOICE IN HIS
HEAD THAT KEEPS
SAYING MELVIN
IS INNOCENT.



A CAT BURGLAR
COULDN'T BREAK
IN AS QUICKLY
AS HE DOES--



-- A BLOOD-
HOUND
COULDN'T
SO SWIFTLY
IDENTIFY
THE MEN
BY THEIR
SCENTS.



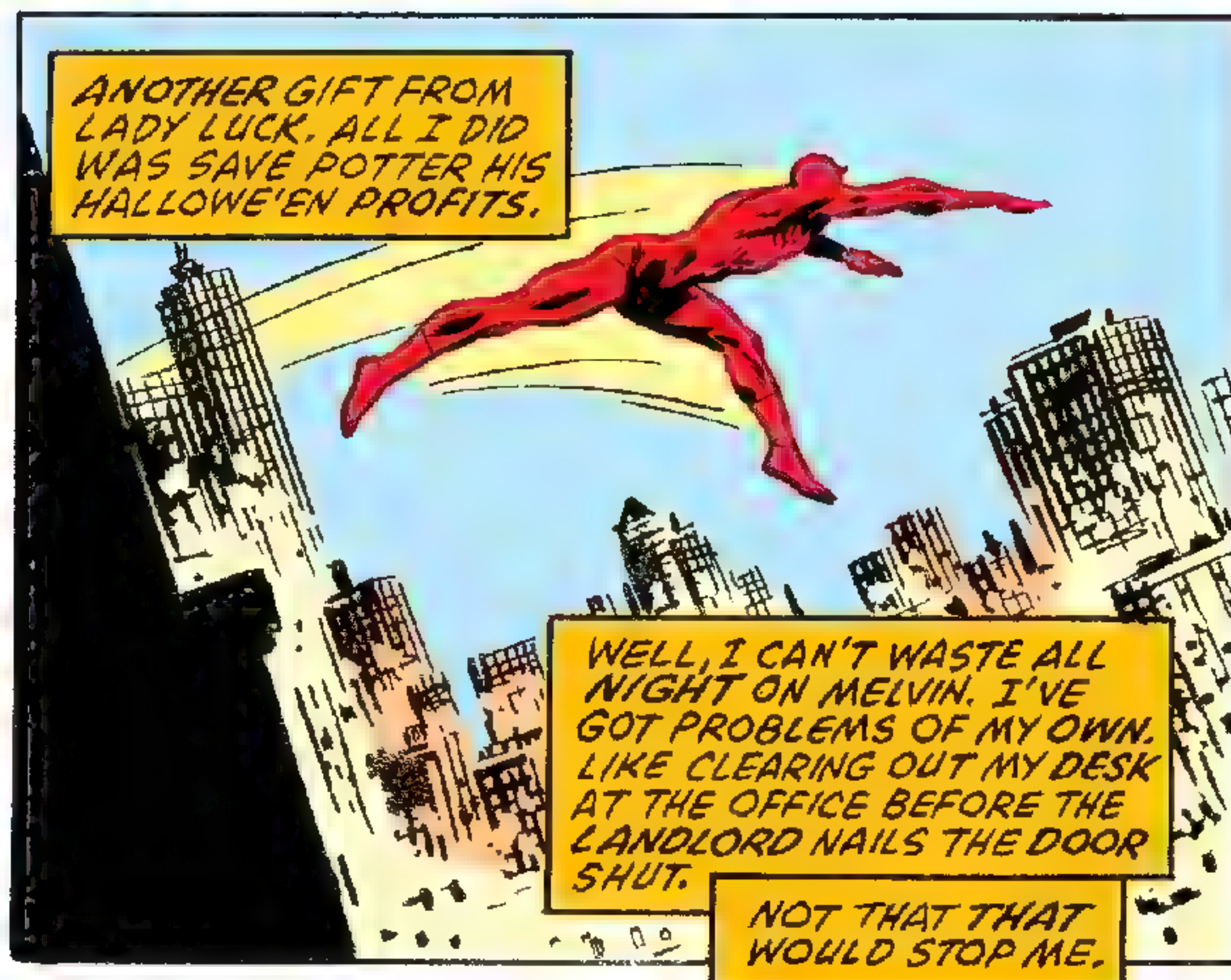
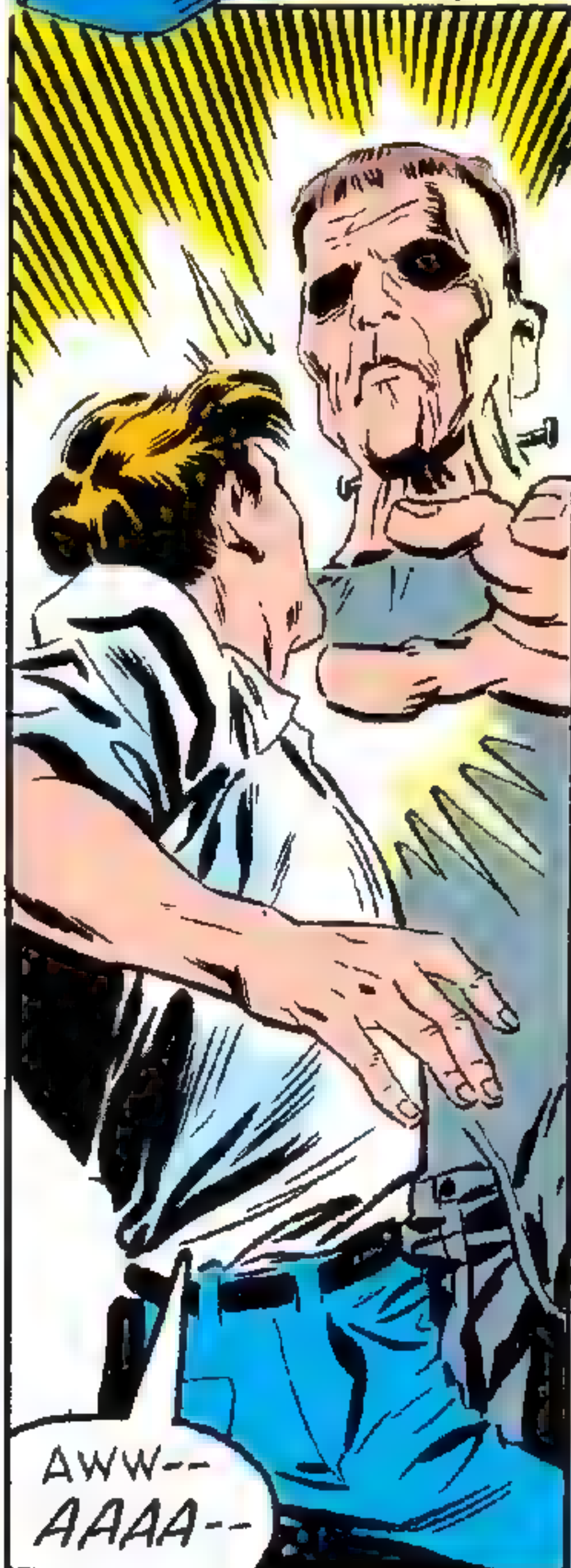
HE KNOWS THEM,
EACH OF THEM.
THEY'RE NO
FRIENDS OF
MELVIN.

BUT THEY'LL DO.

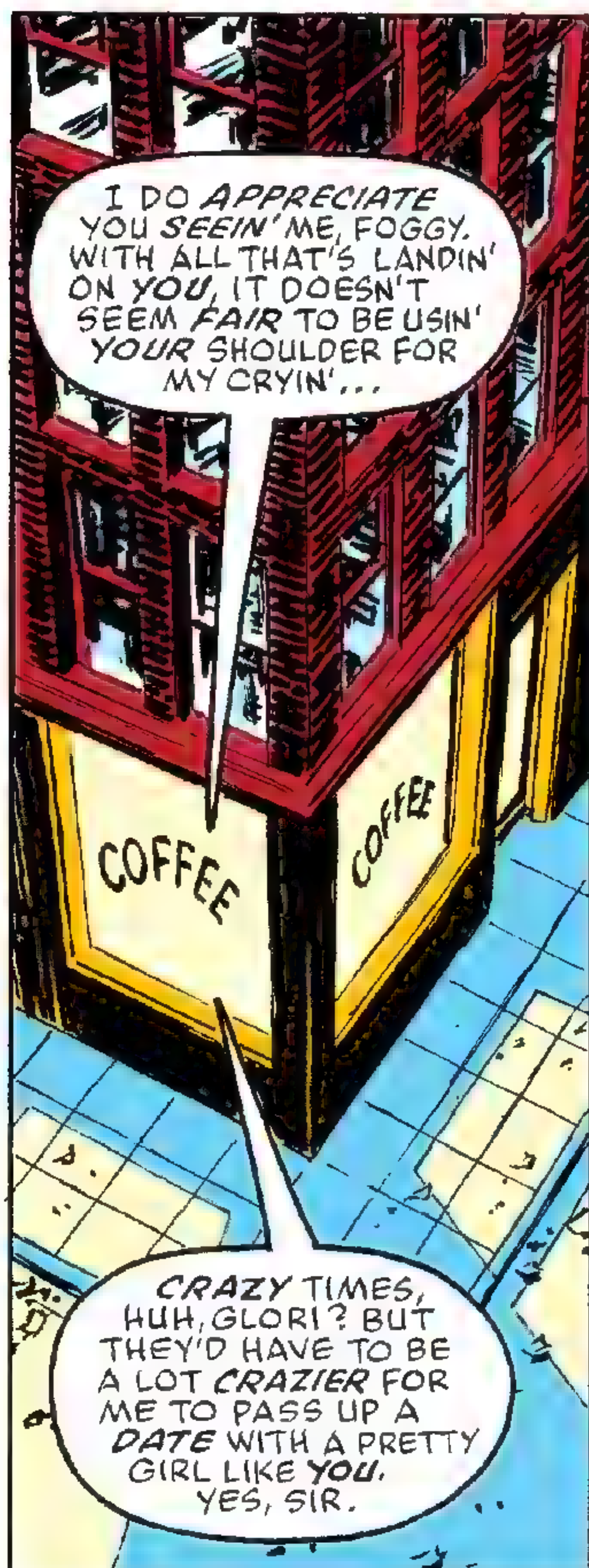


THEY'LL
DO.



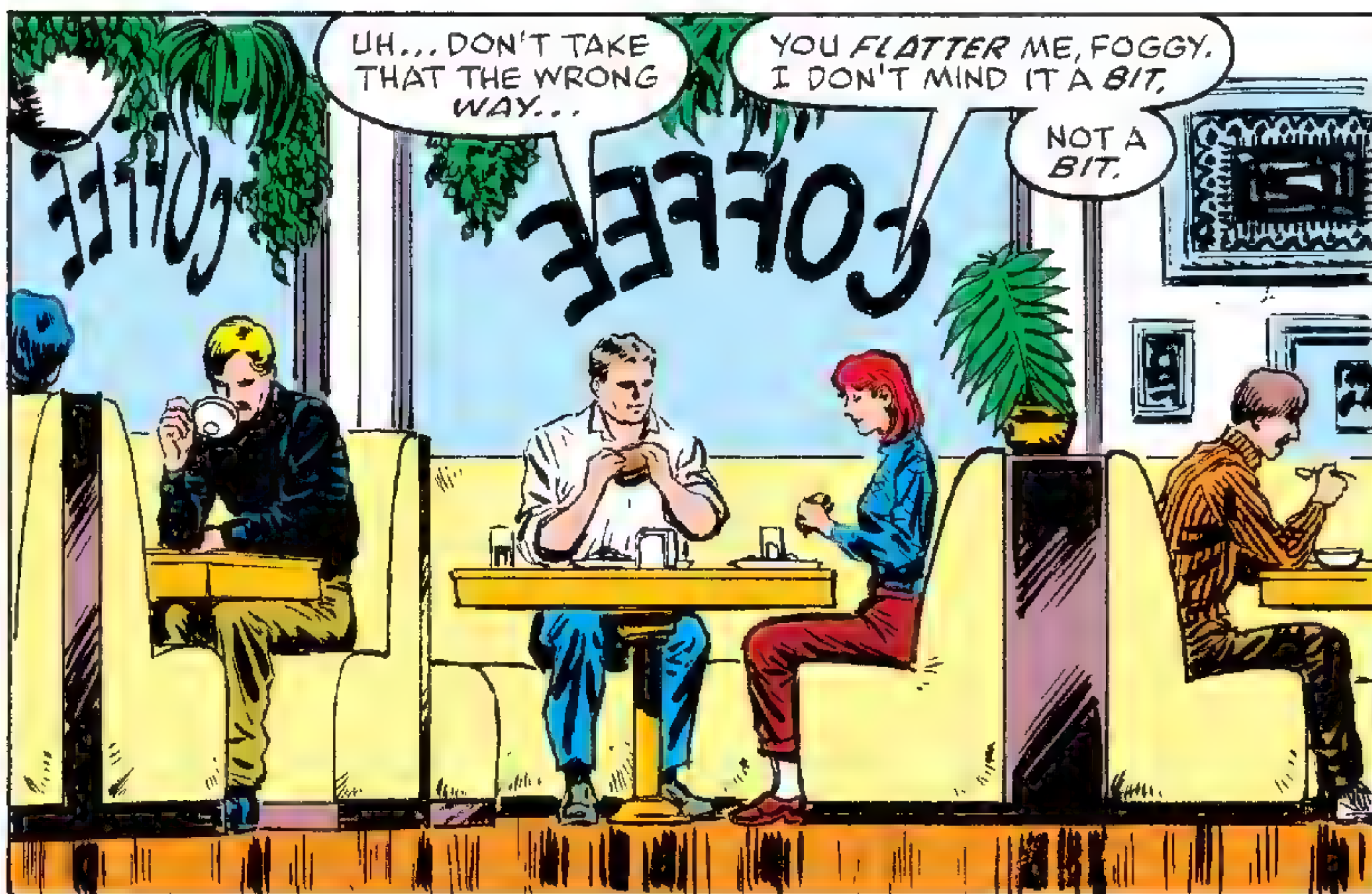


MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE NORTH OF EIGHTY-SIXTH STREET...



I DO APPRECIATE YOU SEEIN' ME, FOGGY. WITH ALL THAT'S LANDIN' ON YOU, IT DOESN'T SEEM FAIR TO BE USIN' YOUR SHOULDER FOR MY CRYIN'...

CRAZY TIMES, HUH, GLORI? BUT THEY'D HAVE TO BE A LOT CRAZIER FOR ME TO PASS UP A DATE WITH A PRETTY GIRL LIKE YOU. YES, SIR.



UH... DON'T TAKE THAT THE WRONG WAY...

YOU FLATTER ME, FOGGY. I DON'T MIND IT A BIT.

NOT A BIT.



MATT-- ME AND MATT, WE USED TO EAT HERE ALL THE TIME. THAT WAS BACK IN COLLEGE-- BEFORE THE PRACTICE AND THE MONEY AND ALL. BOY, THOSE WERE THE DAYS, I'LL TELL YOU.

YOU AND MATT-- YOU GO BACK A WAYS, DON'T YOU?

AND THIS-- THIS IS A CHEESEBURGER. GOOD A ONE AS YOU'LL FIND.



MET IN COLLEGE. COLUMBIA, RIGHT UP THE STREET. ROOMED TOGETHER THROUGH GRAD SCHOOL. MATT WAS THE WHIZ, NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. YOU READ HIM FOUR WORDS AND MATT, HE'D DO YOU A SPEECH ON IT THAT'D MAKE JEFFERSON CRAWL UP OUT OF HIS GRAVE AND TAKE NOTICE.

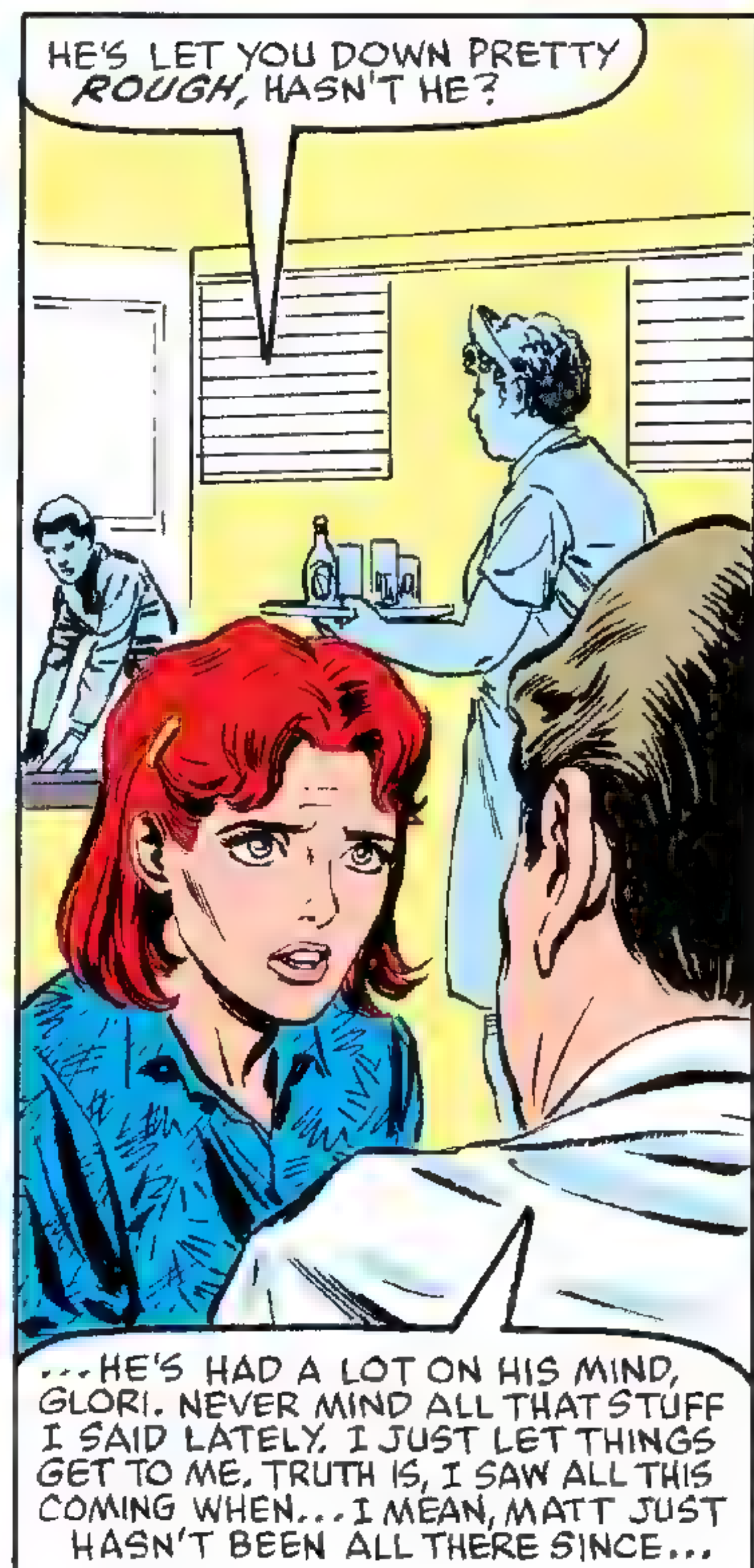
Y'SEE, JEFFERSON WAS AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT. WROTE THE--

EVEN IN IRELAND WE HEARD OF JEFFERSON, FOGGY.



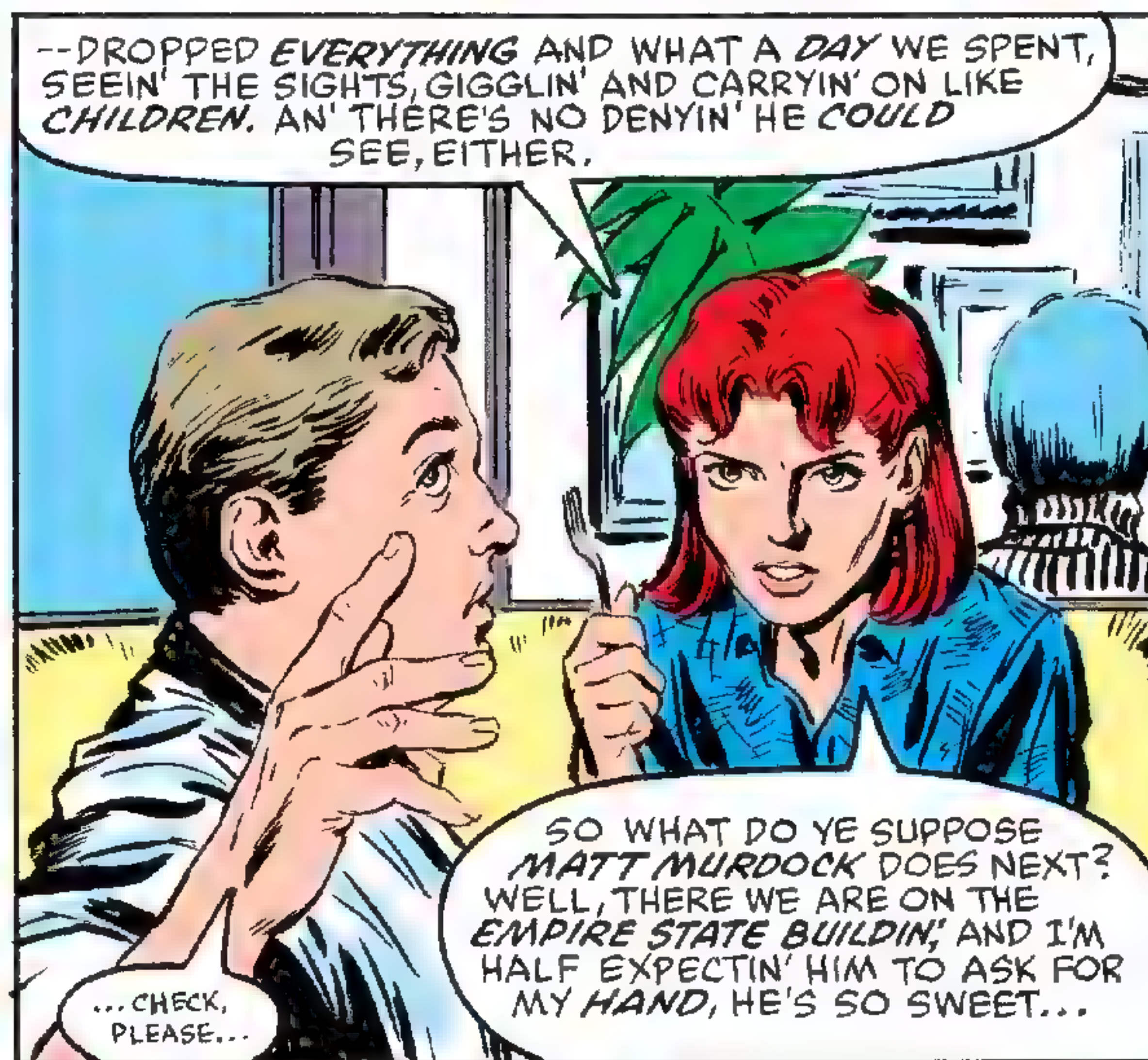
SPOSE YOU HAVE, COME TO THINK OF IT. ANYWAY, THE ONLY THING MATT WASN'T MUCH GOOD ON WAS THE DETAILS. NEVER HAD THE PATIENCE. THAT'S WHERE I CAME IN, WITH MY STEEL-TRAP MIND.

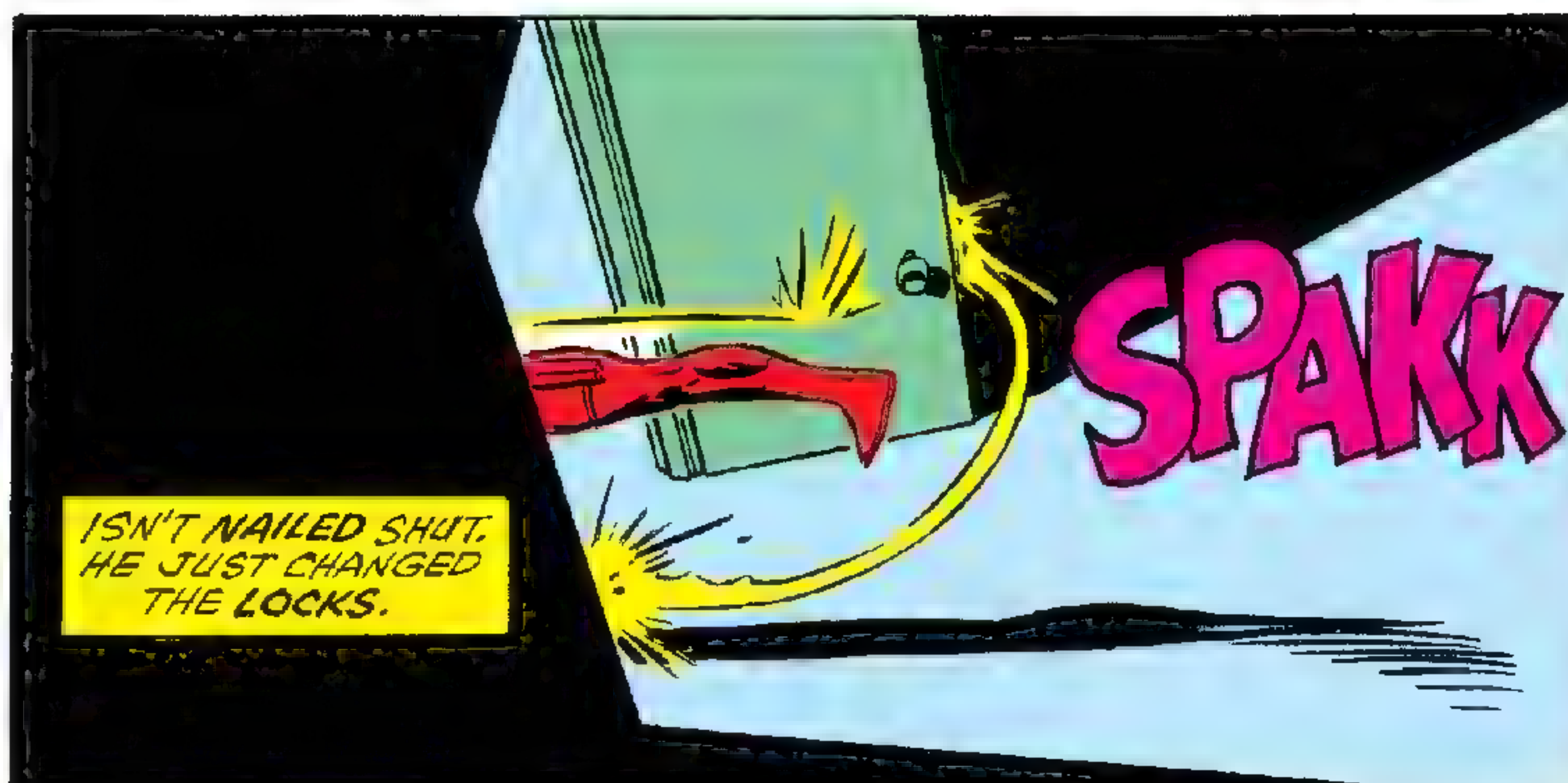
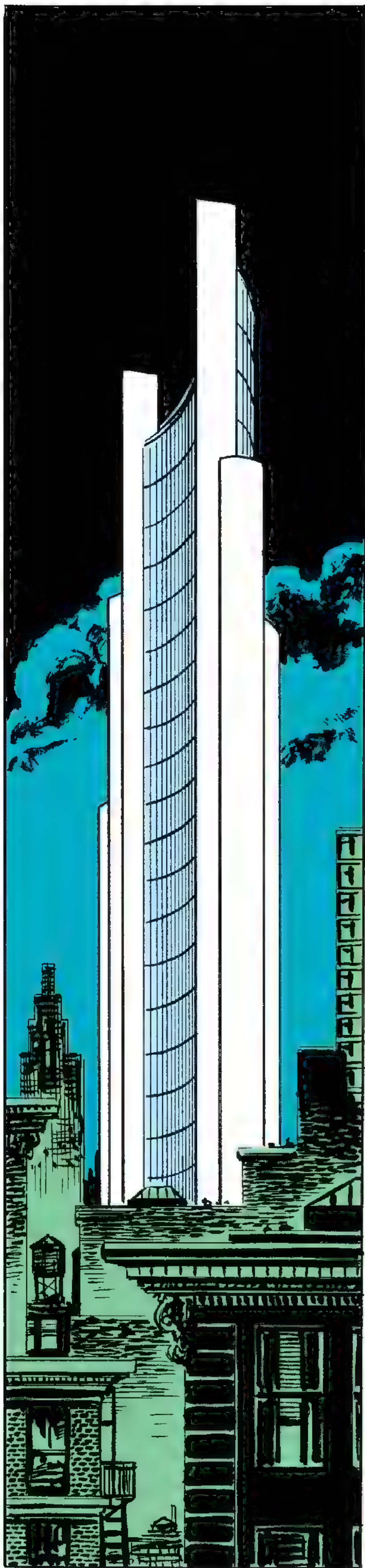
WAY I ALWAYS PUT IT, MATT WAS INSPIRATION, AND ME, I WAS PERSPIRATION...



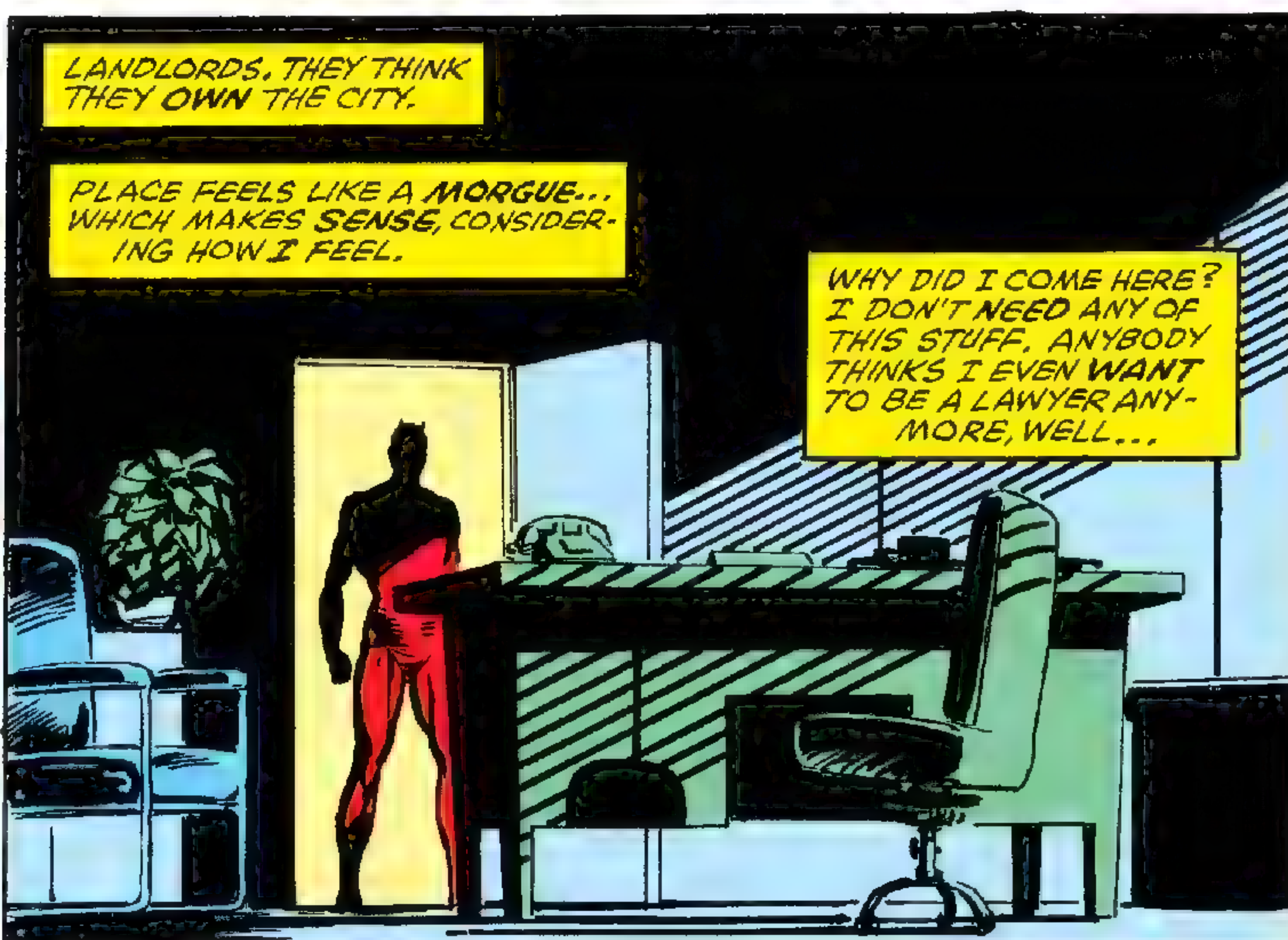
HE'S LET YOU DOWN PRETTY ROUGH, HASN'T HE?

...HE'S HAD A LOT ON HIS MIND, GLORI. NEVER MIND ALL THAT STUFF I SAID LATELY. I JUST LET THINGS GET TO ME. TRUTH IS, I SAW ALL THIS COMING WHEN... I MEAN, MATT JUST HASN'T BEEN ALL THERE SINCE...





ISN'T NAILED SHUT.
HE JUST CHANGED
THE LOCKS.



LANDLORDS. THEY THINK
THEY OWN THE CITY.

PLACE FEELS LIKE A MORGUE...
WHICH MAKES SENSE, CONSIDER-
ING HOW I FEEL.

WHY DID I COME HERE?
I DON'T NEED ANY OF
THIS STUFF. ANYBODY
THINKS I EVEN WANT
TO BE A LAWYER ANY-
MORE, WELL...



...WELL, I'D HAVE TO BE
ASKED PRETTY NICELY,
THAT'S FOR SURE.

I NEVER LIKED THIS JOB.
HELPING CRIMINALS
GET OFF THE HOOK...
HELPING HUSBANDS AND
WIVES, WHO DIDN'T HAVE
THE NERVE TO FACE EACH
OTHER, FIGHT OVER THEIR
CHILDREN...

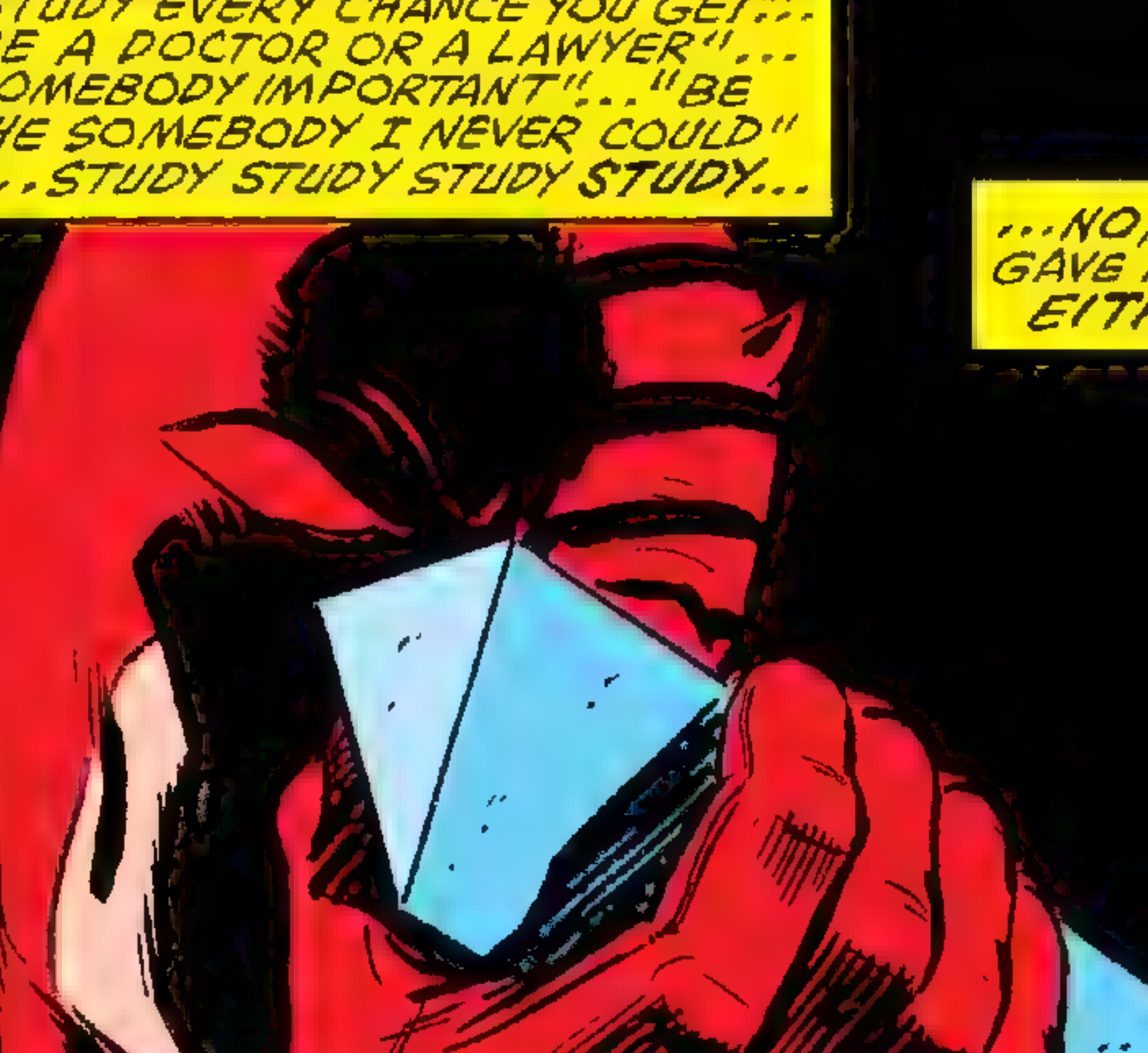


IT WAS A LOUSY
JOB, DAD. AND I
DID IT FOR YOU.

I WANTED TO PLAY,
LIKE THE OTHER
KIDS. BUT YOU...
YOU NEVER LET ME...

"STUDY EVERY CHANCE YOU GET...
"BE A DOCTOR OR A LAWYER"...
"SOMEBODY IMPORTANT"... "BE
THE SOMEBODY I NEVER COULD"
...STUDY STUDY STUDY STUDY...

...NO, YOU
GAVE ME A
EITHER, D

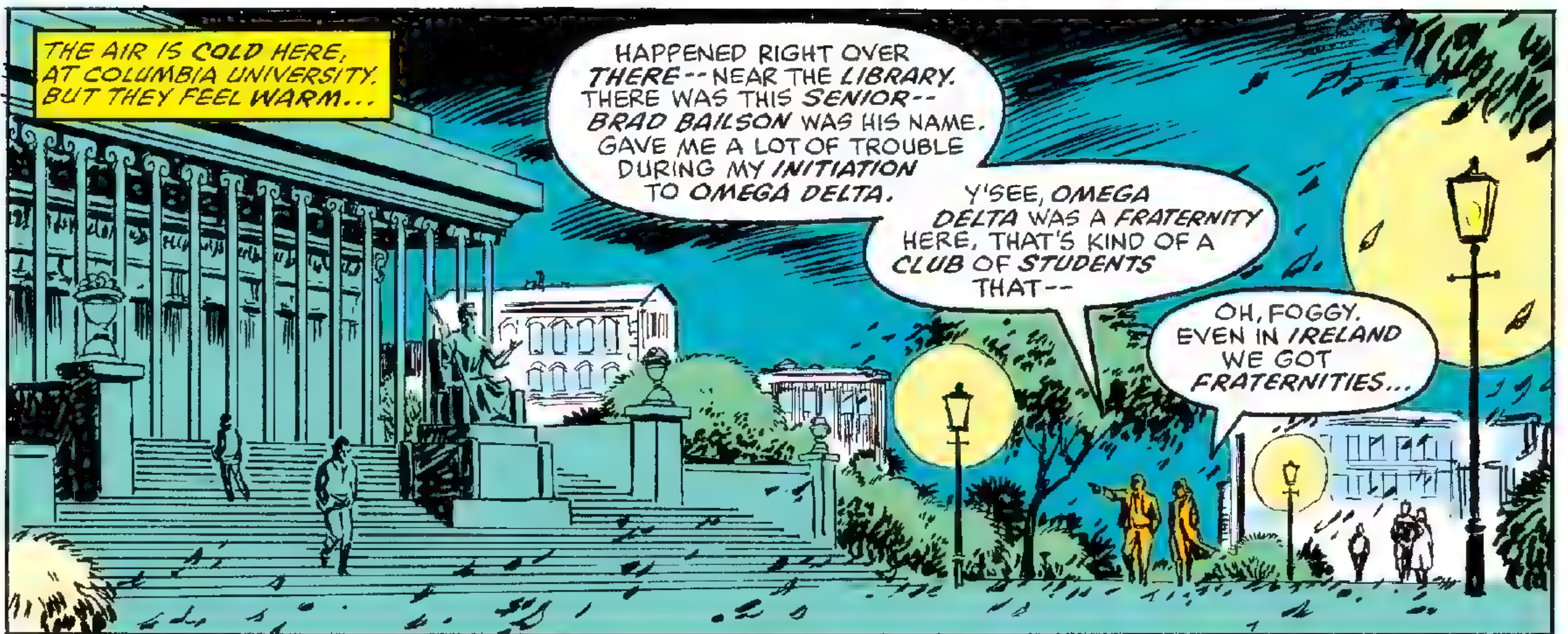


EVER REAK, D--

-- ALWAYS PUSHING ME--

A comic book panel depicting a dramatic moment. A blue rectangular object, which appears to be a book or a folder, is shown in mid-air, having just struck a window. The object is tilted, and its front cover is visible, featuring the text "MATTHEW MURDOCK ATTORNEY" in white, bold, capital letters. The impact has caused the window to shatter, with numerous sharp, jagged pieces of glass flying outwards. A large, stylized sound effect "SMASH" in red and pink letters is positioned to the left of the impact point. To the right of the impact, a long, yellow, comet-like streak indicates the path of the object. The background is white with some light blue shading, suggesting an indoor setting. The overall style is that of a classic comic book illustration.

LET IT RING.
LET IT RING.
ALL NIGHT.



THE AIR IS COLD HERE,
AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.
BUT THEY FEEL WARM...

HAPPENED RIGHT OVER
THERE-- NEAR THE LIBRARY.
THERE WAS THIS SENIOR--
BRAD BAILSON WAS HIS NAME.
GAVE ME A LOT OF TROUBLE
DURING MY INITIATION
TO OMEGA DELTA.

Y'SEE, OMEGA
DELTA WAS A FRATERNITY
HERE. THAT'S KIND OF A
CLUB OF STUDENTS
THAT--

OH, FOGGY.
EVEN IN IRELAND
WE GOT
FRATERNITIES...



SPOSE YOU DO, COME TO THINK OF IT.
ANYWAY, THEY MADE ME DO LOTS OF
DUMB STUFF, AND BRAD, HE WAS
ALWAYS MAKING IT WORSE,
ALWAYS RIDING ME.

THERE'S THIS NARROW
PIPE THAT RUNS FROM THE
BASEMENT UNDERGROUND
OUT TO THE RIVER. WASN'T
USED FOR ANYTHING ANY-
MORE, AND THE DELTA BOYS,
WELL, THEY TOLD ME I
HAD TO CRAWL THROUGH
IT.

BOY, WAS IT SCARY, DARK, AND TIGHT
--Y'SEE, I WAS PRETTY CHUBBY
BACK THEN. MATT, HE TOLD ME
NOT TO DO IT. MATT NEVER HAD
ANY USE FOR FRATERNITIES...



SO I WAS IN THERE, PUFFING AND
SQUEEZING ALONG, AND, WELL, BEST I
CAN FIGURE IT, BRAD HAD GOTTEN AN
INDUSTRIAL WATER HOSE, AND WAS
GOING TO FILL THE PIPE UP.
I COULD'VE DROWNED.

BUT LIKE I SAID, I FIGURED
THAT OUT LATER. 'CAUSE
NOTHING HAPPENED TO ME
WHILE I WAS IN THE PIPE.
AND WHEN I CAME OUT, I
HEARD EVERYBODY LAUGHING
...NATURALLY I THOUGHT
THEY WERE LAUGHING
AT ME...



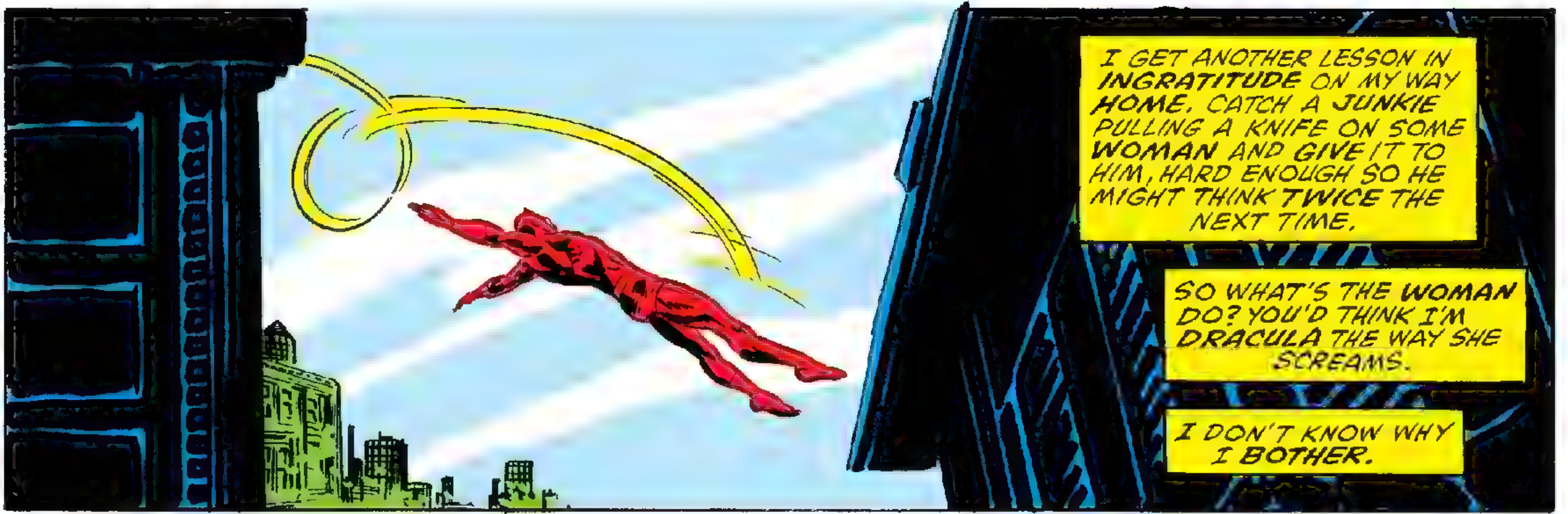
...BUT THEY WEREN'T, IT WAS
BRAD, HANGING FROM THE THIRD
FLOOR WINDOW, TIED HEAD TO
TOE IN THAT HOSE OF HIS, CURSING
AND SWEARING TO BEAT THE
BAND, GOLLY, IT WAS SO FUNNY...

...TO THIS DAY MATT WON'T ADMIT
HE DID IT, OR TELL ME HOW. BUT
NOBODY ELSE WOULD'VE... I WISH
YOU'D KNOWN MATT BACK THEN,
GLORI... HE WAS...



Y'KNOW, I NEVER NOTICED HOW
ROMANTIC THIS PLACE LOOKS
AT NIGHT...

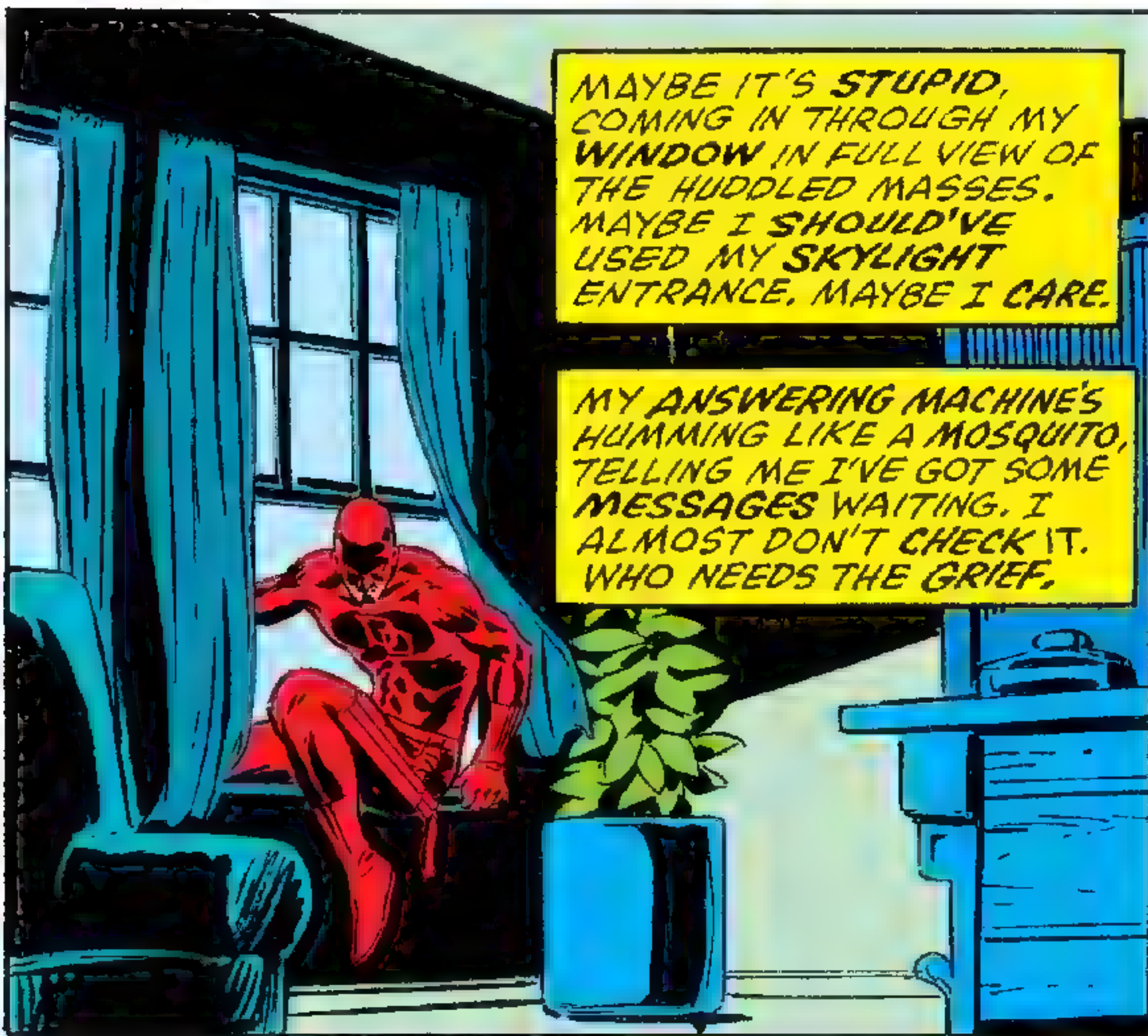
STRANGE HOW THAT
WORKS, ISN'T IT?...



I GET ANOTHER LESSON IN INGRATITUDE ON MY WAY HOME. CATCH A JUNKIE PULLING A KNIFE ON SOME WOMAN AND GIVE IT TO HIM, HARD ENOUGH SO HE MIGHT THINK TWICE THE NEXT TIME.

SO WHAT'S THE WOMAN DO? YOU'D THINK I'M DRACULA THE WAY SHE SCREAMS.

I DON'T KNOW WHY I BOTHER.



MAYBE IT'S STUPID, COMING IN THROUGH MY WINDOW IN FULL VIEW OF THE HUDDLED MASSES. MAYBE I SHOULD'VE USED MY SKYLIGHT ENTRANCE. MAYBE I CARE.

MY ANSWERING MACHINE'S HUMMING LIKE A MOSQUITO, TELLING ME I'VE GOT SOME MESSAGES WAITING. I ALMOST DON'T CHECK IT. WHO NEEDS THE GRIEF.



WELL, IT MIGHT BE SOME GOOD NEWS. SURE, AND CHRISTMAS MIGHT COME TWICE THIS YEAR.

BEEP MATT, THIS IS GLORI AGAIN. I... OH, NEVER MIND. KLIK

OOOH. COLD.



ONE MESSAGE. BEEN GONE ALL DAY AND ONE LOUSY MESSAGE.

THEN IT RINGS, LIKE AN OLD WOMAN YELLING. I JUST LEAVE THE MACHINE RUNNING. IT'S MY RIGHT.



BESIDES, I JUST DON'T FEEL LIKE DEALING WITH FOGGY OR GLORI OR...

... MELVIN, MR. MURDOCK. MELVIN POTTER... UM... I... I NEED HELP...

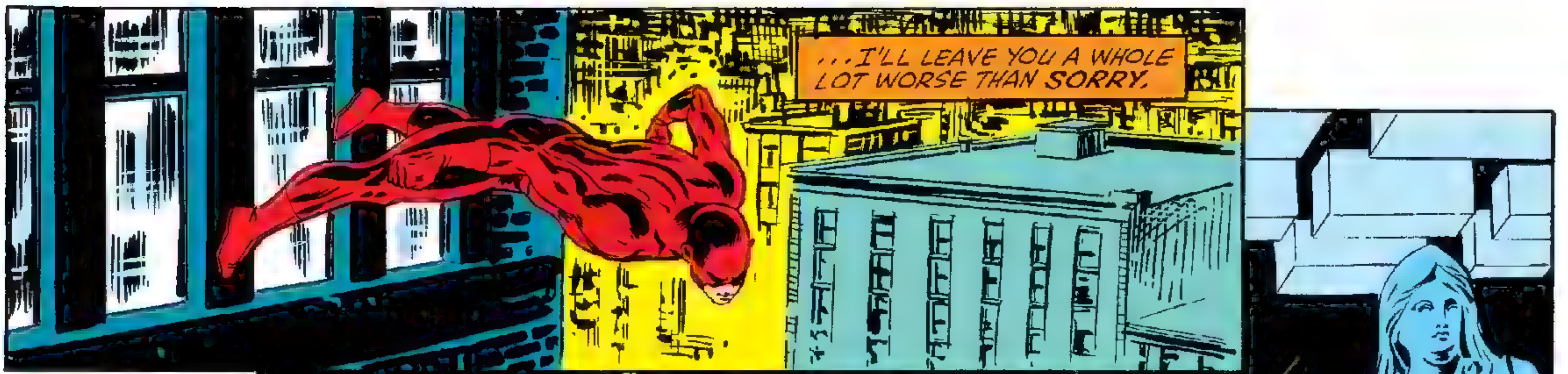
YOU AND THE REST OF THE WORLD. ALWAYS COMING TO ME...



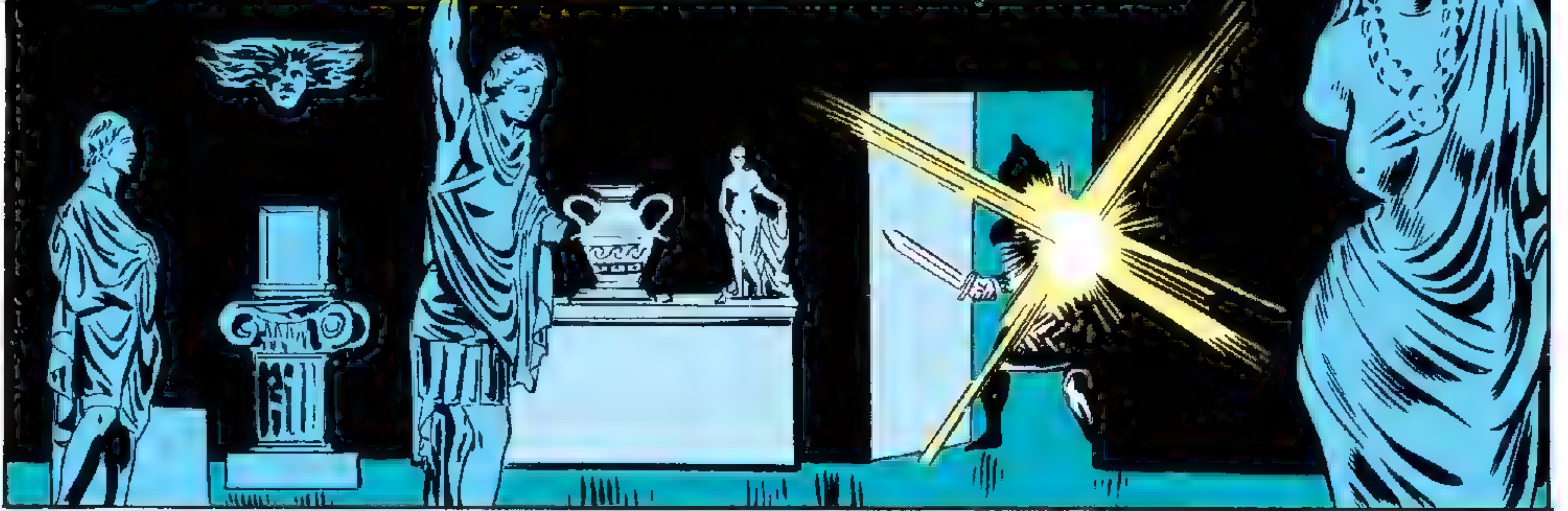
... I KNOW YOU KNOW DAREDEVIL ... UM... AND... IF YOU COULD ASK HIM TO... TO COME TO THE DIBNEY MUSEUM... I NEED... I DON'T WANNA...

... NO, DON'T TELL HIM THAT ... JUST SAY I'M... I'M SORRY ... KLIK

SORRY, ARE YOU, MELVIN? AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR YOU...



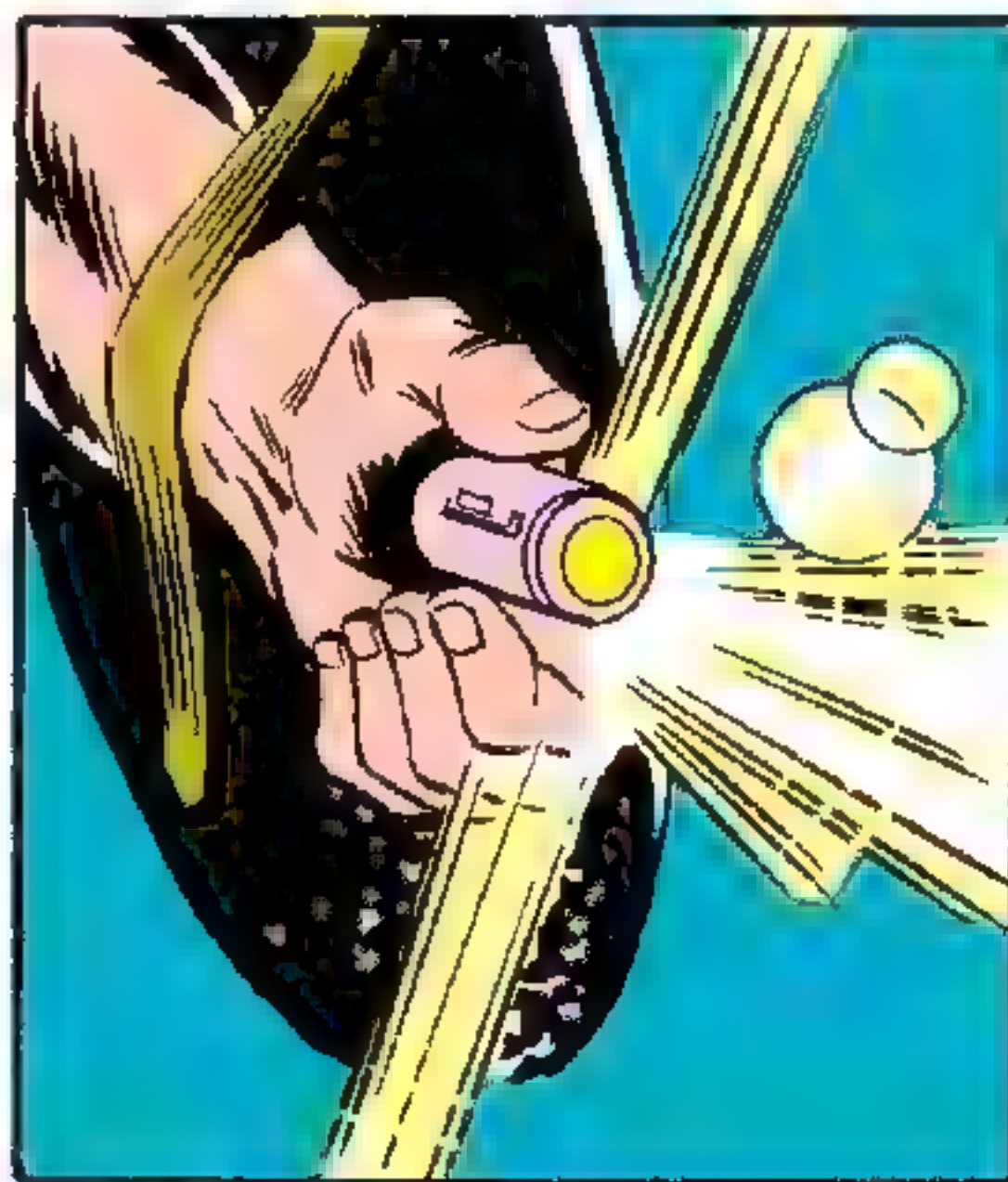
IT'S ALMOST AN HOUR BEFORE MELVIN MAKES IT TO THE MUSEUM, SOMEHOW BUMBLING THROUGH THE LOCKS AND PAST THE ALARMS, MOVING WITH ALL THE GRACE OF YOUR AVERAGE COW...



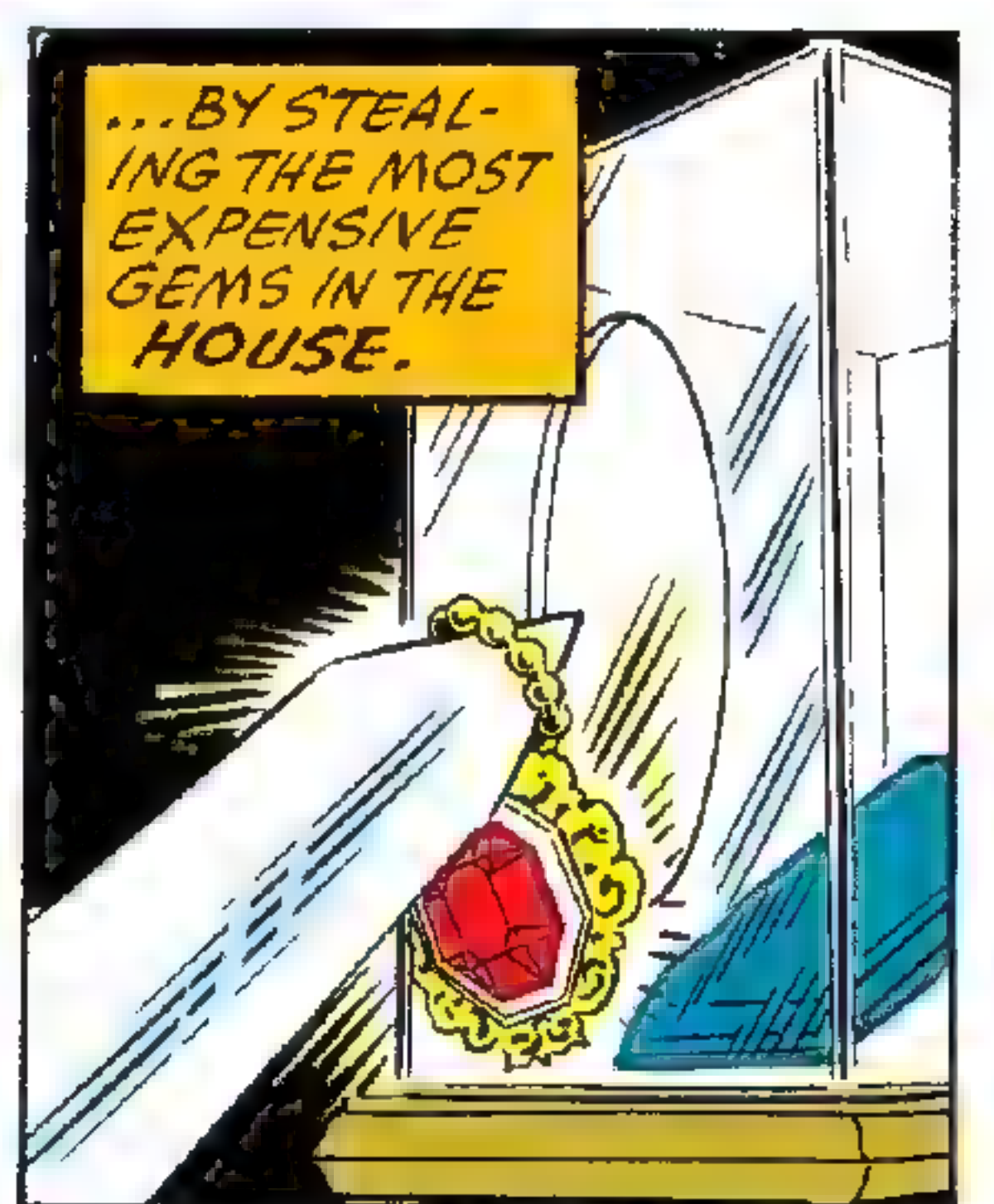
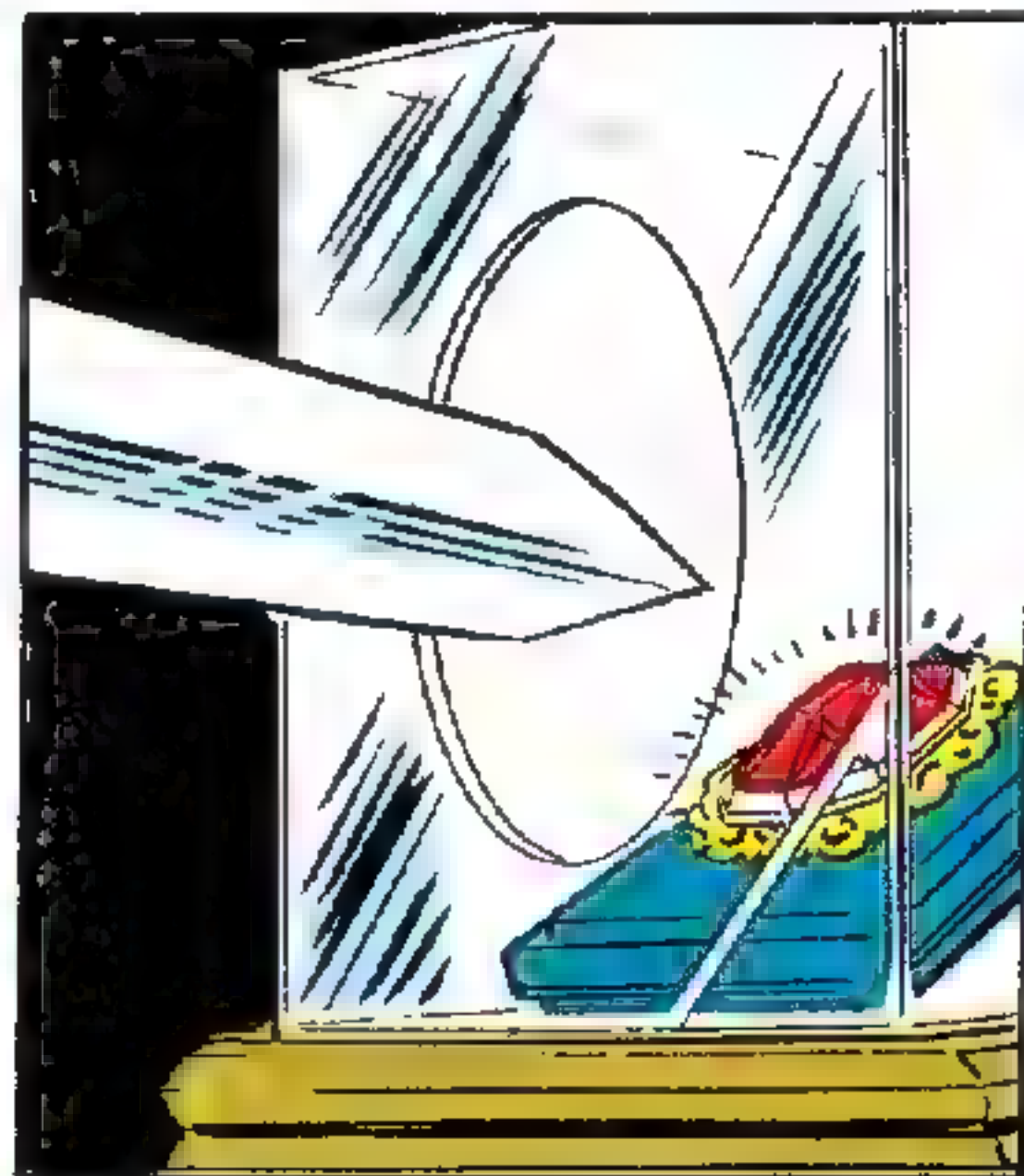
... SANDALS SCUFFING ON THE TILE FLOOR...

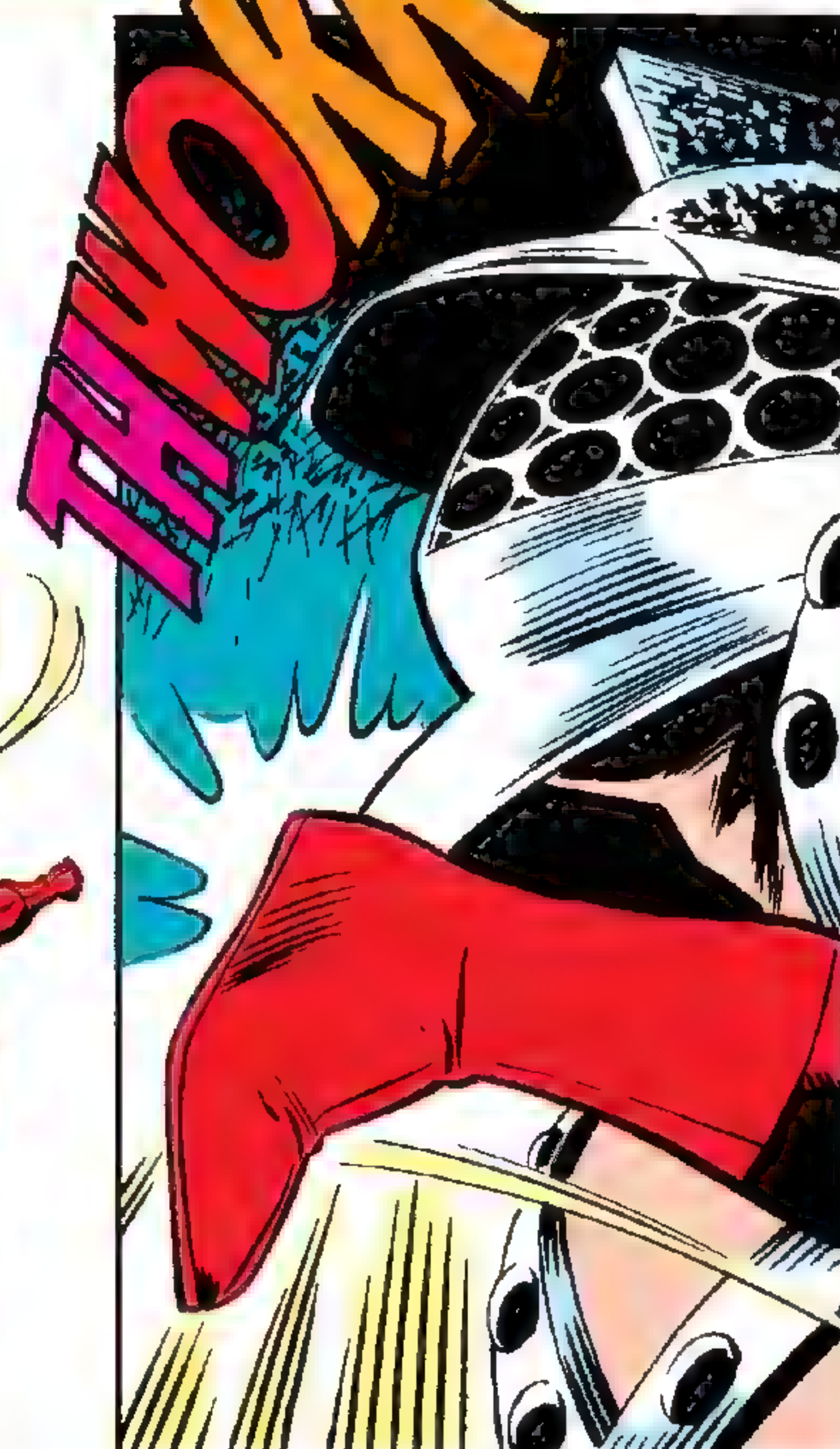
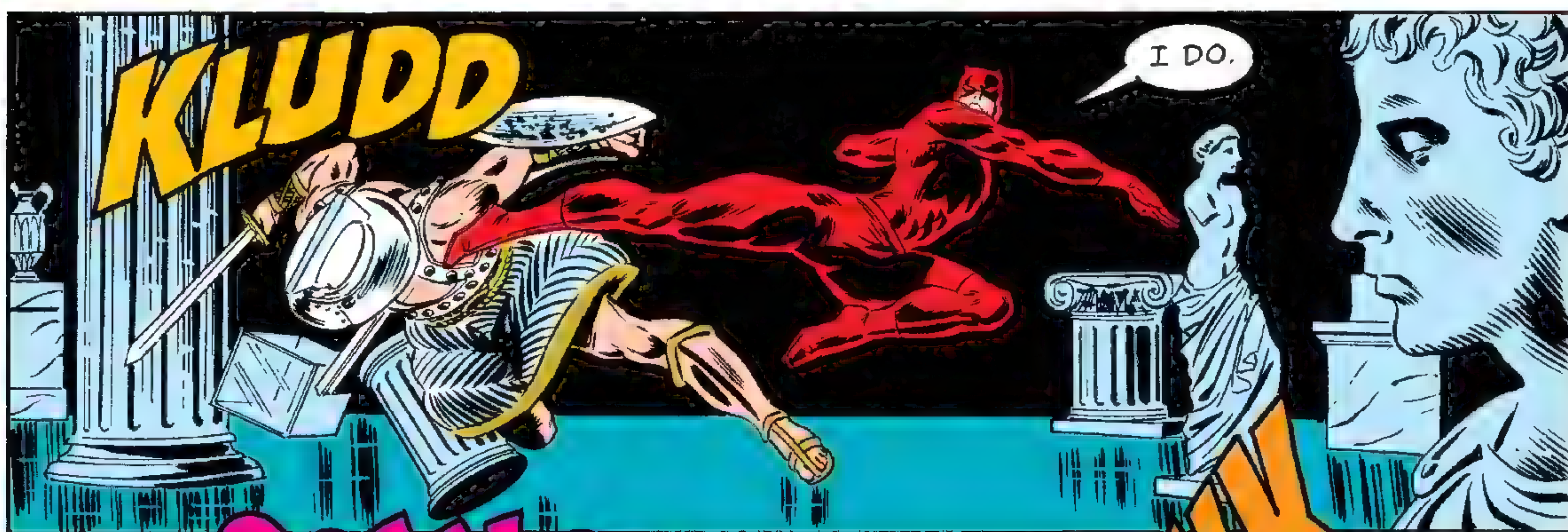
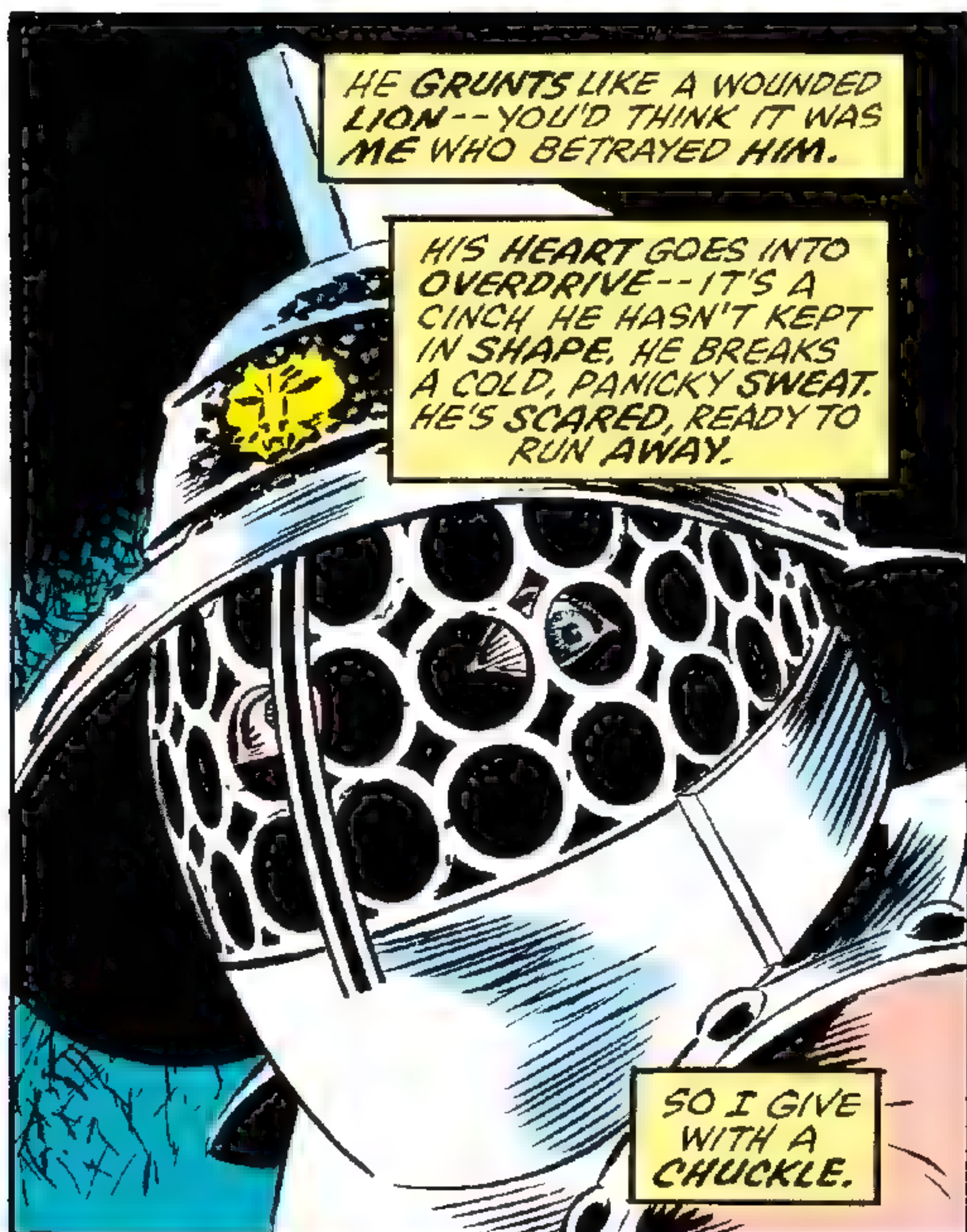


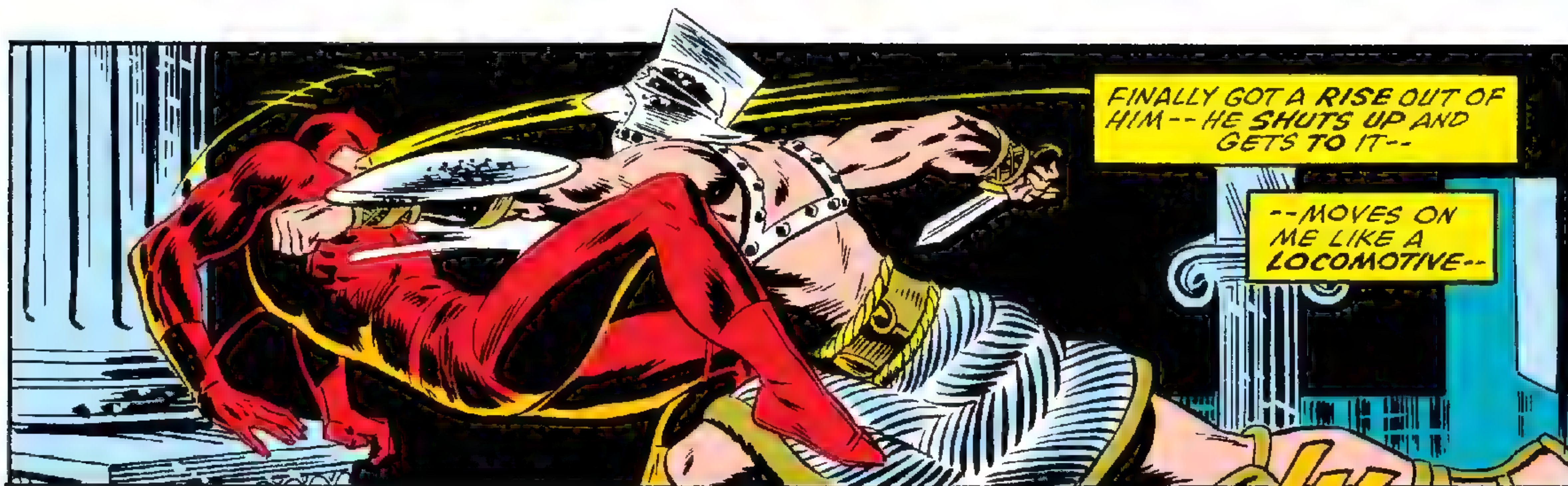
... STILL MUMBLING HOW SORRY HE IS...



... AND SHOWING THE DEPTH OF HIS SORROW...







FINALLY GOT A RISE OUT OF HIM-- HE SHUTS UP AND GETS TO IT--

--MOVES ON ME LIKE A LOCOMOTIVE--



I MAKE LIKE A SPEEDING BULLET.

WHOKK



THWAKK



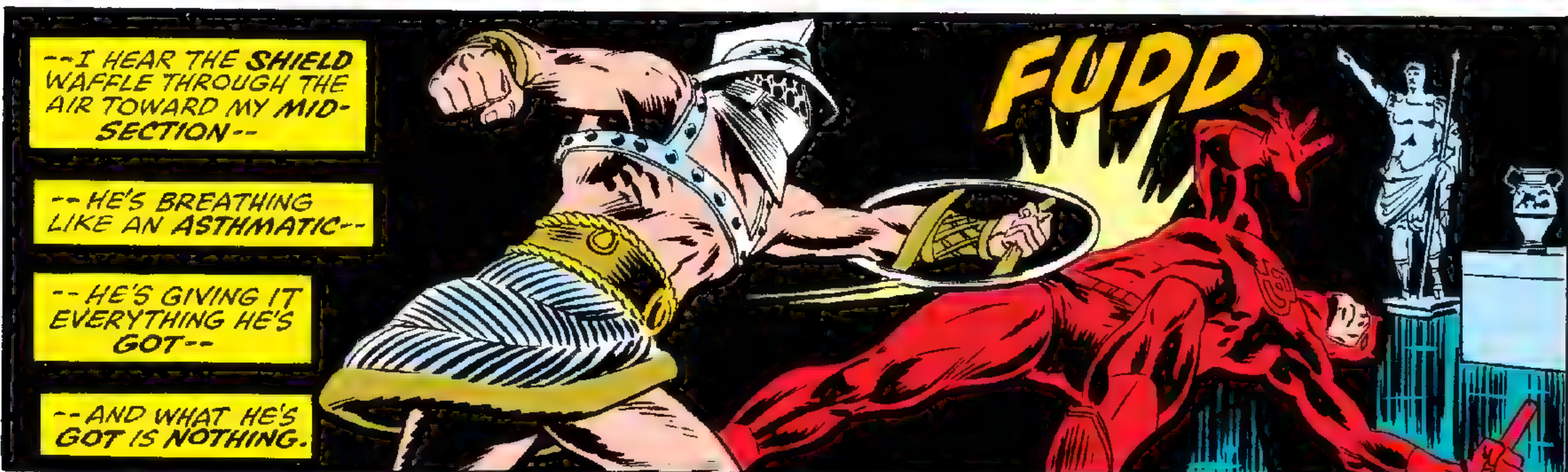
TOO EASY-- MAYBE HE ISN'T WARMED UP--

--I'M STILL WAITING TO BREAK A SWEAT MYSELF--

-- NO, HE'S WARMED UP ALL RIGHT -- BRINGING ONE UP FROM THE FLOOR--

--I COULD BE ACROSS THE ROOM IN THE TIME IT TAKES HIS FIST TO REACH MY JAW--

--I LET IT HIT ME JUST TO SEE WHAT'S IN IT--



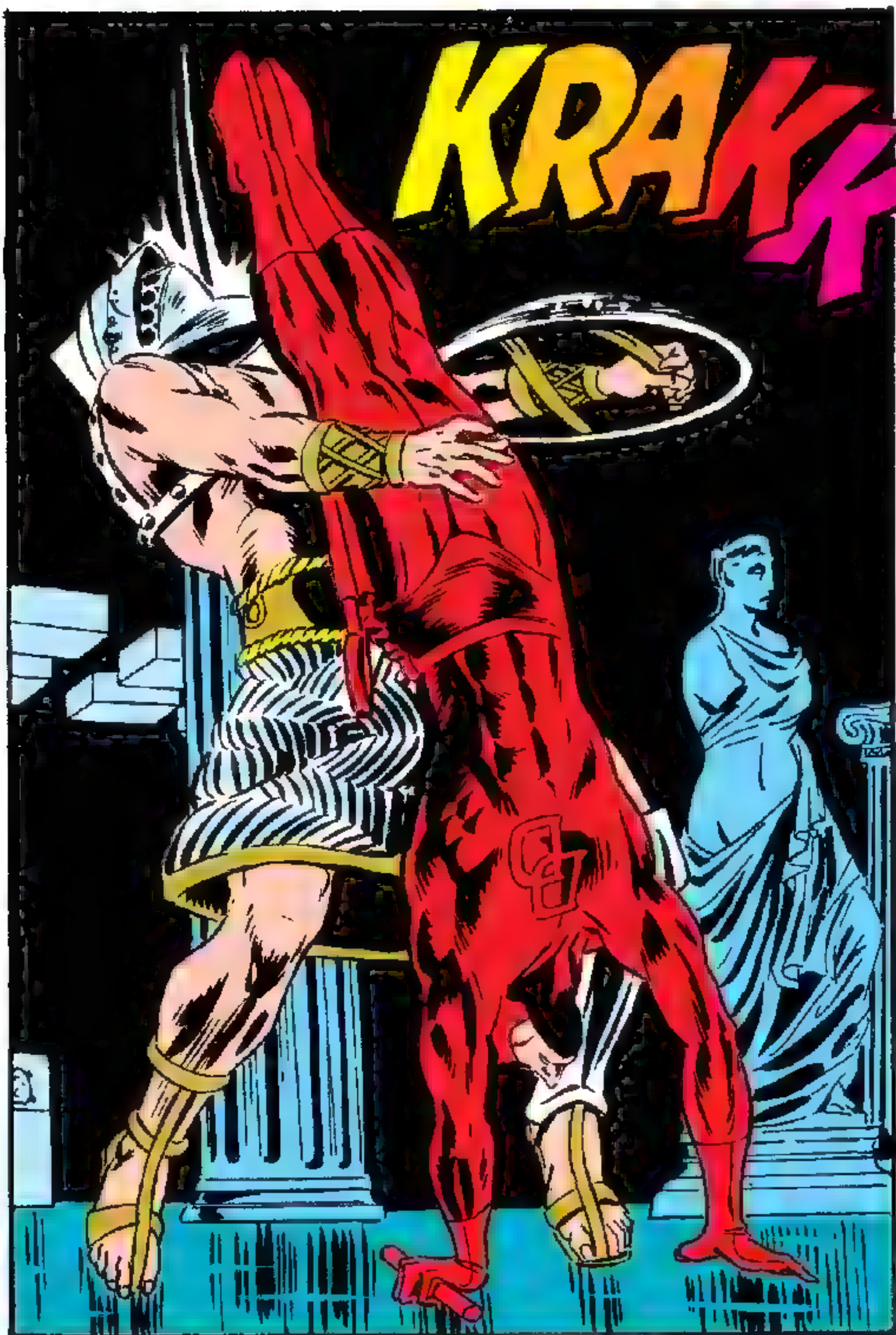
--I HEAR THE SHIELD WAFFLE THROUGH THE AIR TOWARD MY MID-SECTION--

-- HE'S BREATHING LIKE AN ASTHMATIC--

-- HE'S GIVING IT EVERYTHING HE'S GOT--

-- AND WHAT HE'S GOT IS NOTHING.

FUDD



THAT SHOULD'VE TAKEN HIS HEAD OFF-- BUT AT LEAST IT GOT HIM MAD.

MAD AS AN OX. ALSO, SMART AS, FAST AS...



I STRETCH IT OUT A LITTLE LONGER THAN I NEED TO, HOPING HE'LL GET IT TOGETHER.

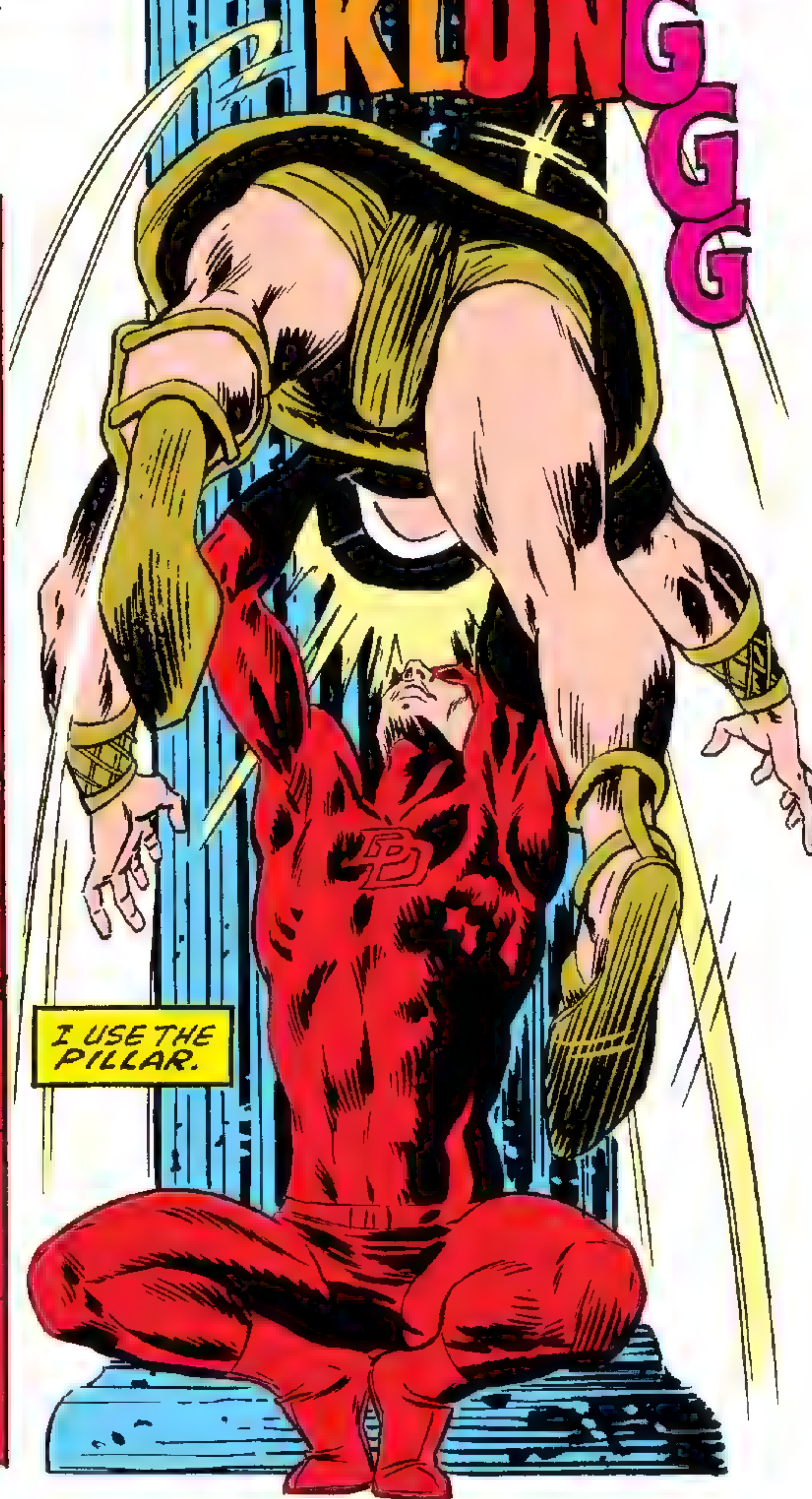
BUT HIS FIRE'S GONE. BEEN GONE FOR YEARS.

HE'S FORGOTTEN TOO MUCH. SLOWED DOWN TOO MUCH.

I GET BORED AND LET THE WAVES OUT-- MY OWN PRIVATE RADAR. I DRAW A PICTURE IN MY MIND OF HIM, LUMBERING AT ME LIKE AN AMATEUR.

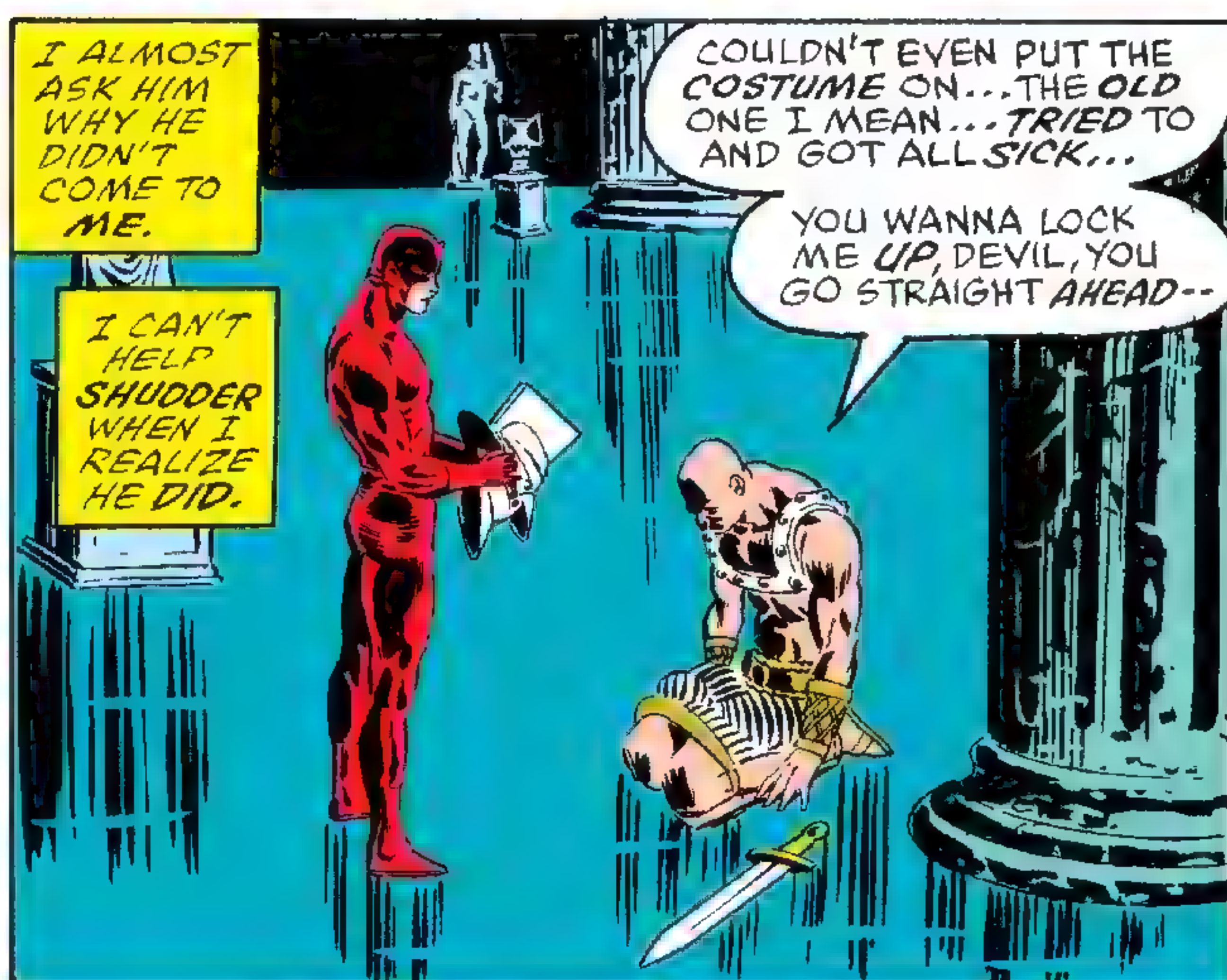
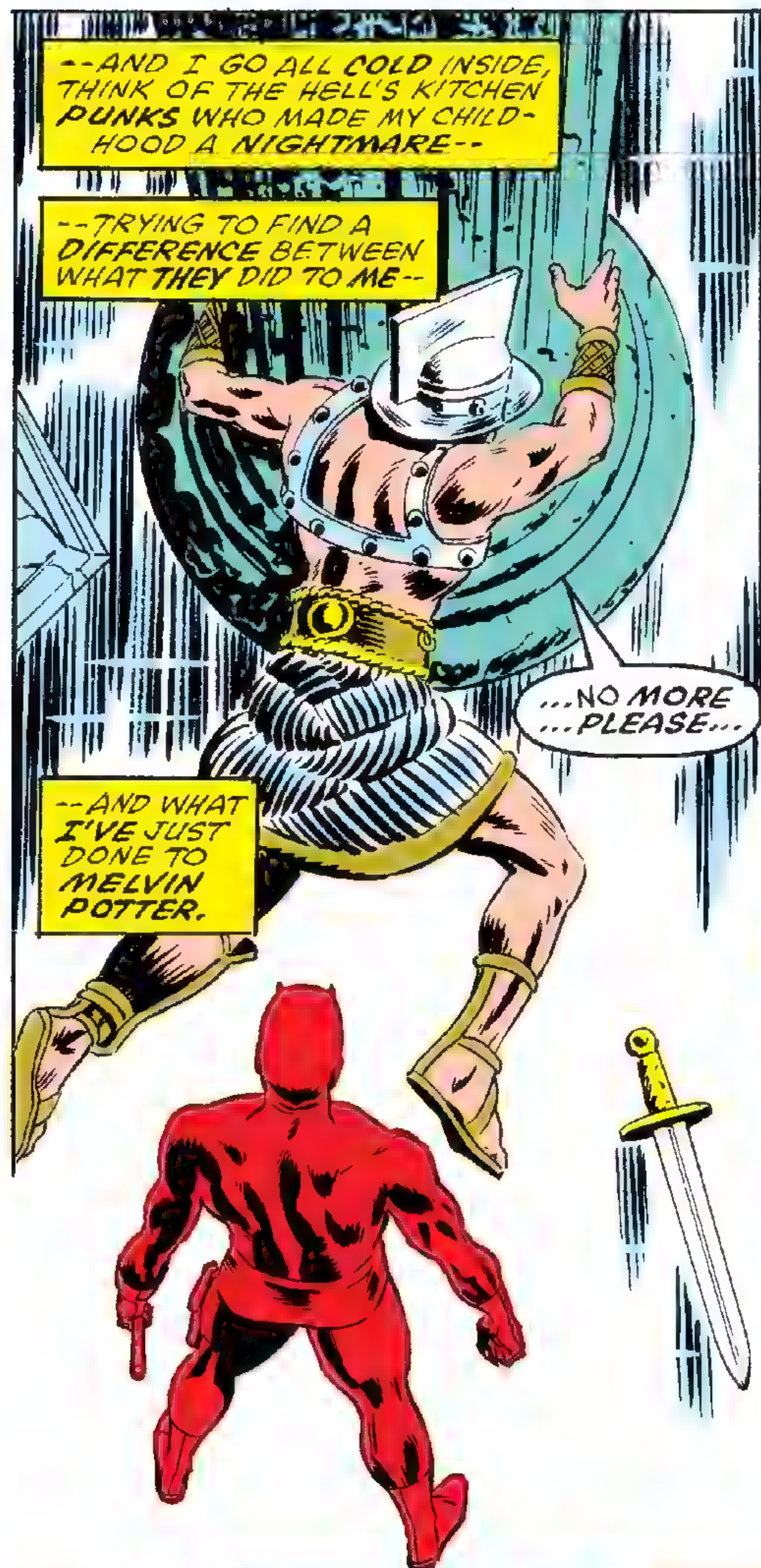


FOUR WAYS TO TAKE HIM OUT.



I USE THE PILLAR.

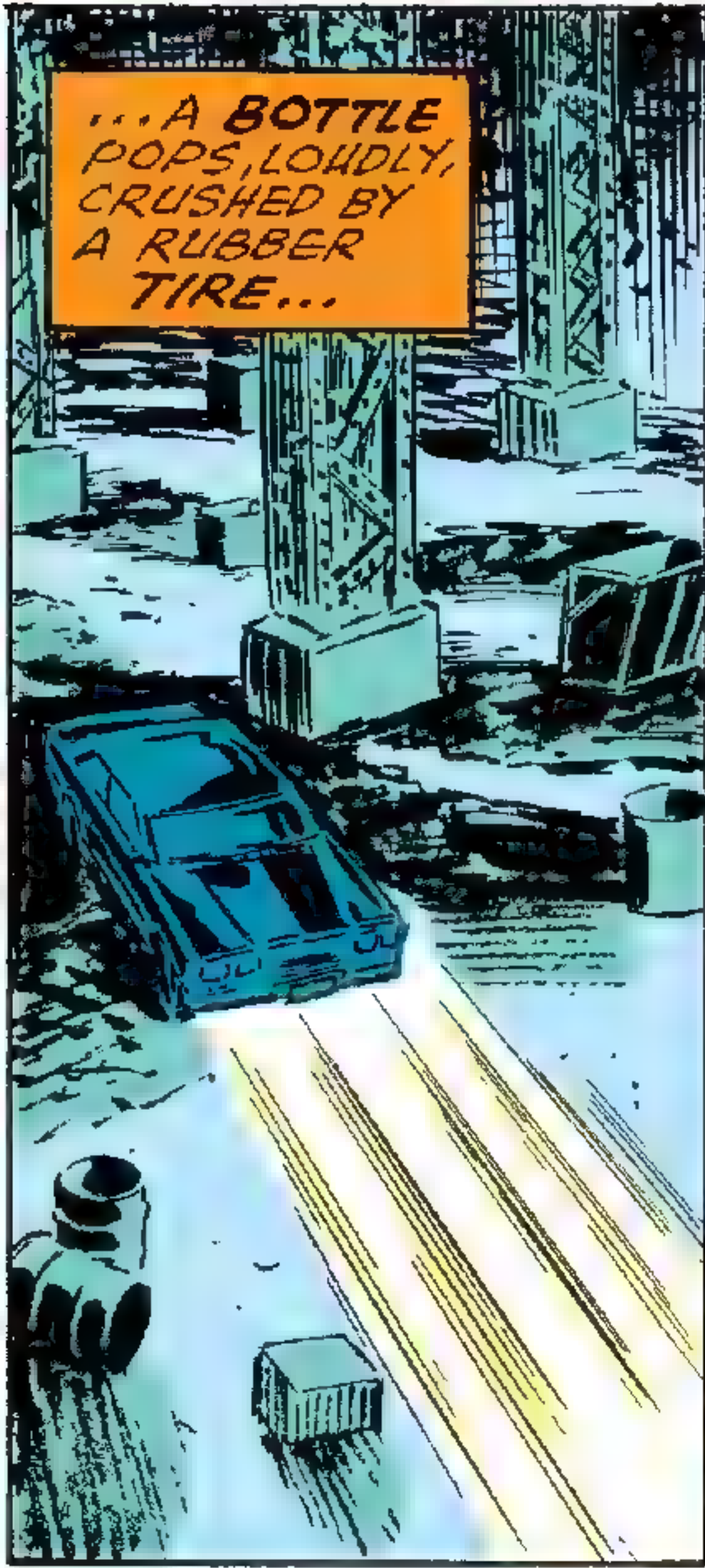
HE LIES THERE, CRYING, HUGGING THE PILLAR LIKE IT'S HIS MOTHER--





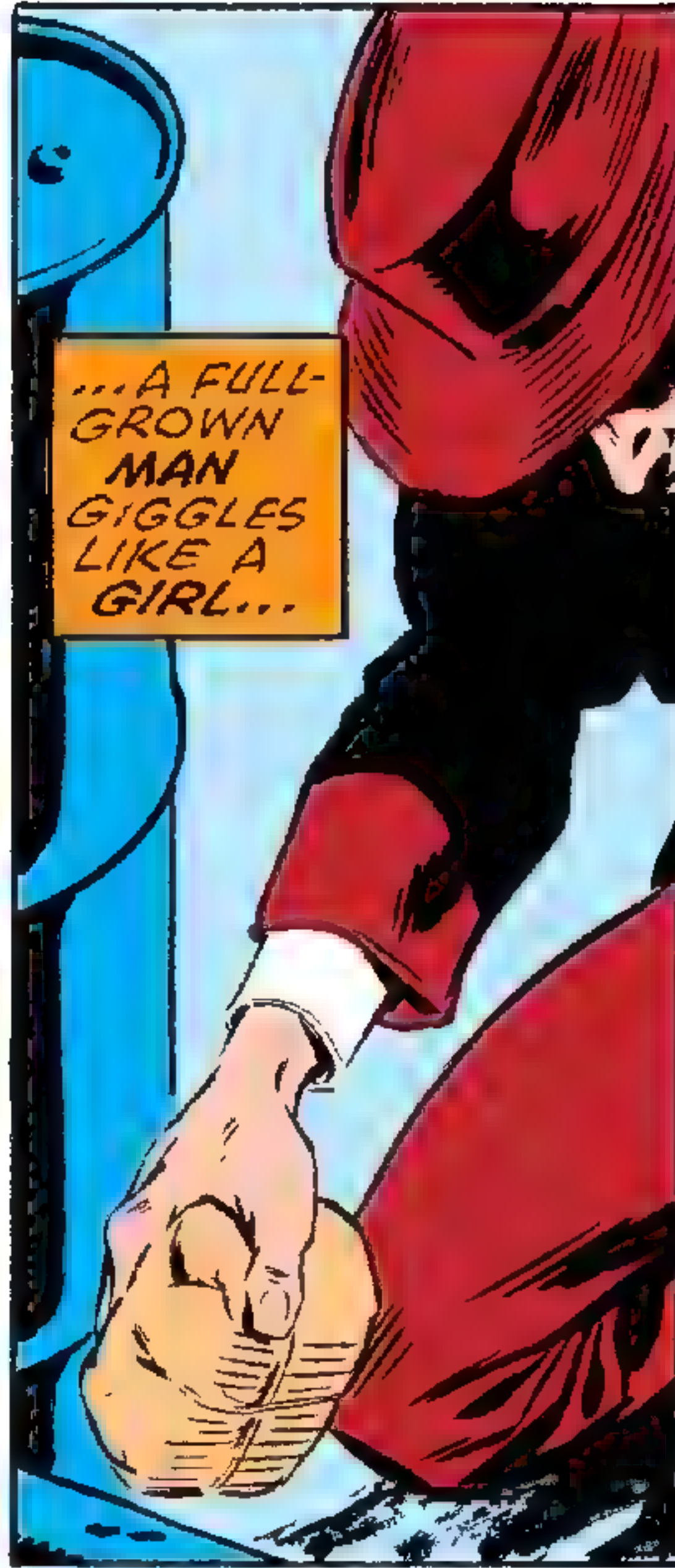
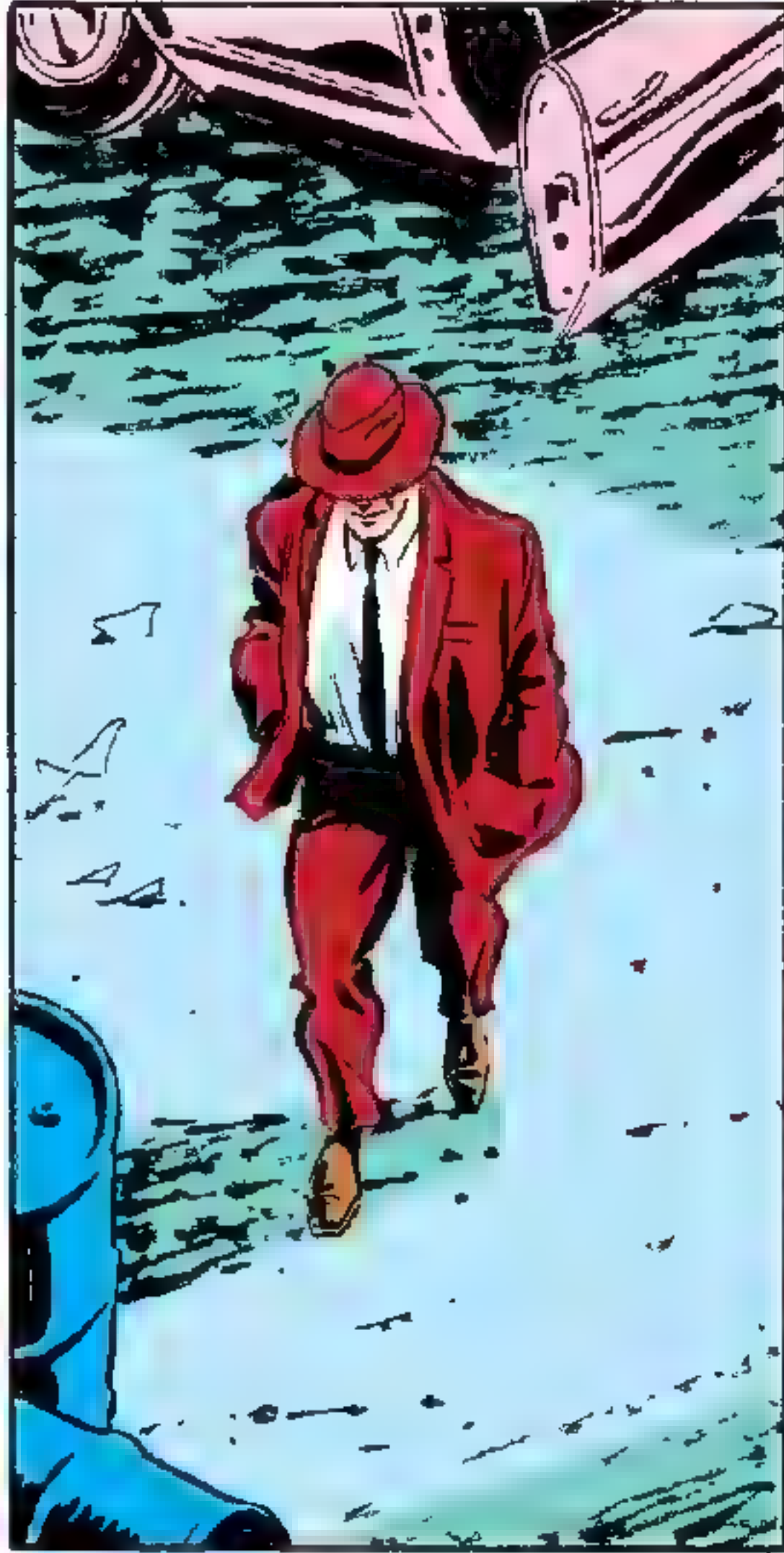
MELVIN GIVES ME THE DETAILS ON THE PICK-UP. I SEND HIM HOME AND TELL HIM NOT TO WORRY ABOUT THE COPS.

A FEW HOURS LATER, A NASTY WIND WHIPS ACROSS THE PAVEMENT UNDERNEATH THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY...

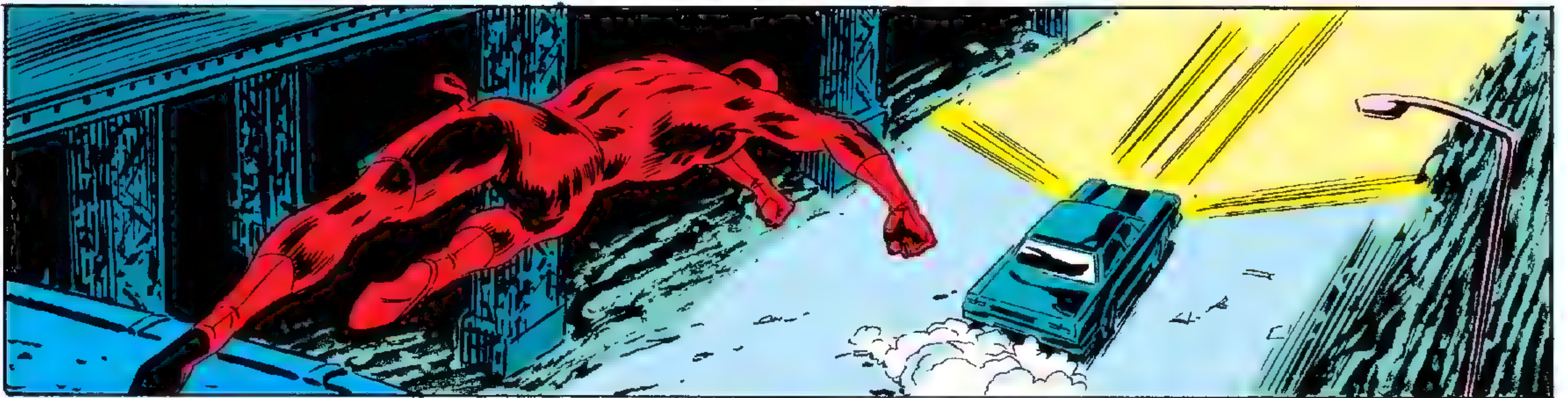


...A BOTTLE POPS, LOUDLY, CRUSHED BY A RUBBER TIRE...

...QUICK, NERVOUS FOOTSTEPS ECHO AGAINST THE DISTANT ROAR OF THE LIVING PARTS OF THE CITY...



...A FULL-GROWN MAN GIGGLES LIKE A GIRL...

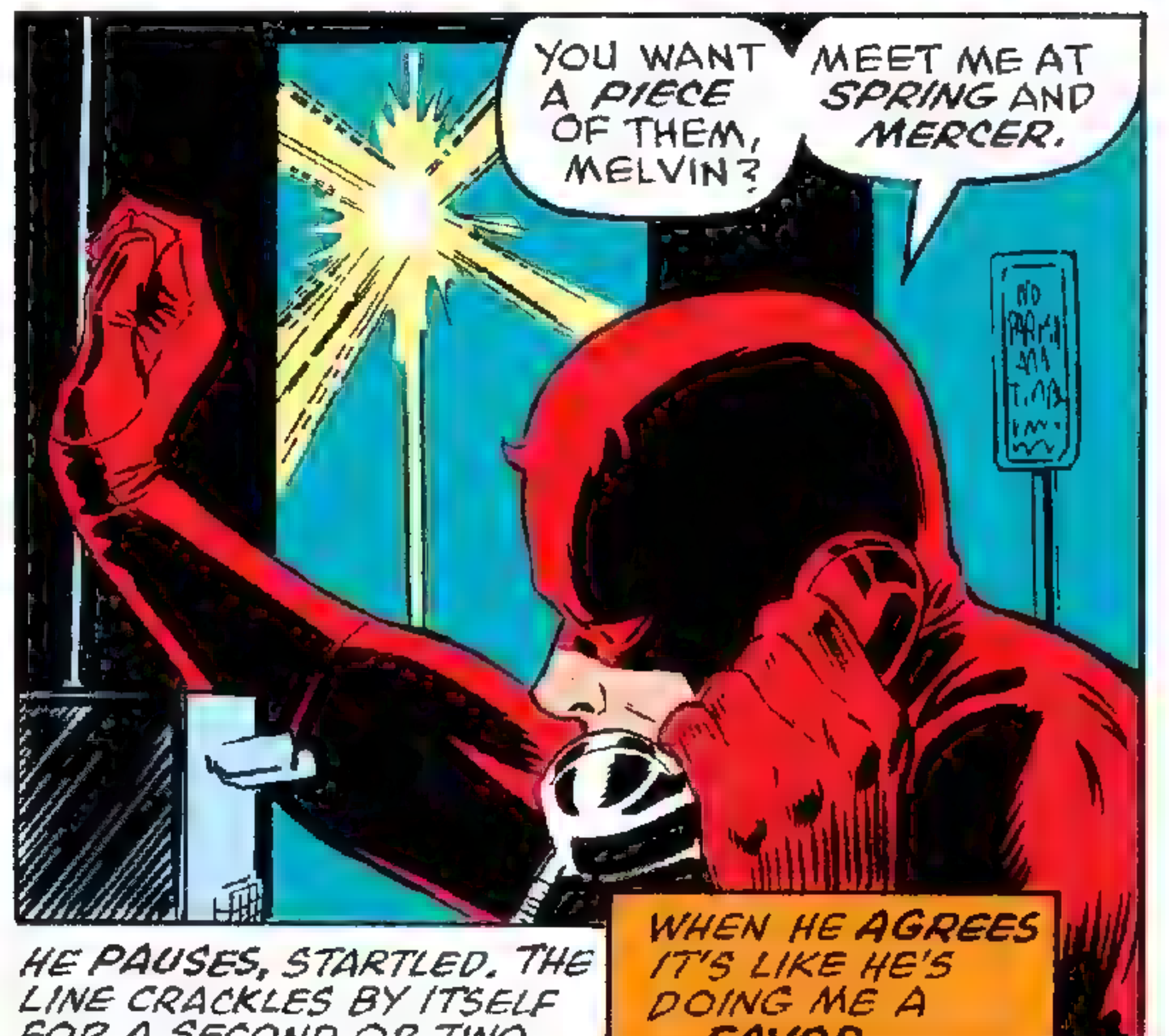


FORTY MINUTES PASS.

RING



HULLO?

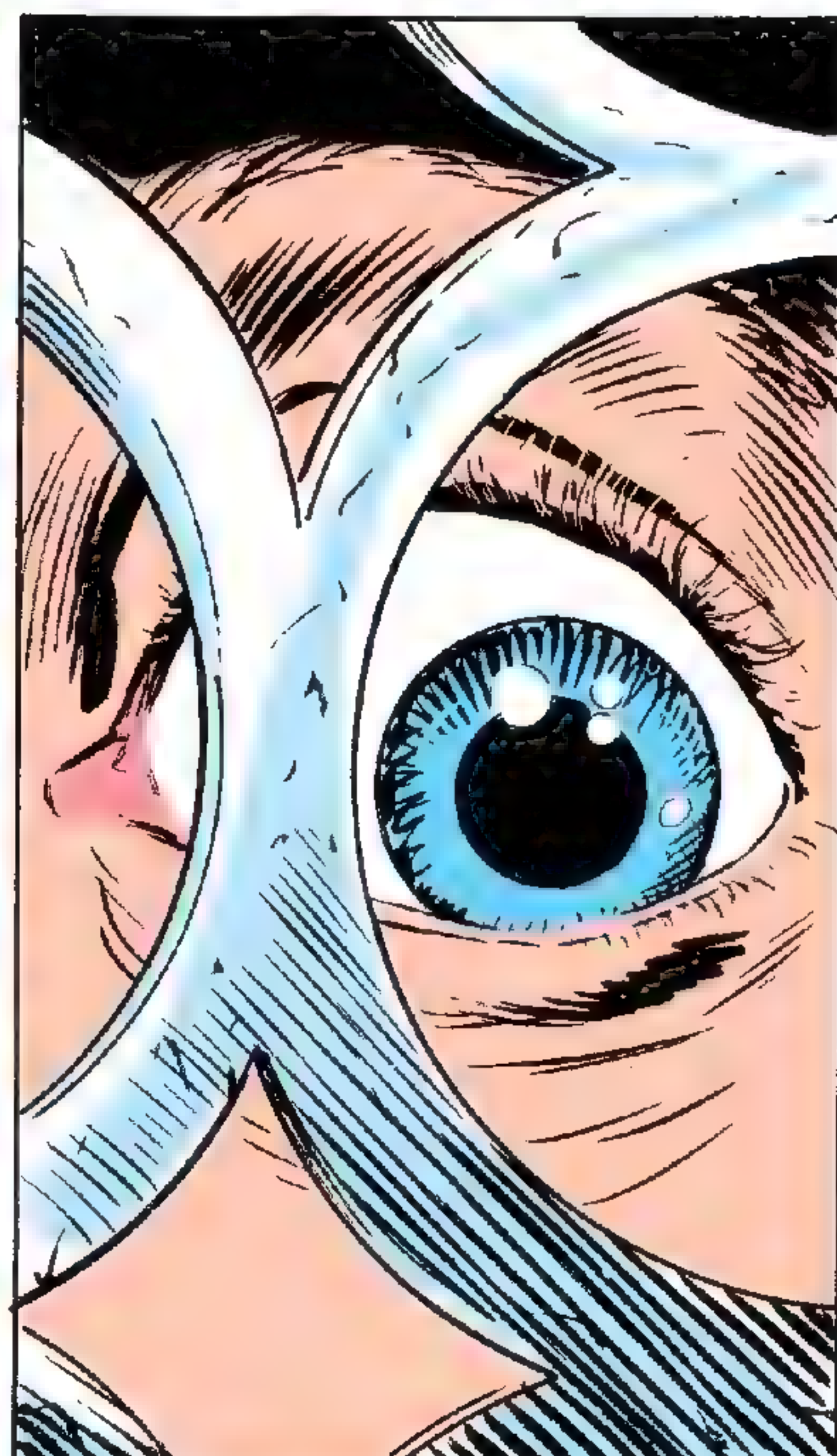
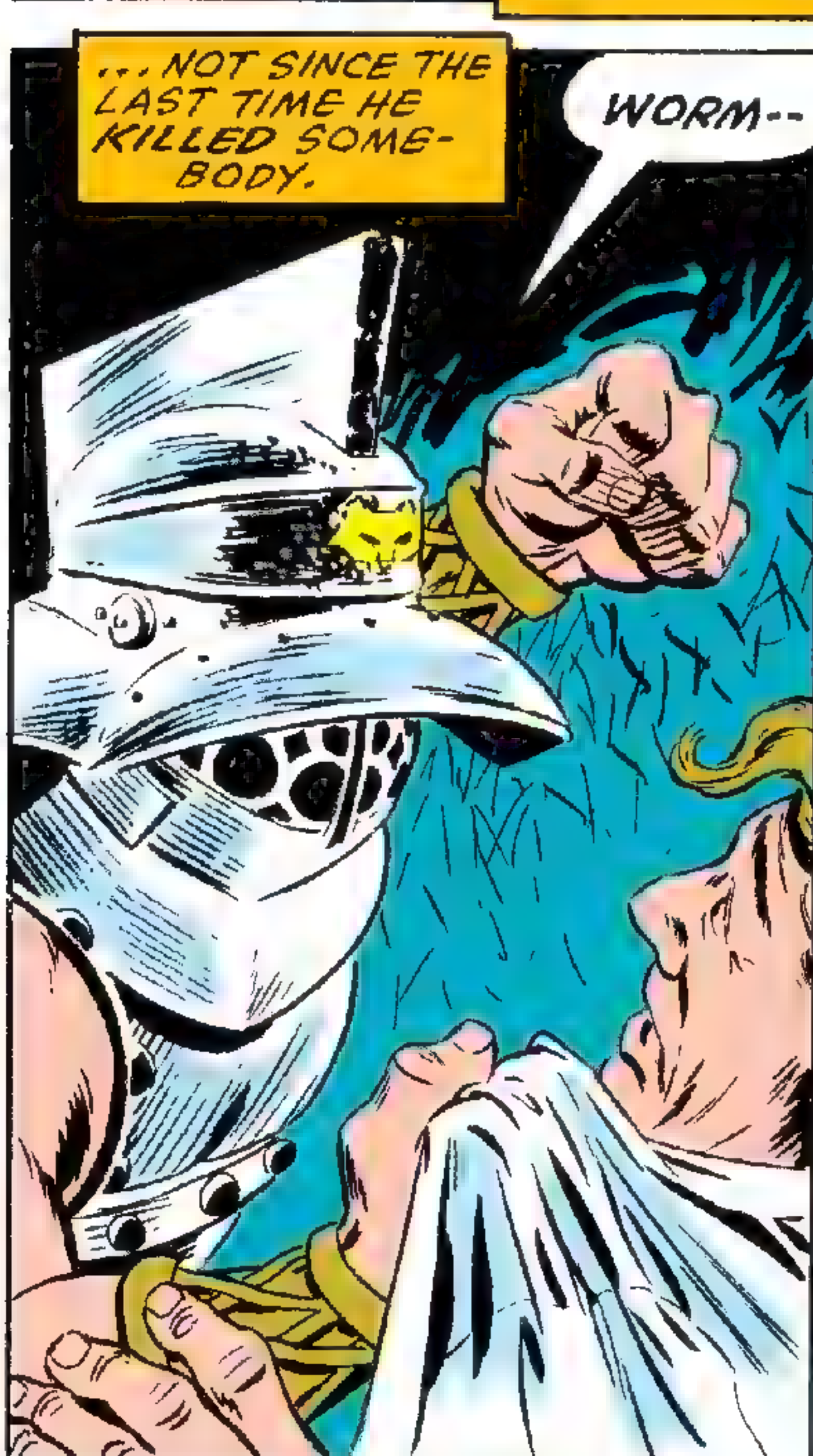
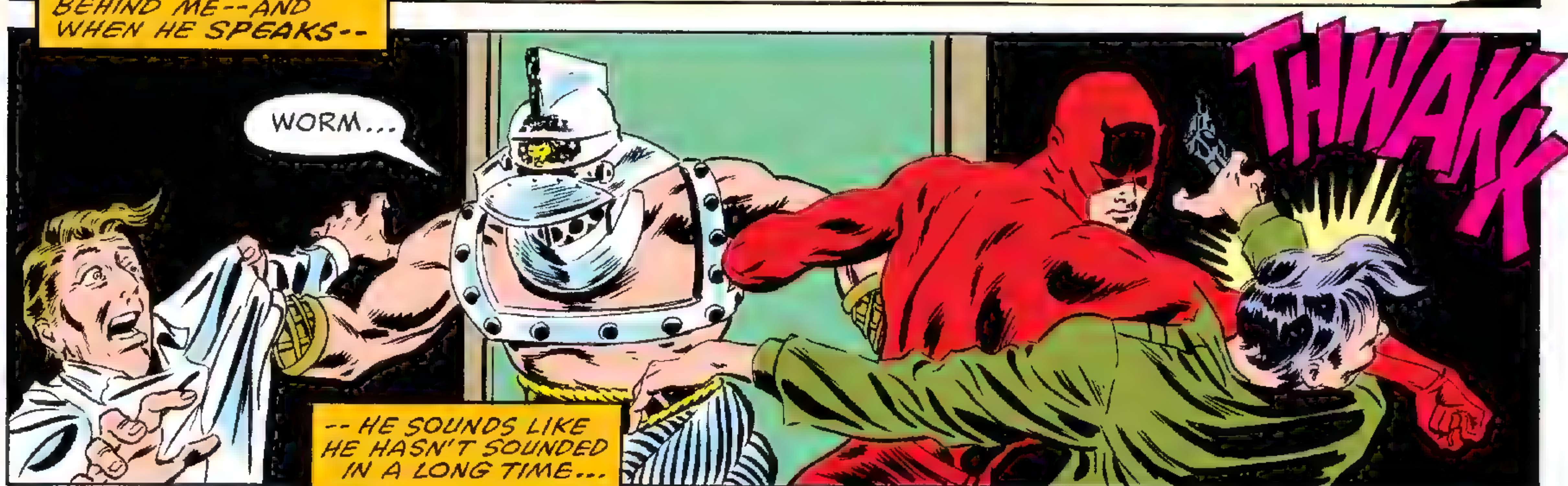
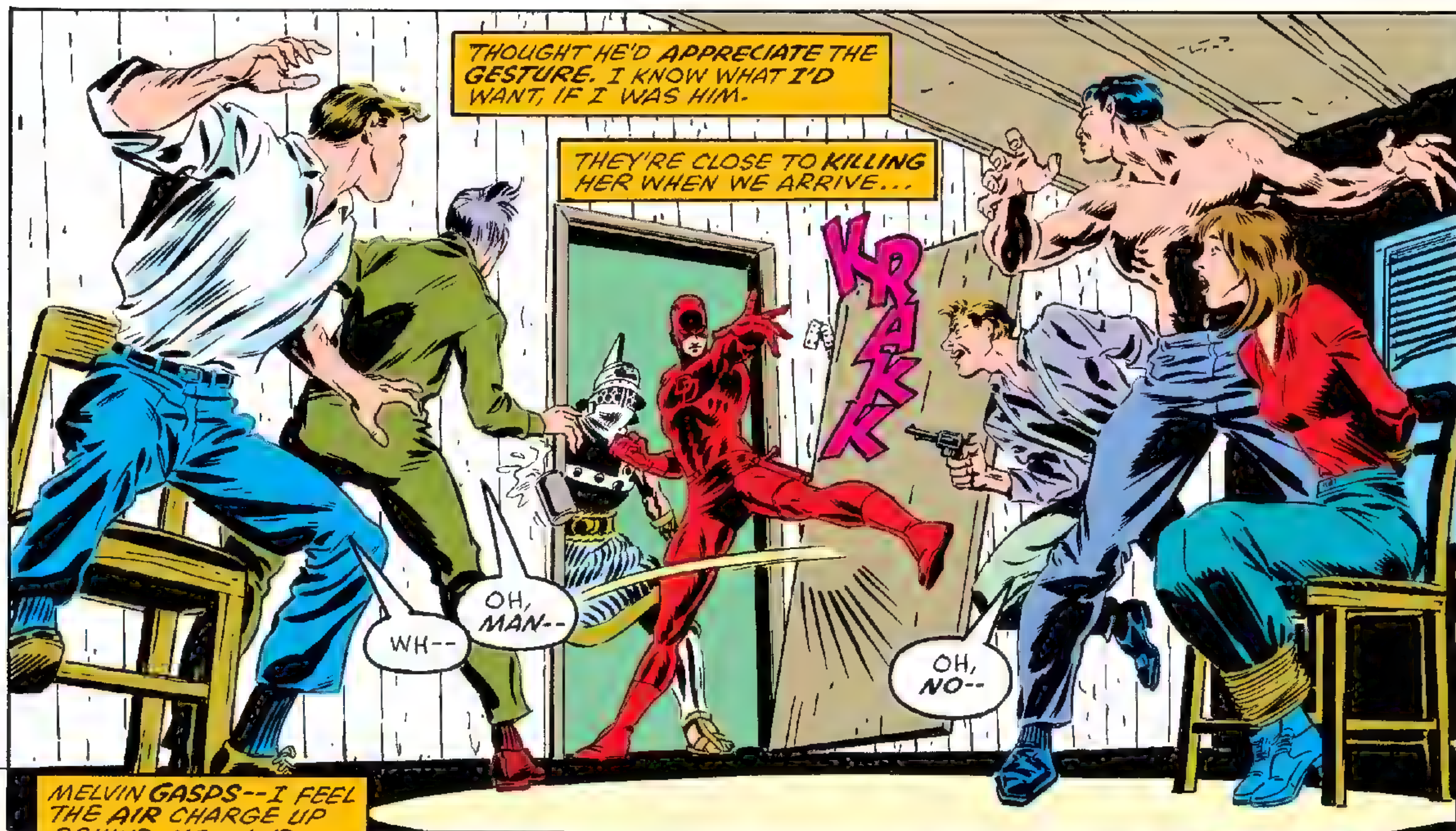


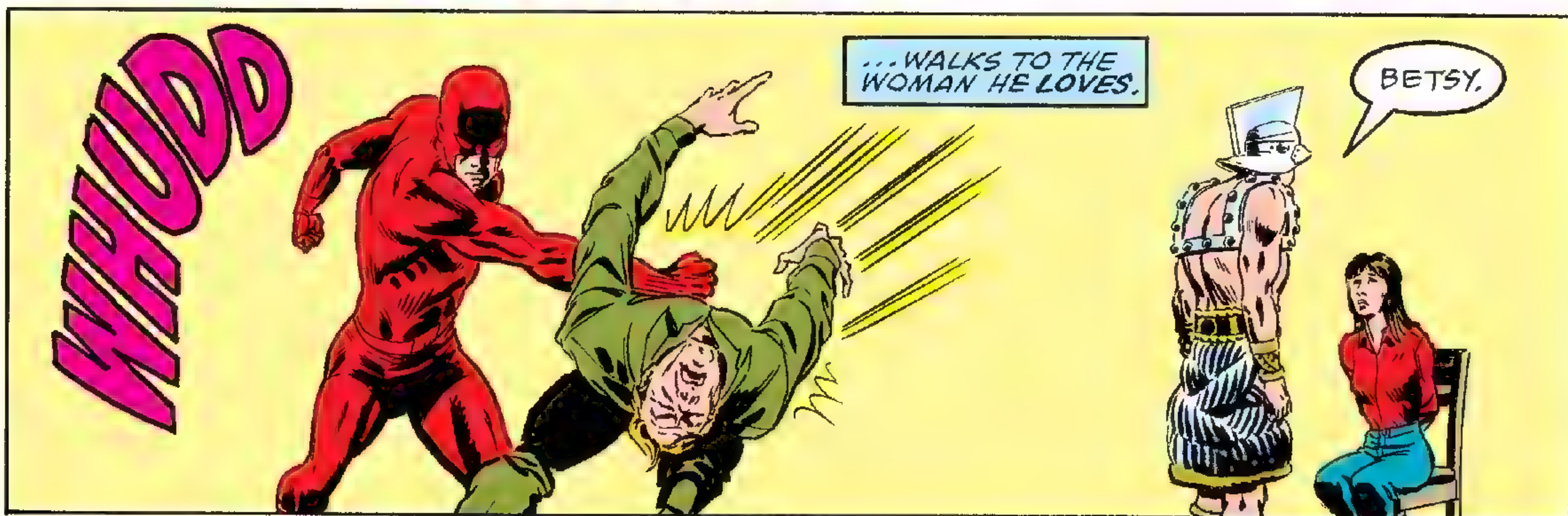
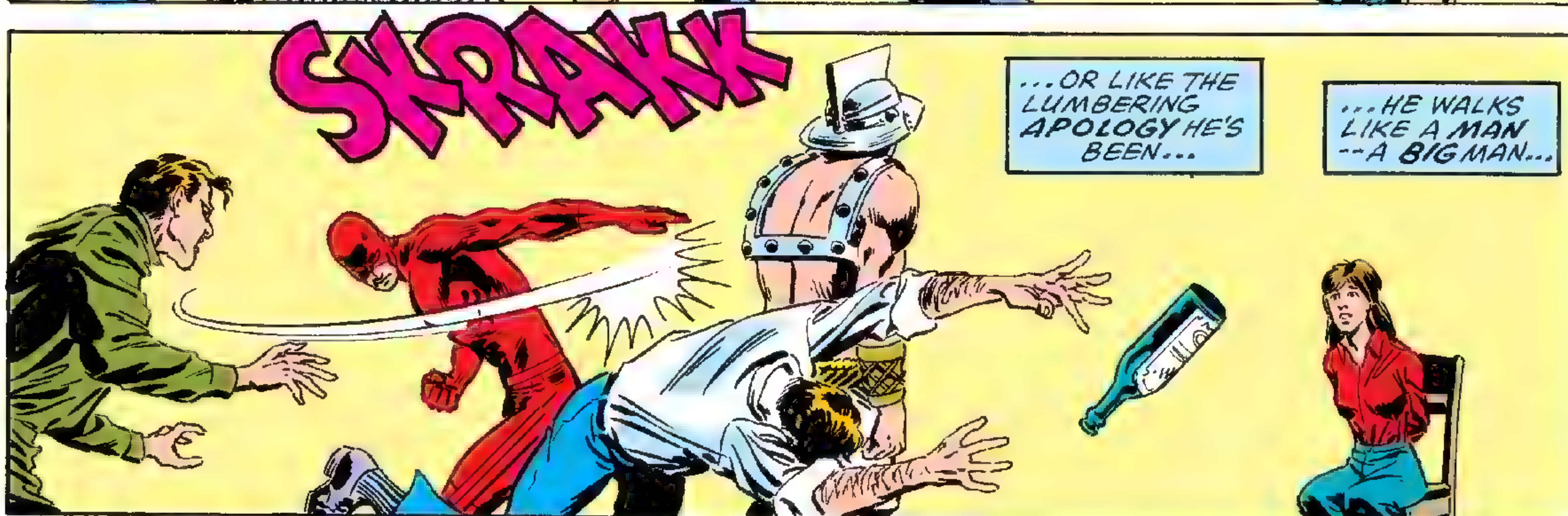
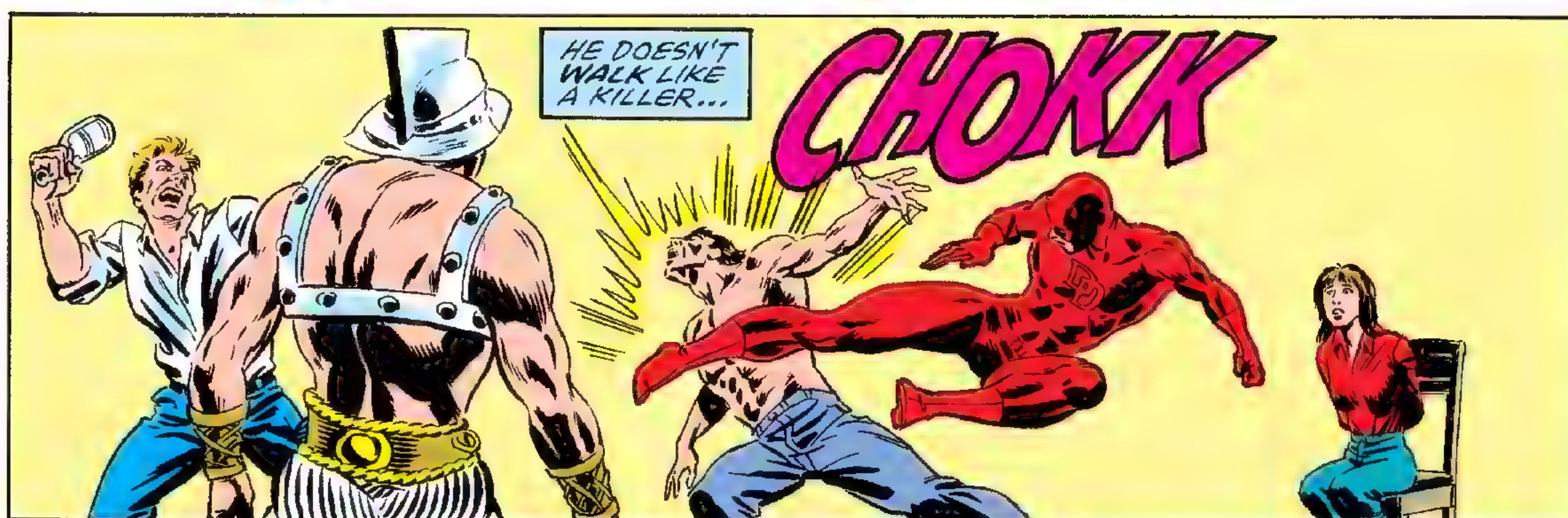
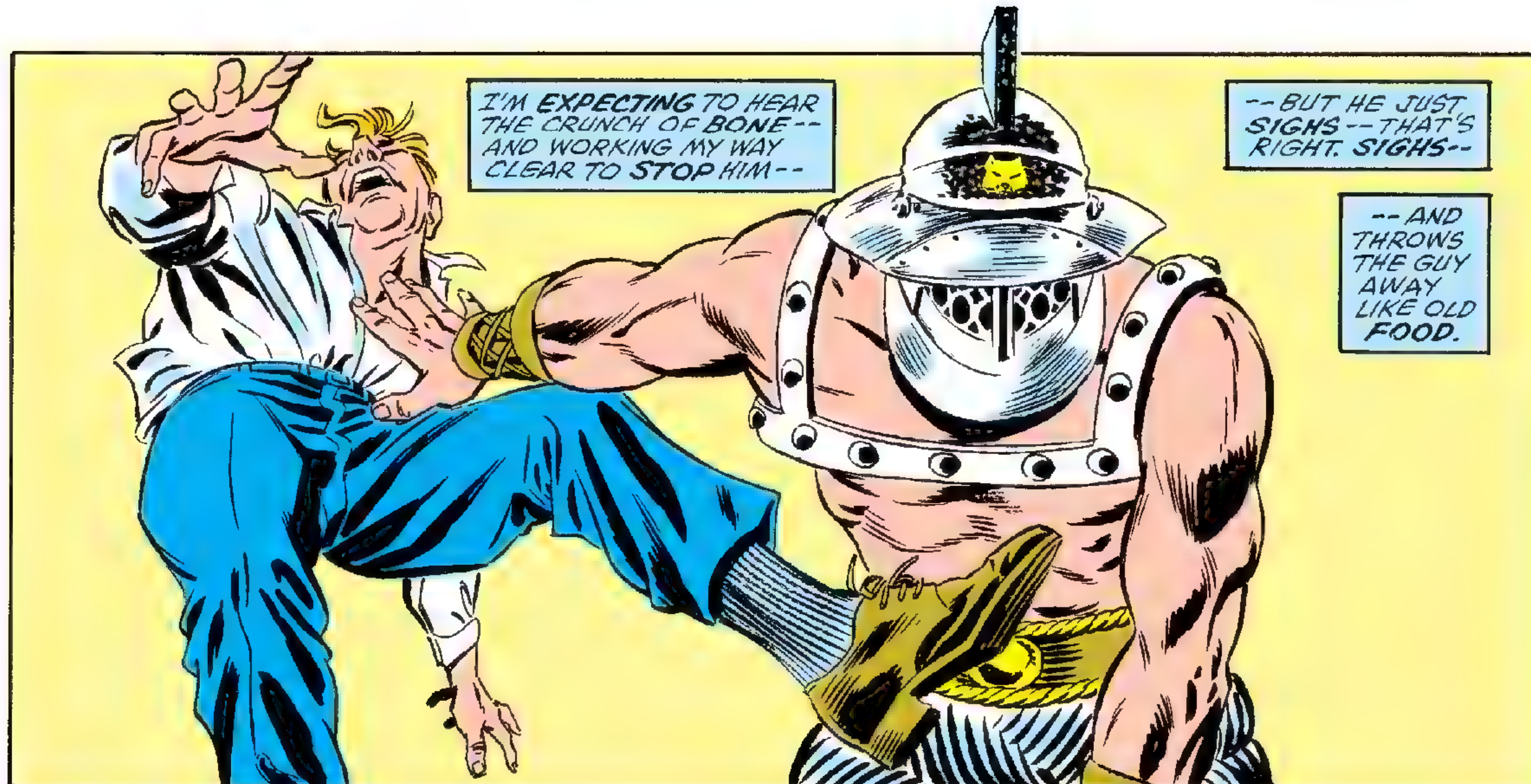
YOU WANT A PIECE OF THEM, MELVIN?

MEET ME AT SPRING AND MERCER.

HE PAUSES, STARTLED. THE LINE CRACKLES BY ITSELF FOR A SECOND OR TWO.

WHEN HE AGREES IT'S LIKE HE'S DOING ME A FAVOR.

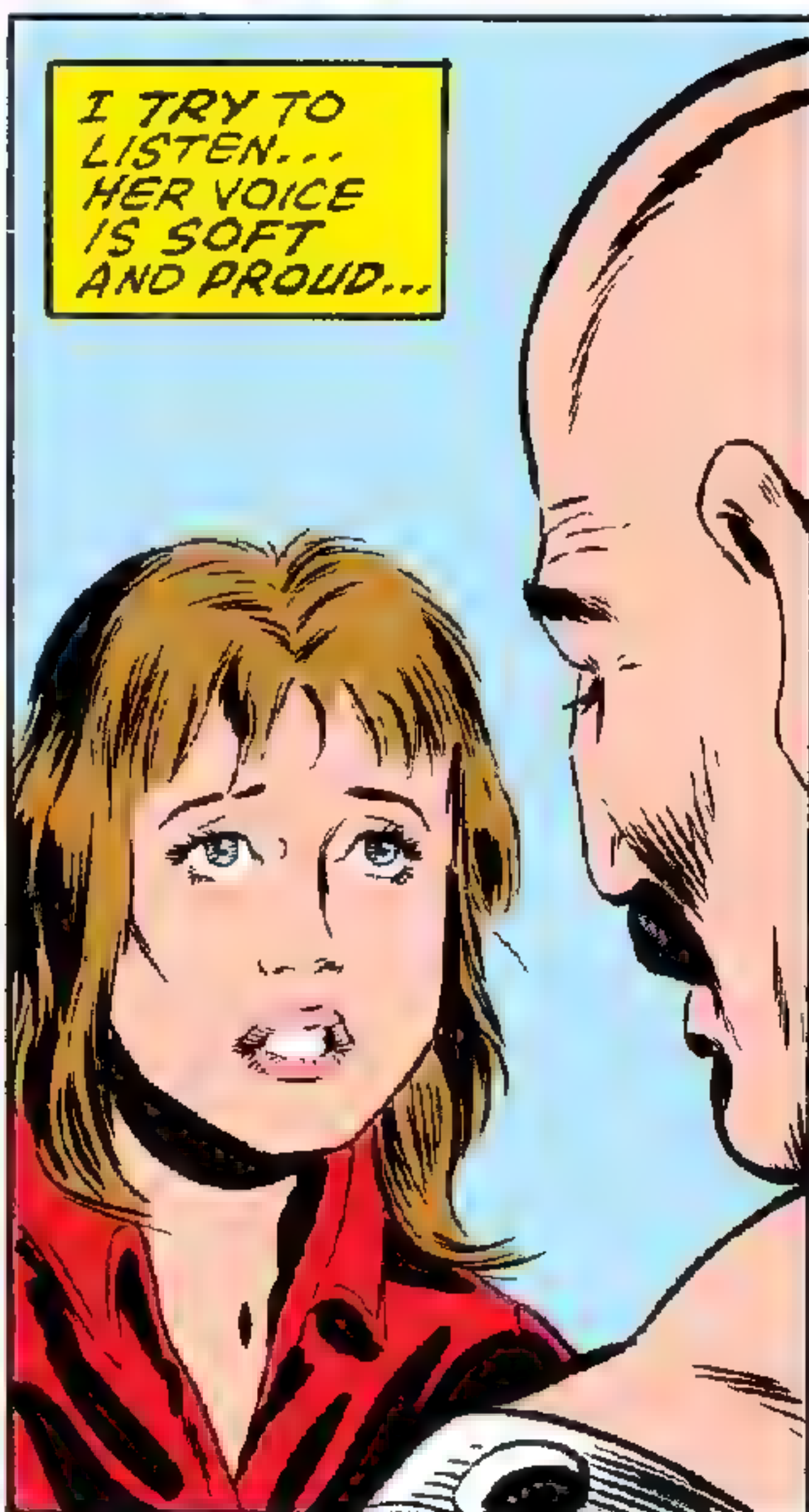






ME, I'M READY FOR MORE-- BUT THERE'S NOBODY LEFT.

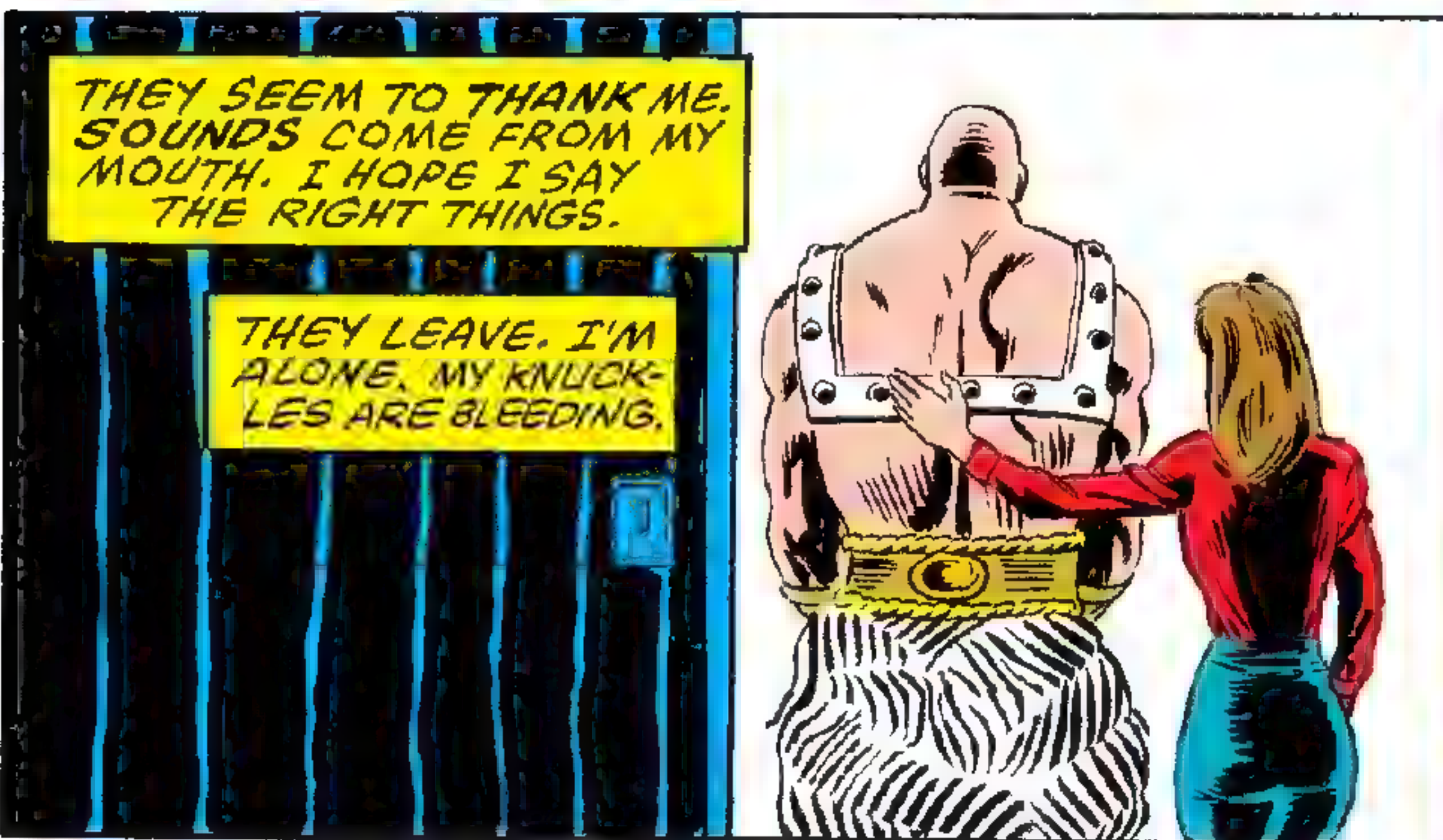
FOR SOME REASON THERE'S A POUNDING IN MY HEAD. IT DROWNS THEIR VOICES. THEY SEEM SO FAR AWAY.



I TRY TO LISTEN... HER VOICE IS SOFT AND PROUD...



...THERE MAY BE GUILT IN HIS, BUT IT'S A DEEP VOICE, STRONG AND SURE.



THEY SEEM TO THANK ME. SOUNDS COME FROM MY MOUTH. I HOPE I SAY THE RIGHT THINGS.

THEY LEAVE. I'M ALONE. MY KNUCKLES ARE BLEEDING.



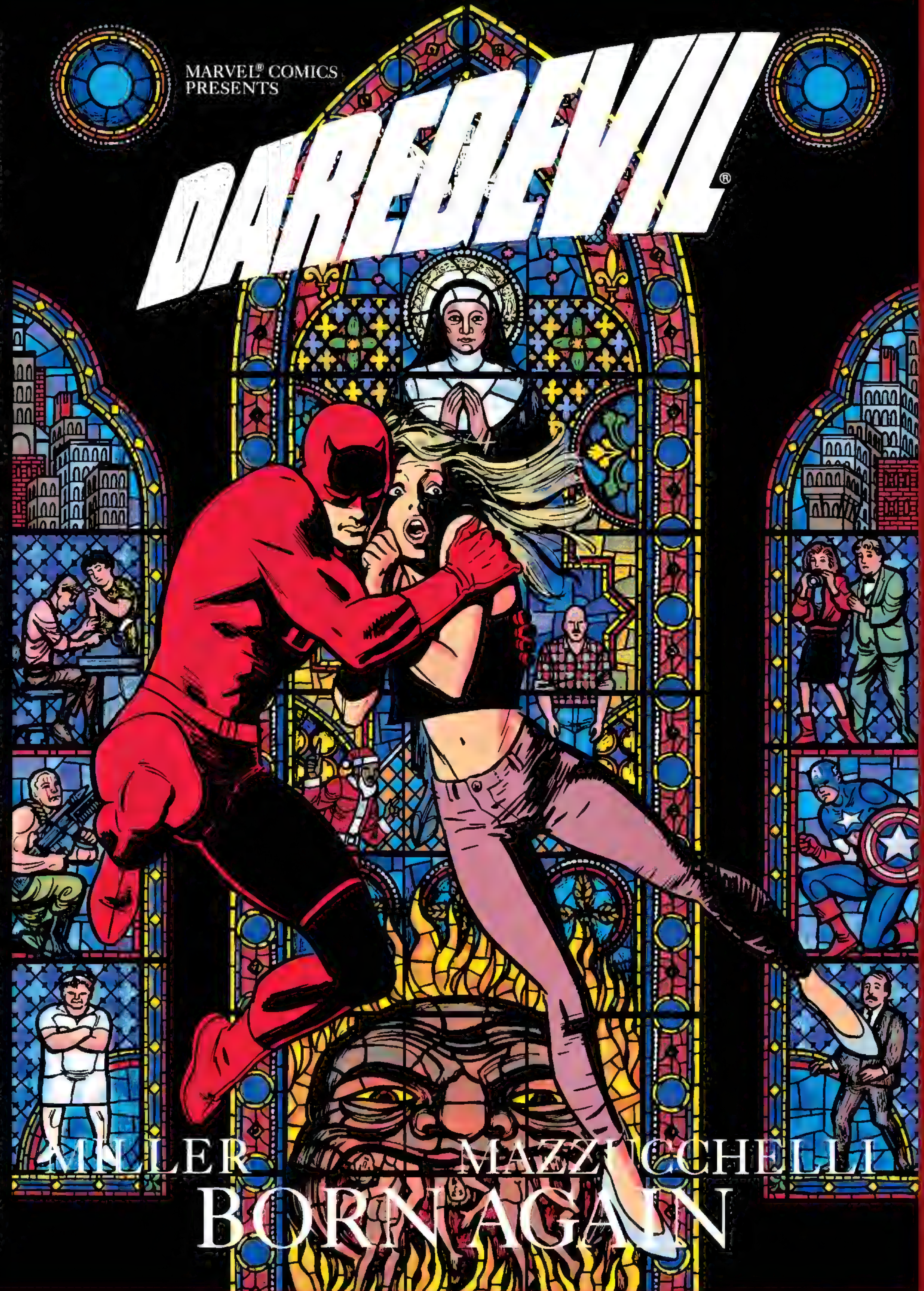


"And I—I have shown
him... that a man without
hope is a man without fear."



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DAREDEVIL • BORN AGAIN • MILLER/MAZZUCHELLI • MARVEL® COMICS





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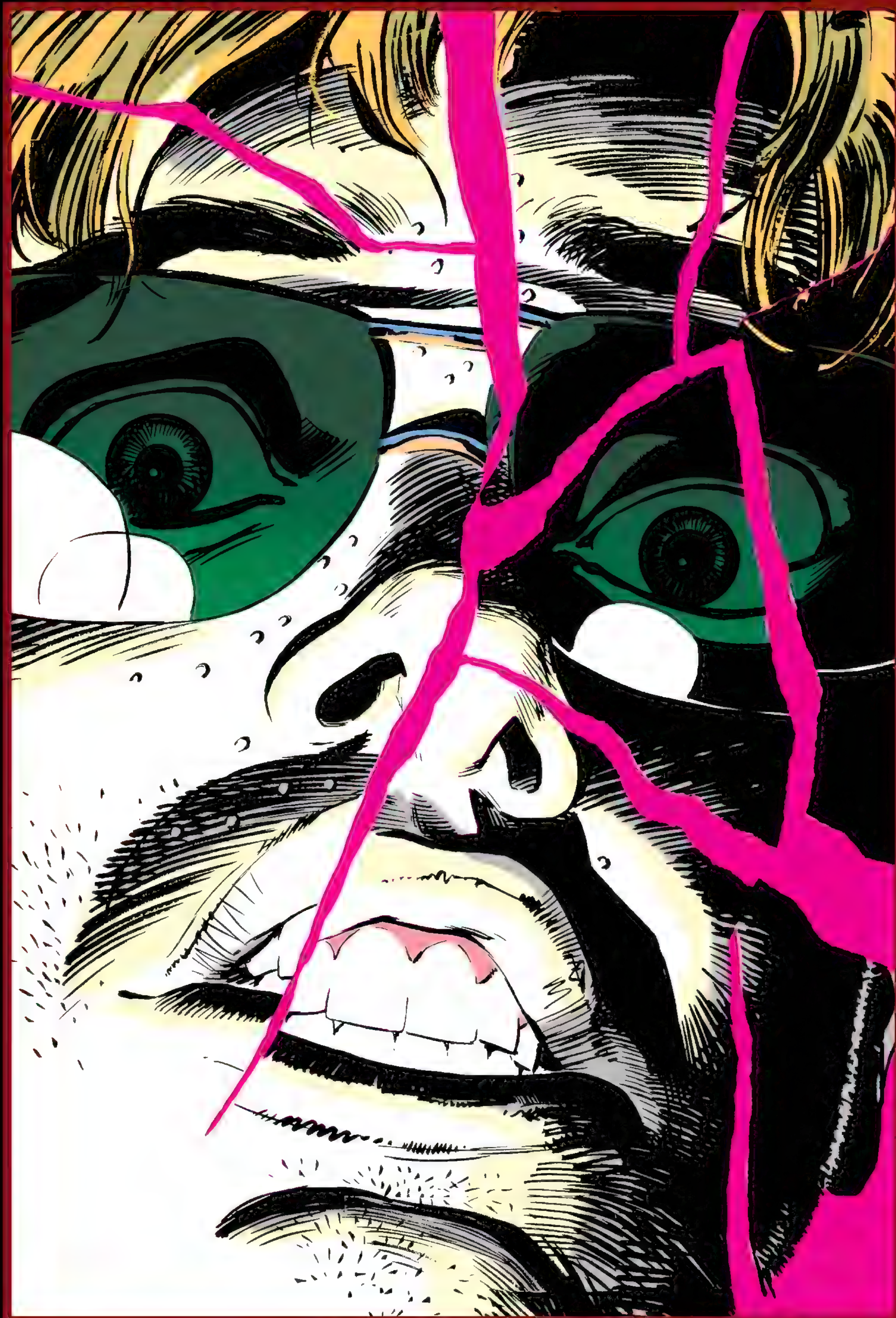
DAREDEVIL[®]



BORN AGAIN
MILLER • MAZZUCHELLI

For the *Daredevil: Born Again TPB*, the original issue covers were modified to remove the trade dress and recolored by David Mazzucchelli. They're presented here.















Daredevil #232, page 6 was art-corrected in the original comic to soften Karen Page's features at the request of then-Editor in Chief Jim Shooter and also was placed incorrectly so that the artwork did not run full bleed. The page as it originally ran is presented here for the sake of completeness..

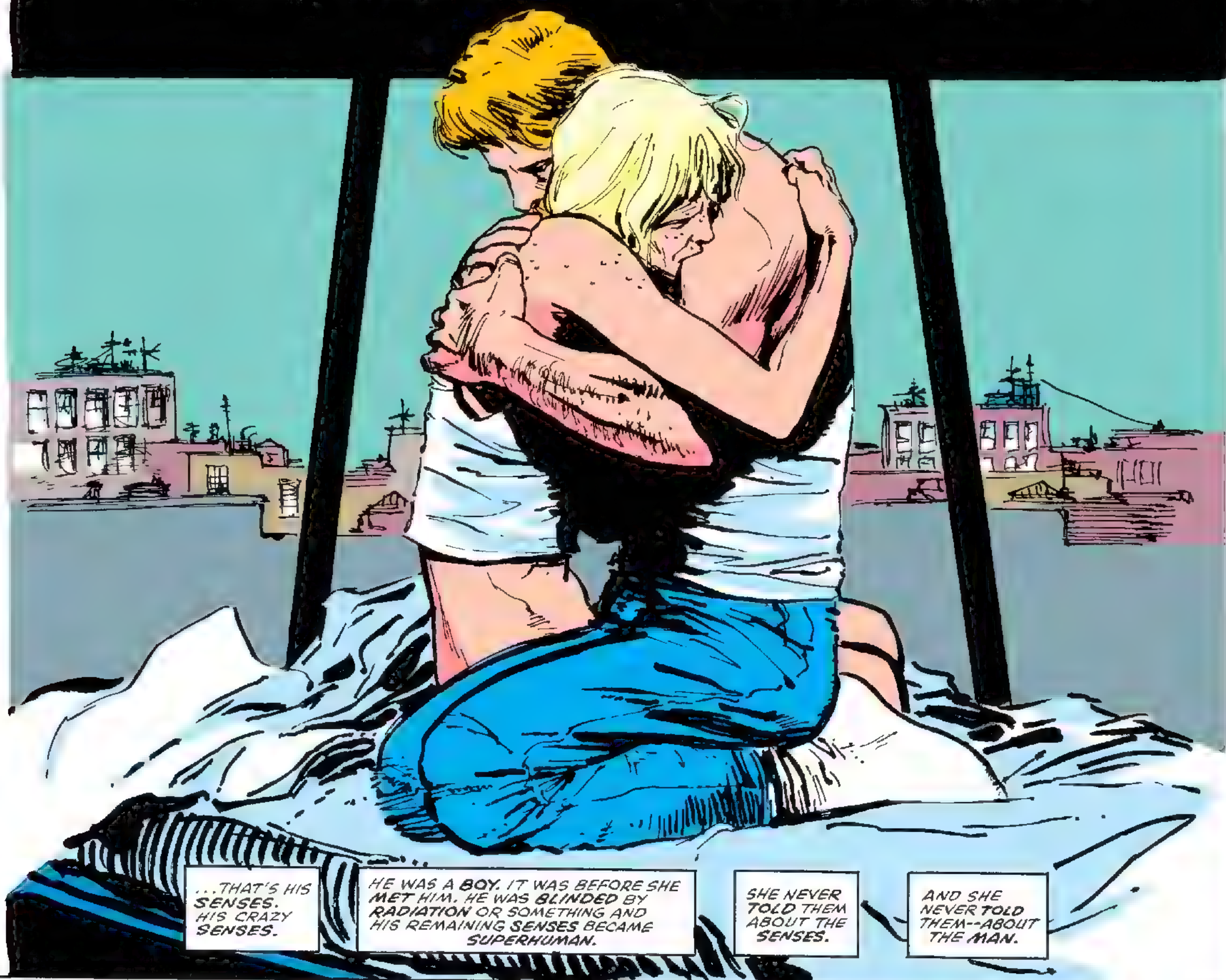
--"NOTHING" HE'D SAID, MATT DID, WHEN SHE TOLD HIM WHAT SHE'D DONE--

--"I'VE LOST NOTHING," MATT SAID, AND LAUGHED LIKE A BOY--

--AND KAREN DIDN'T UNDERSTAND-- AND MATT KISSED HER--

-- AND HELD HER...

... AND KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT TO SAY AND WHEN TO MAKE HER EAT AND HOW TO TOUCH THE MUSCLES IN HER BACK TO MAKE HER SLEEP...



... THAT'S HIS SENSES. HIS CRAZY SENSES.

HE WAS A BOY. IT WAS BEFORE SHE MET HIM. HE WAS BLINDED BY RADIATION OR SOMETHING AND HIS REMAINING SENSES BECAME SUPERHUMAN.

SHE NEVER TOLD THEM ABOUT THE SENSES.

AND SHE NEVER TOLD THEM--ABOUT THE MAN.

STAN LEE presents

GOD AND COUNTRY

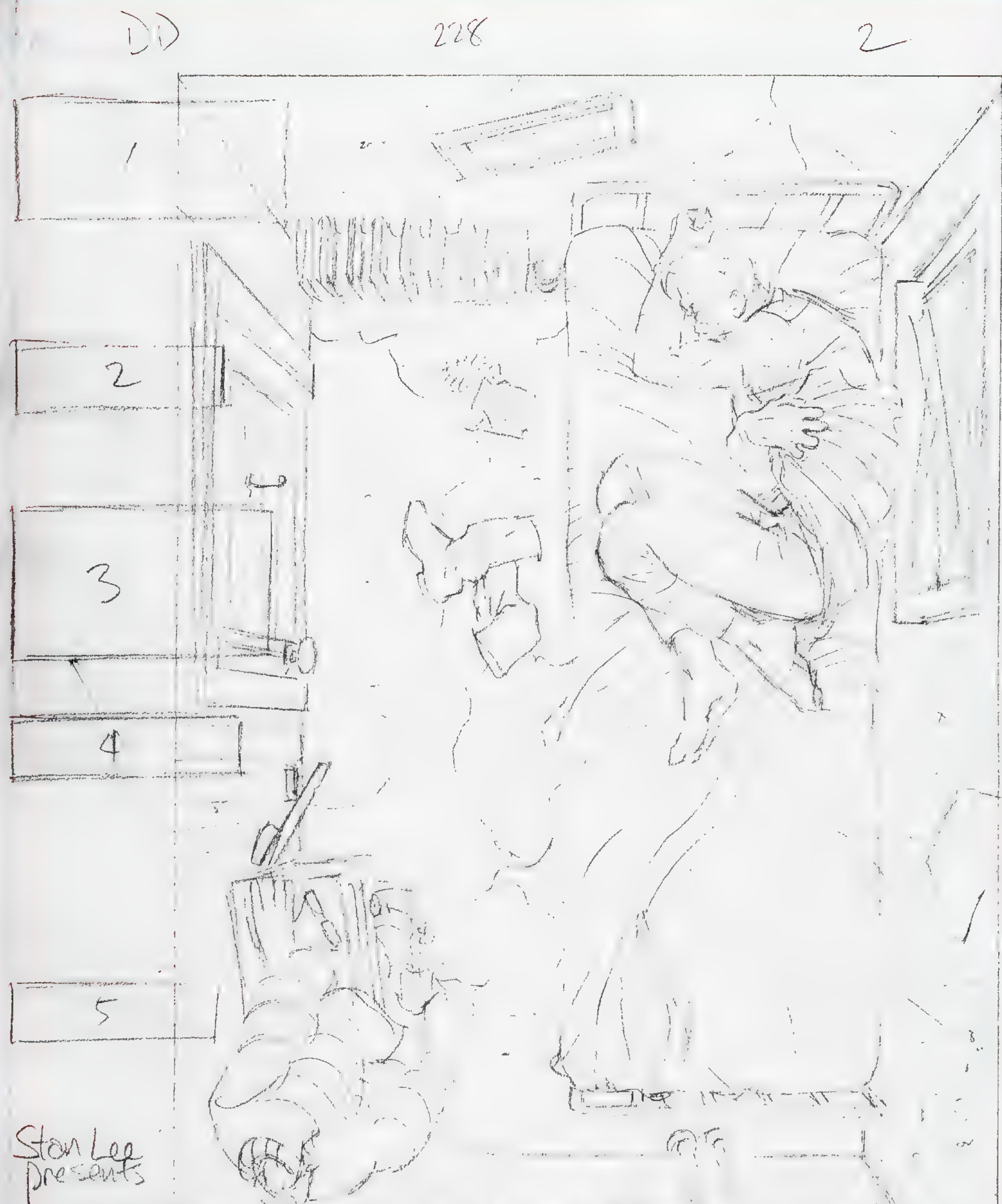
by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
ED TOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF



Stan Lee
presents

PURGATORY

By FRANK MILLER AND DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

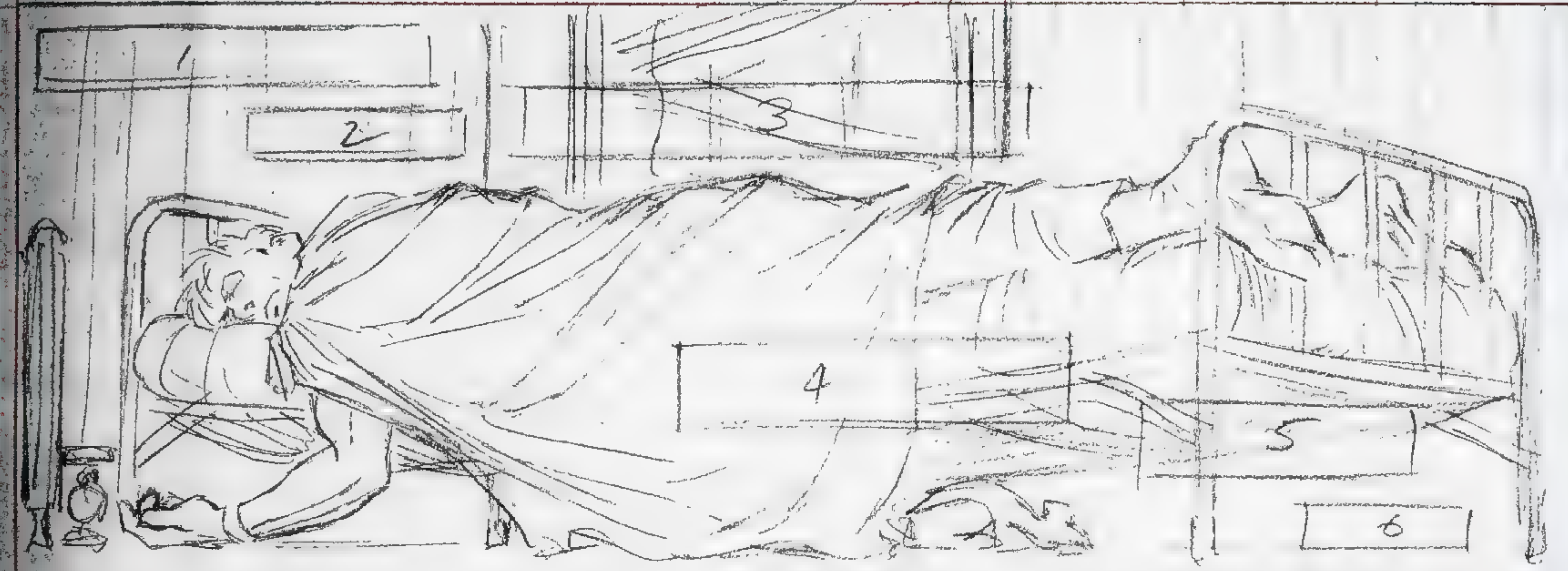
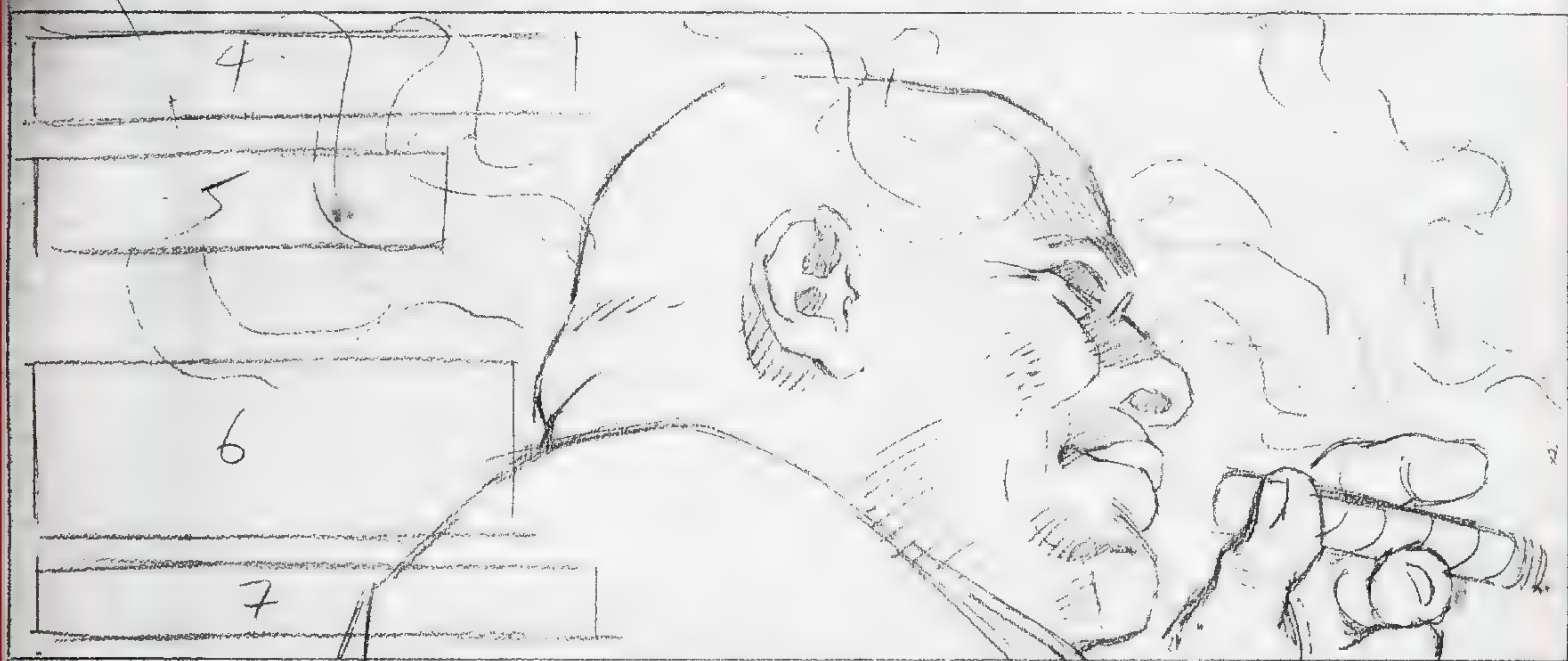
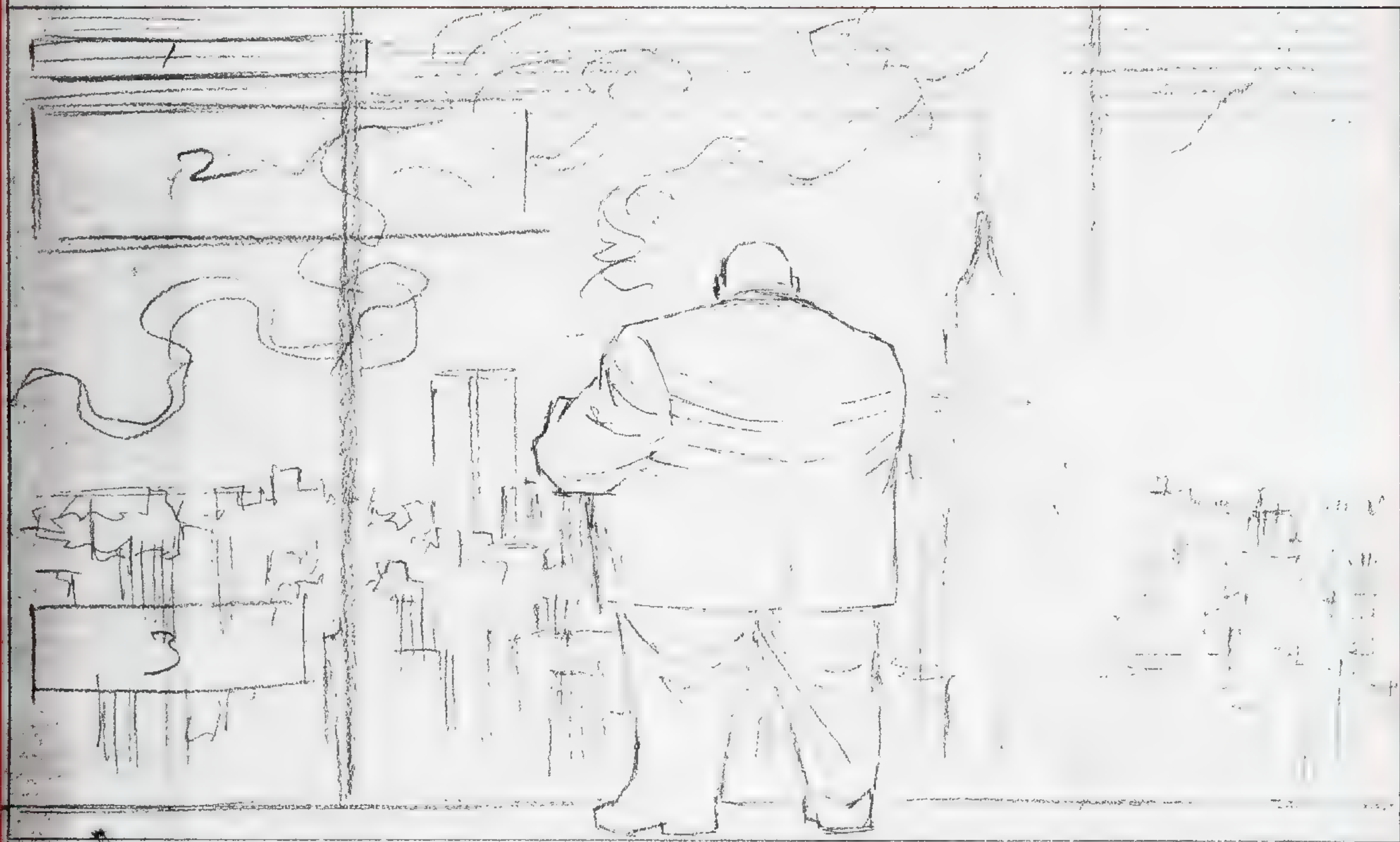
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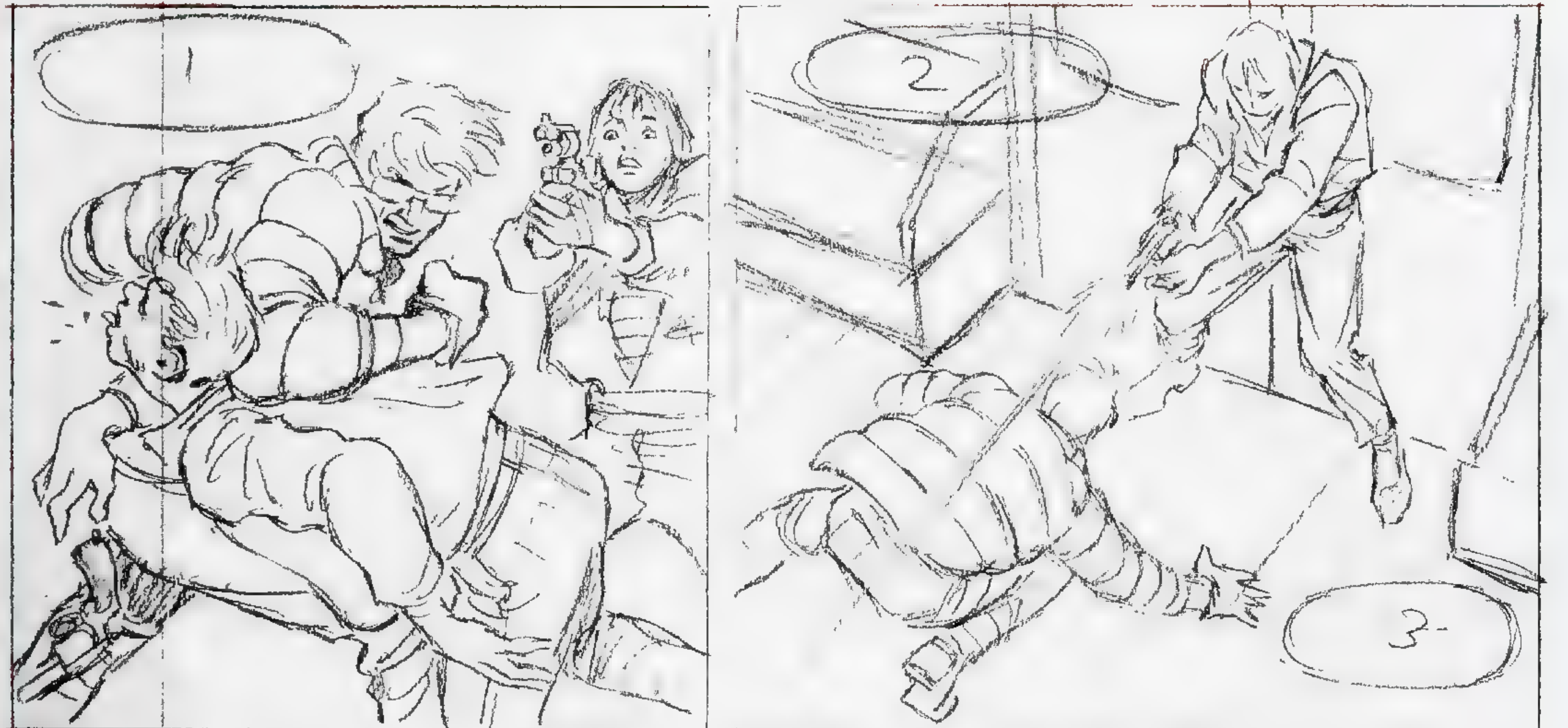
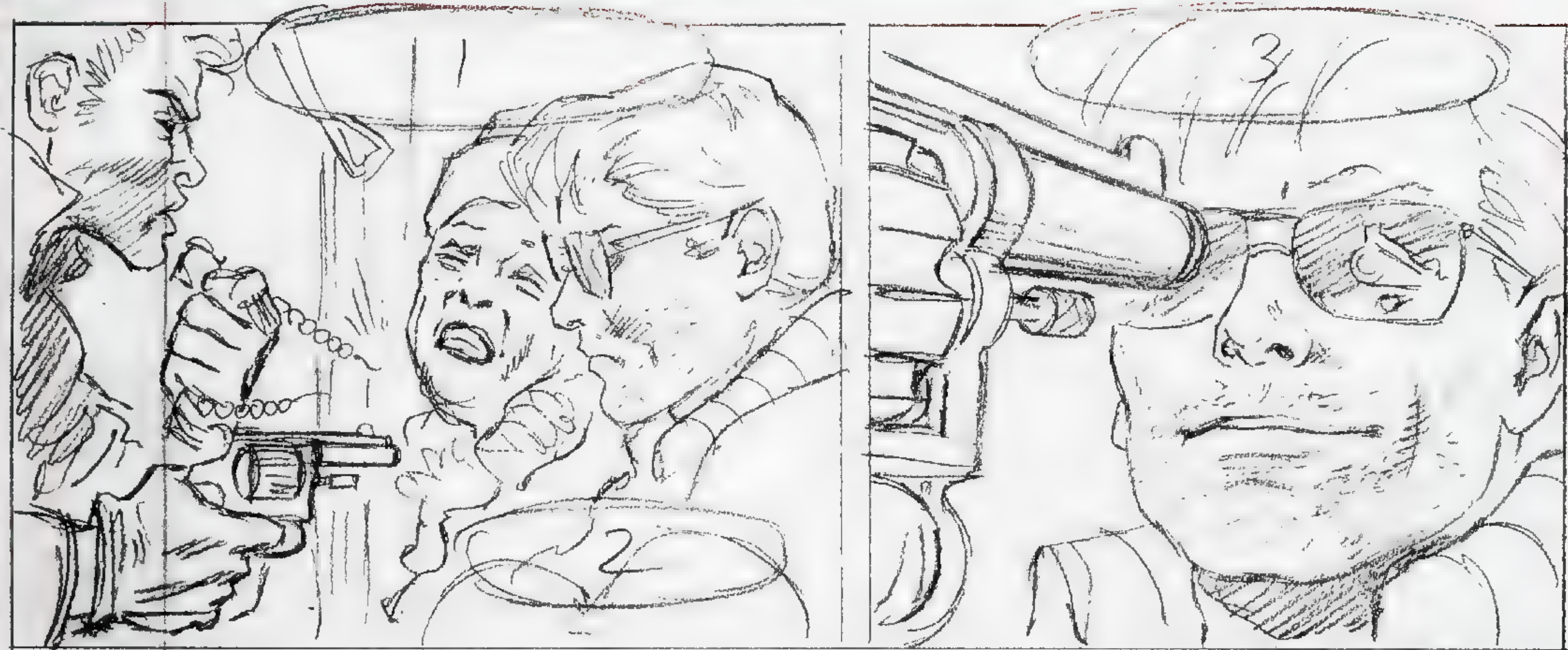
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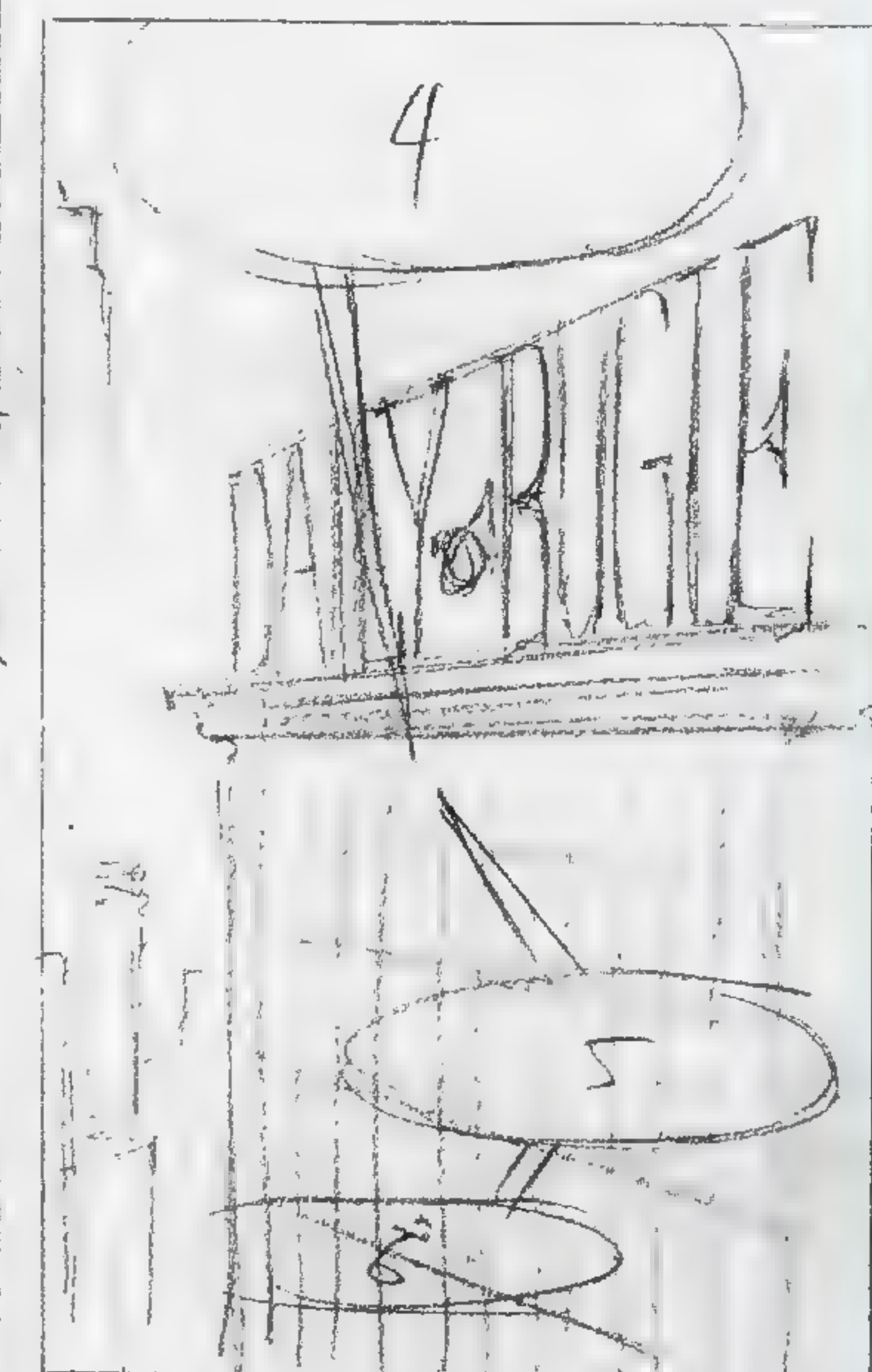
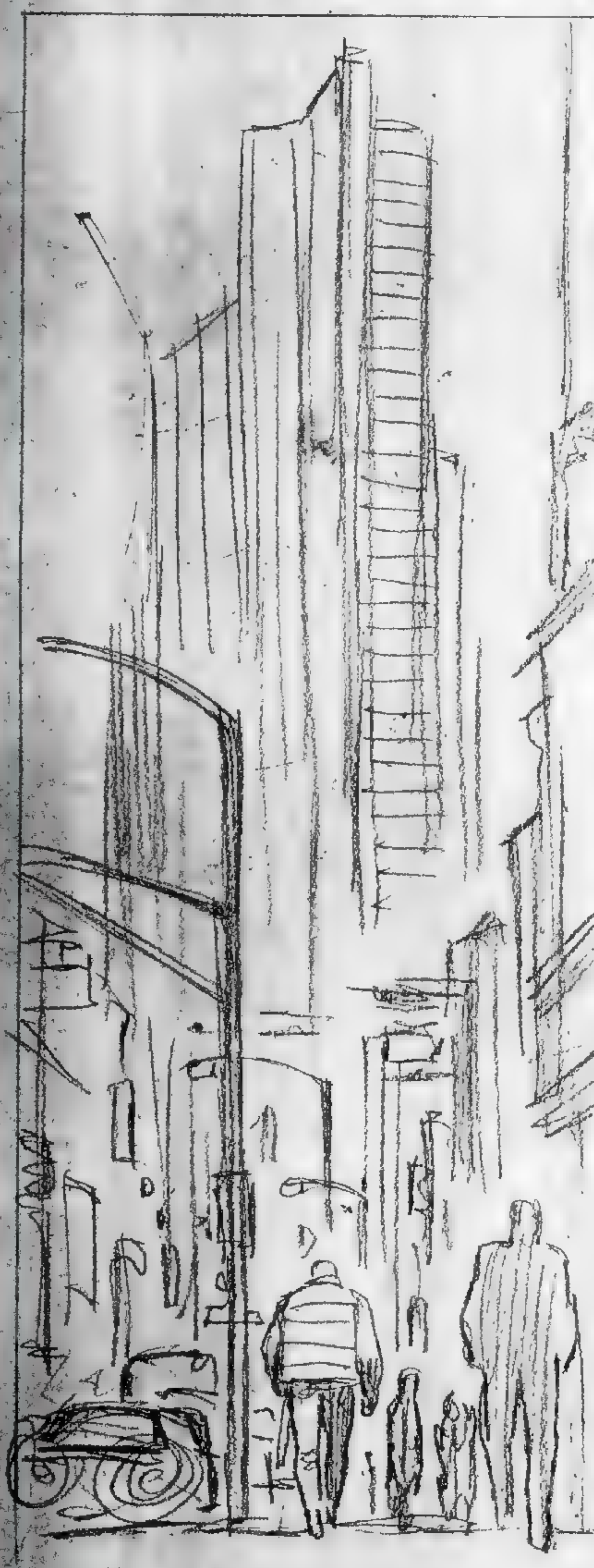
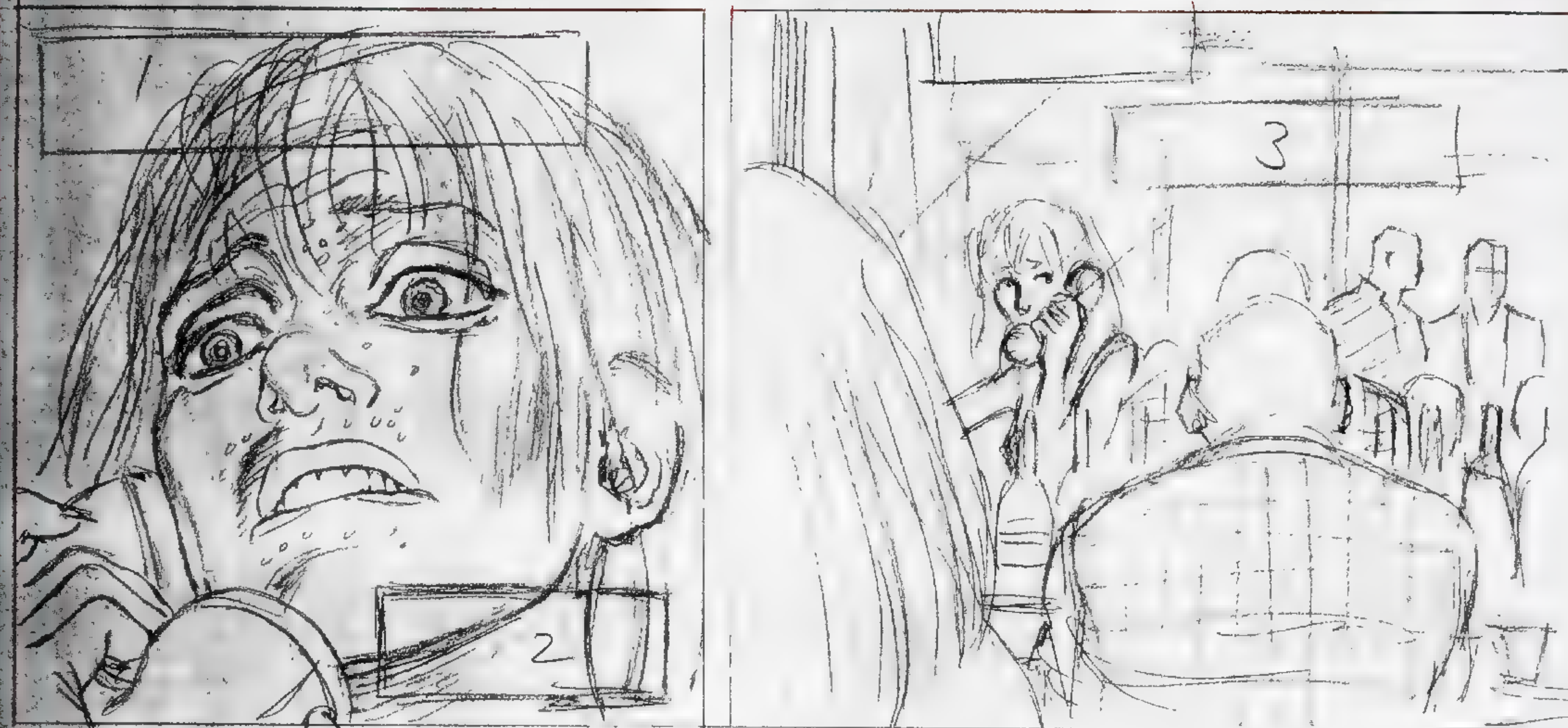
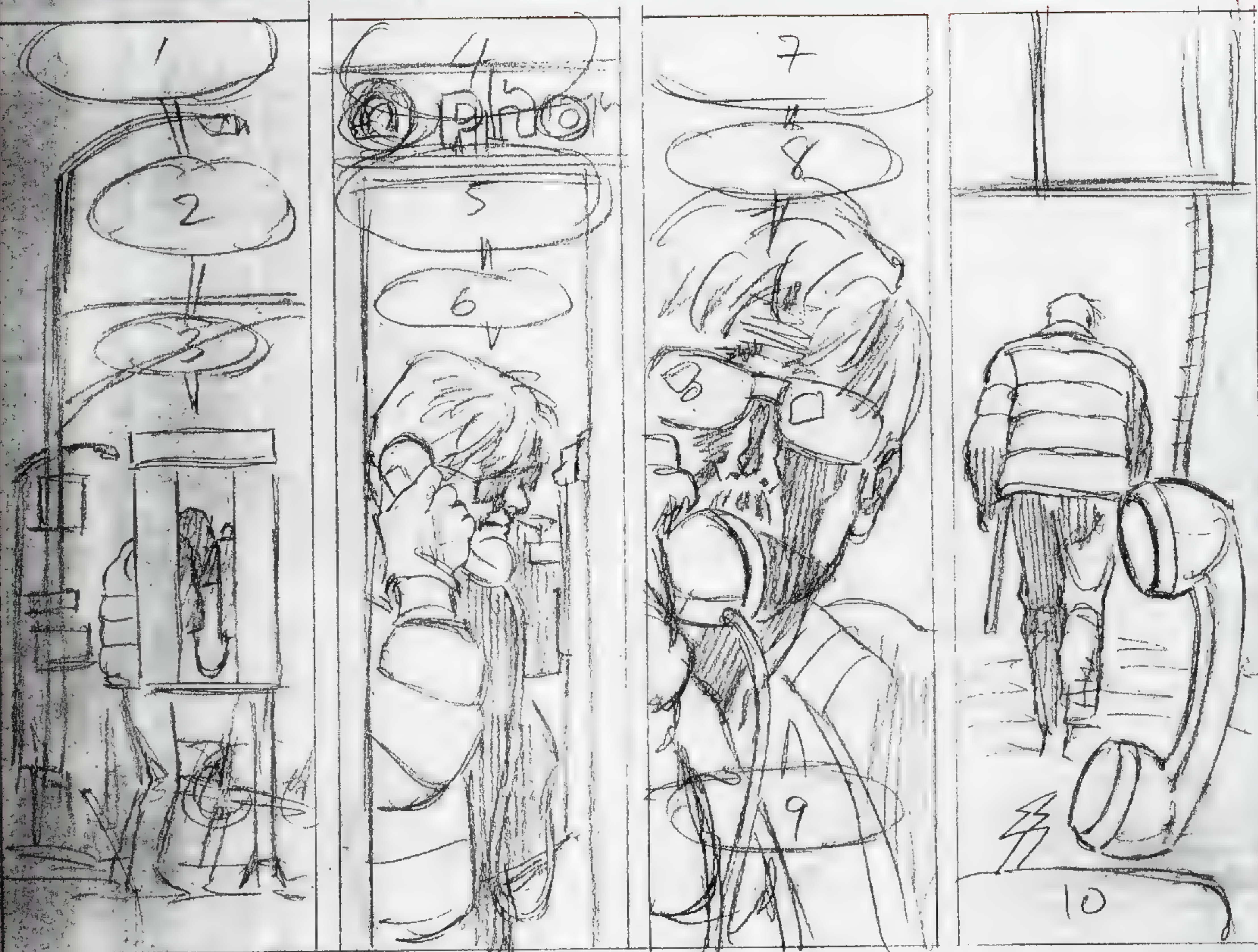
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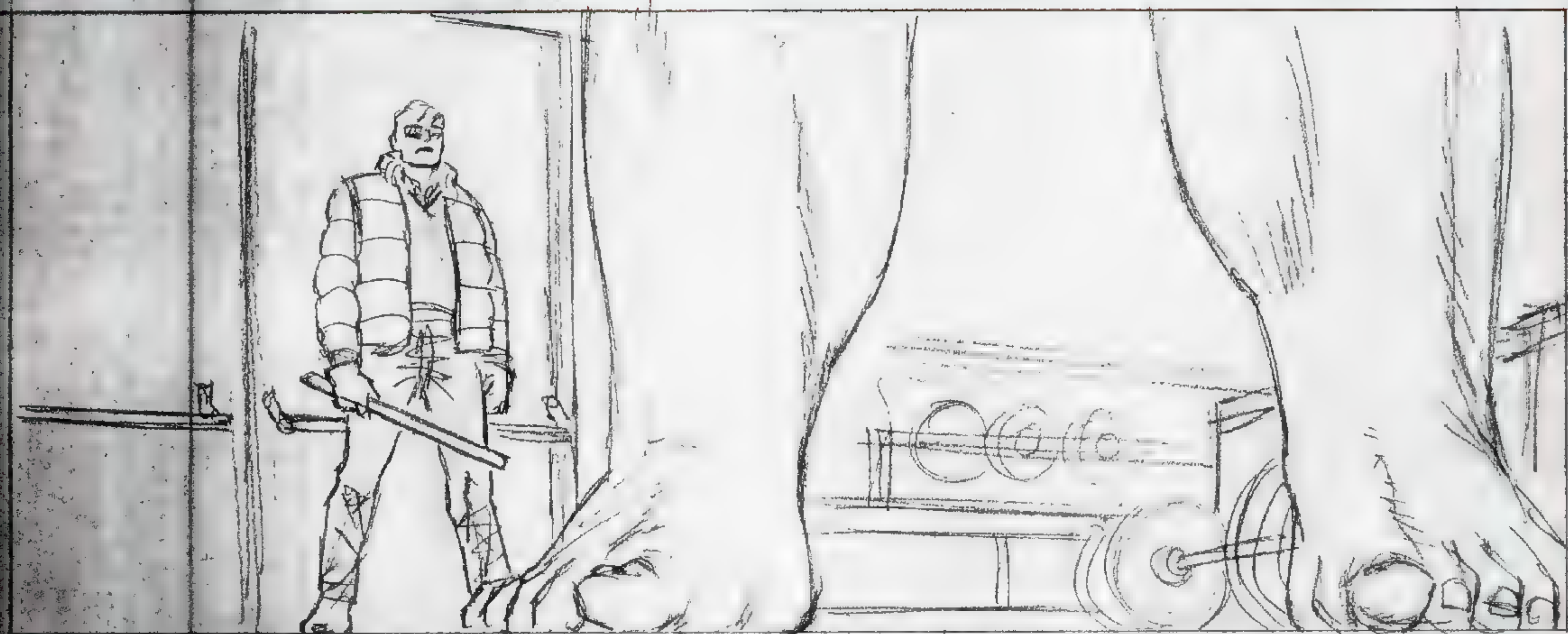




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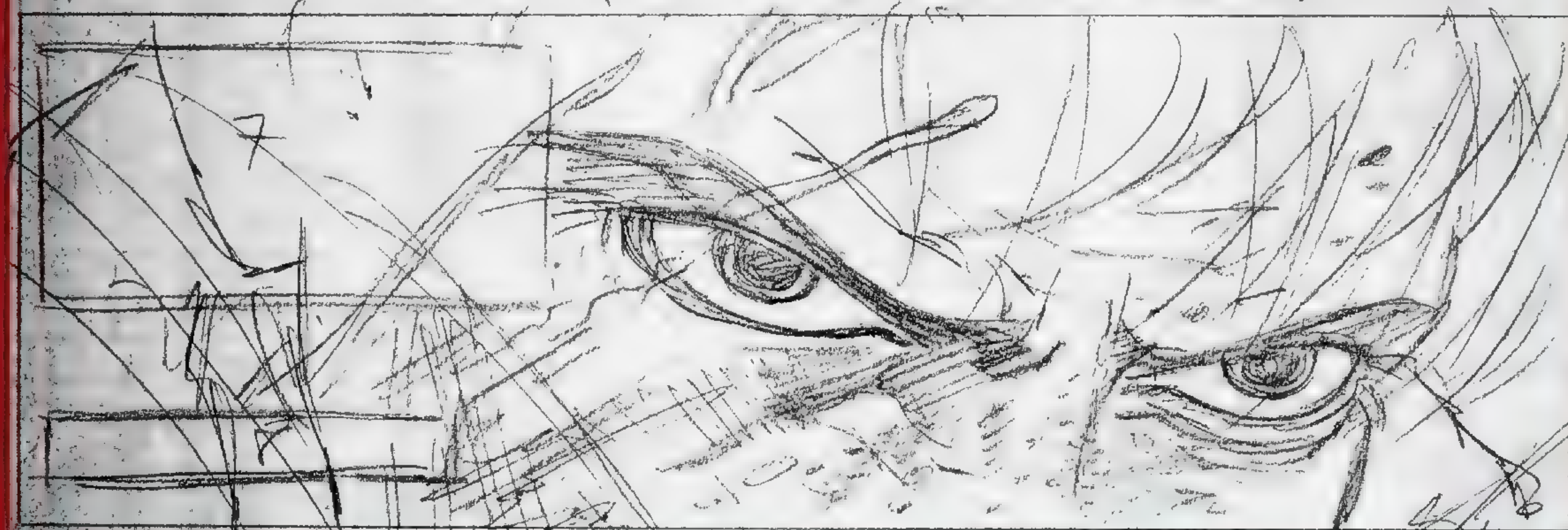
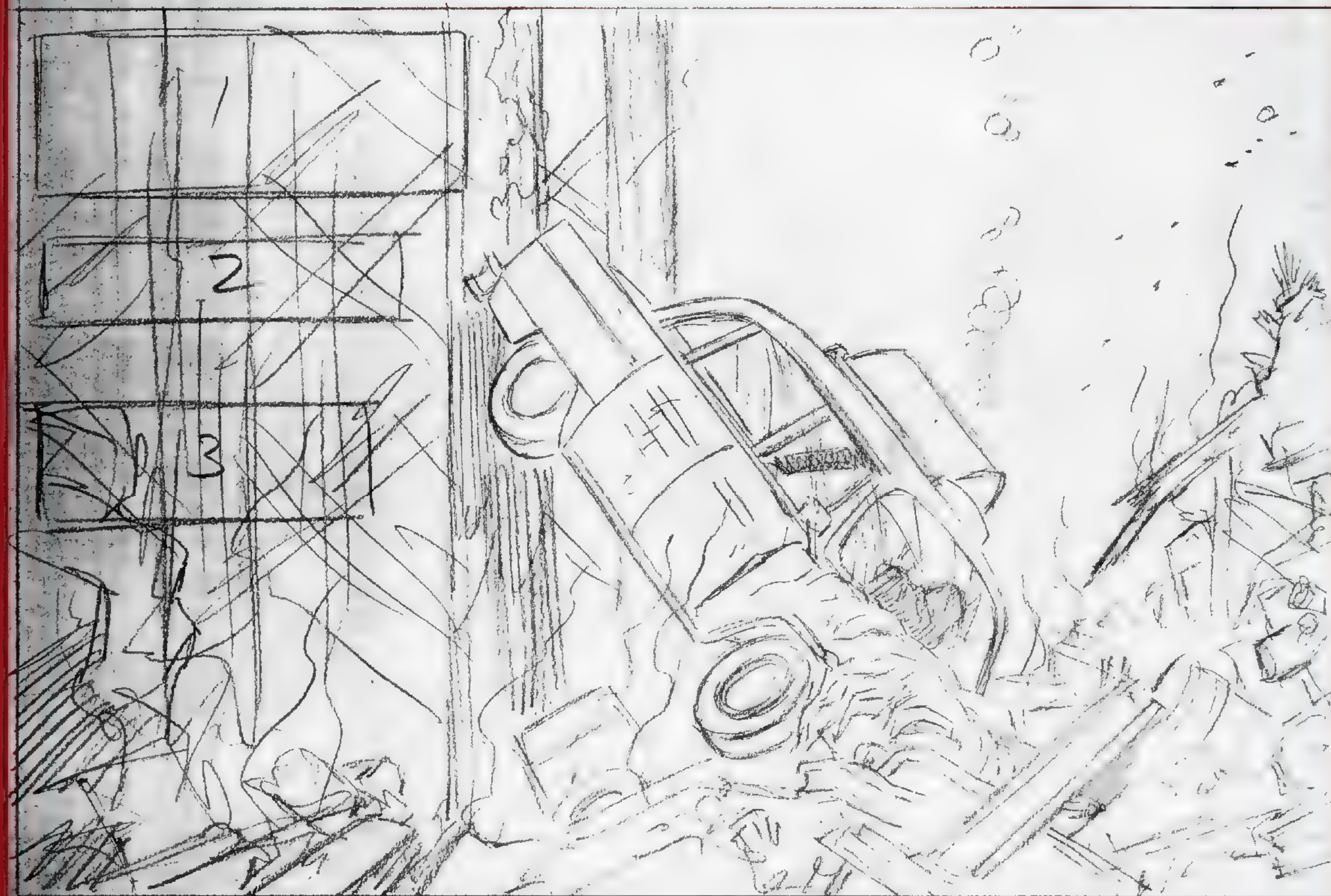
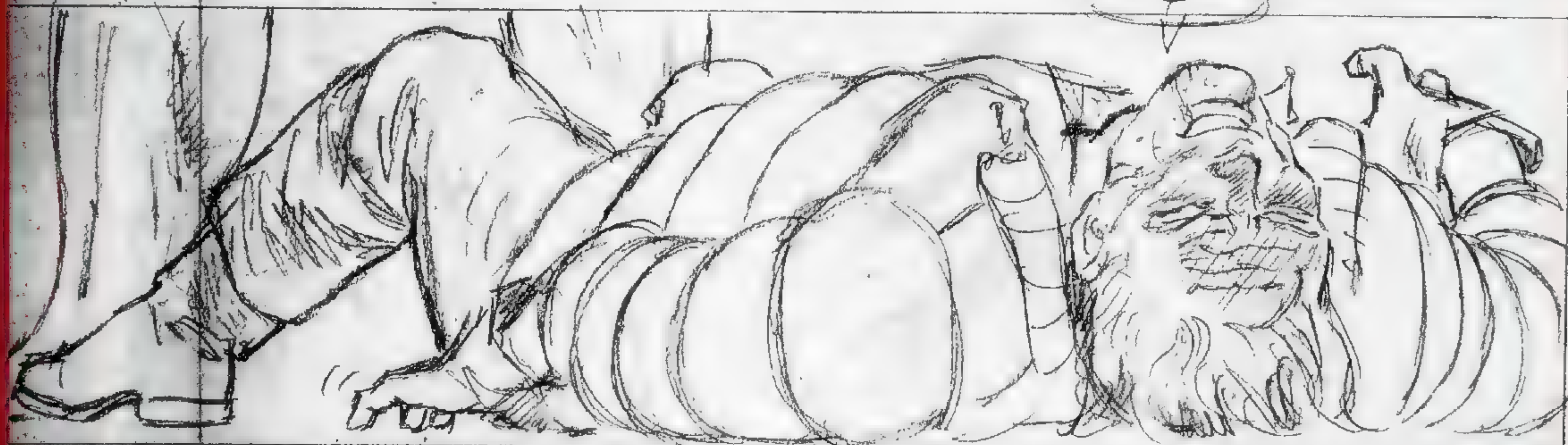
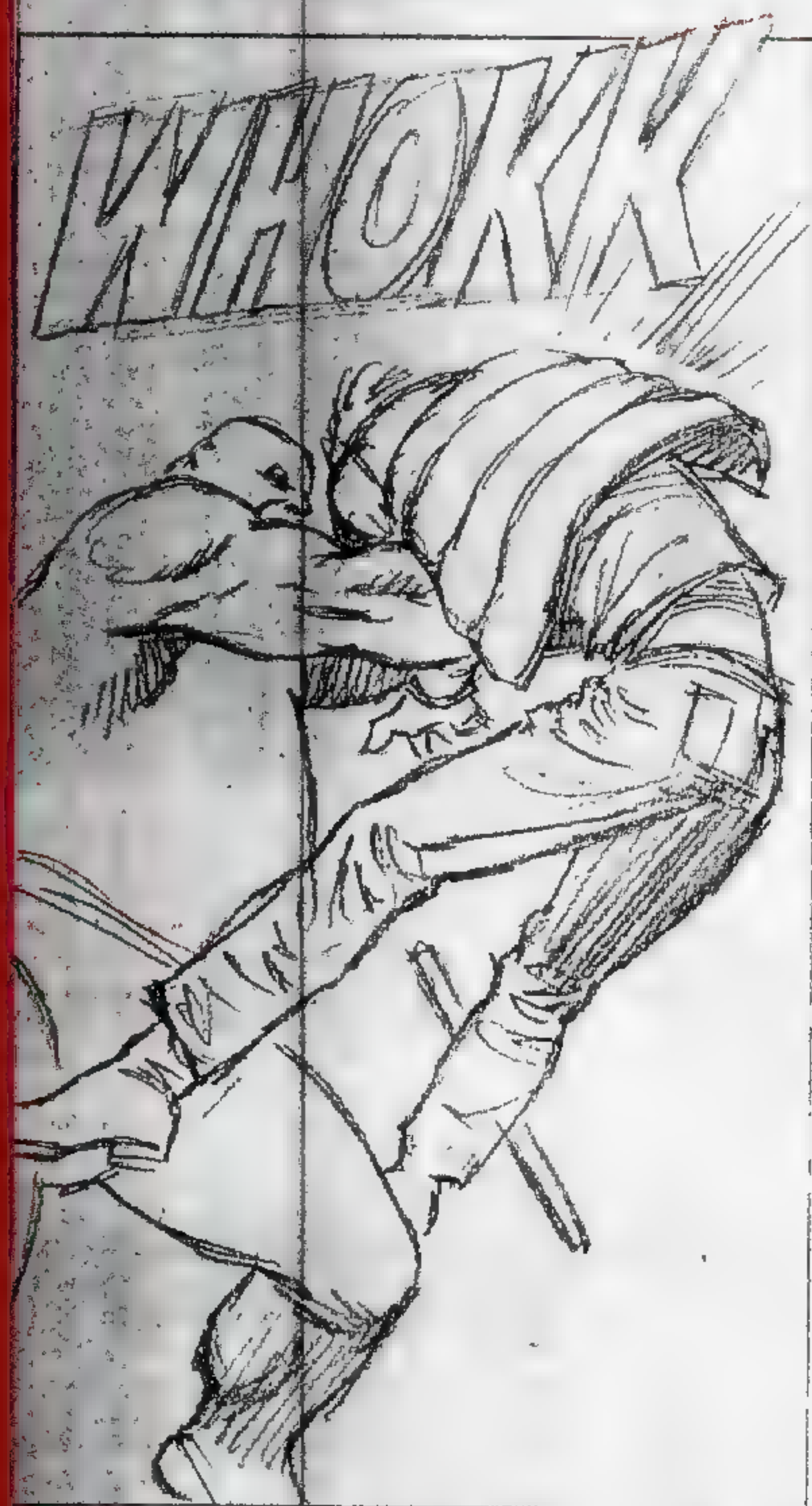
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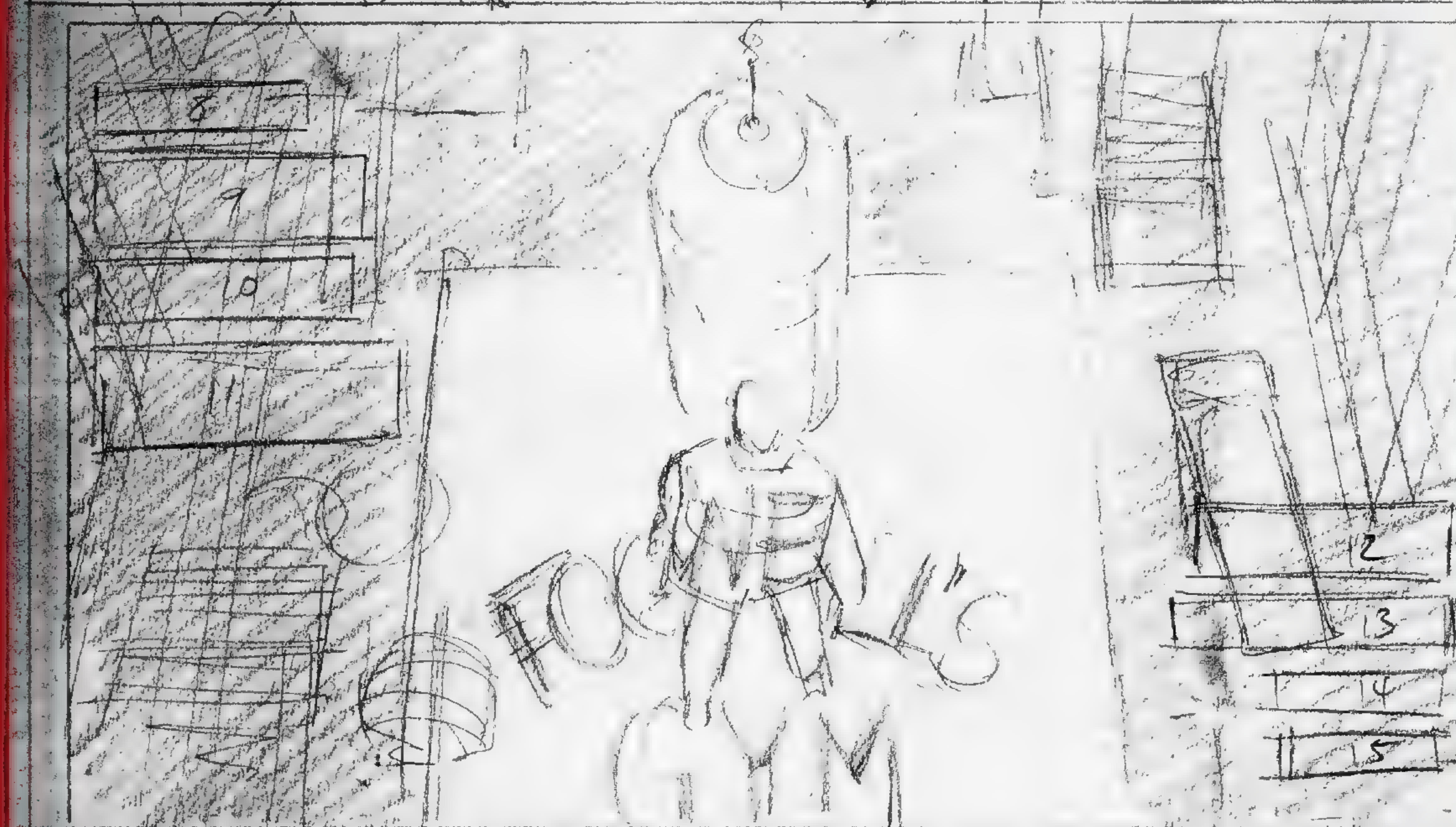
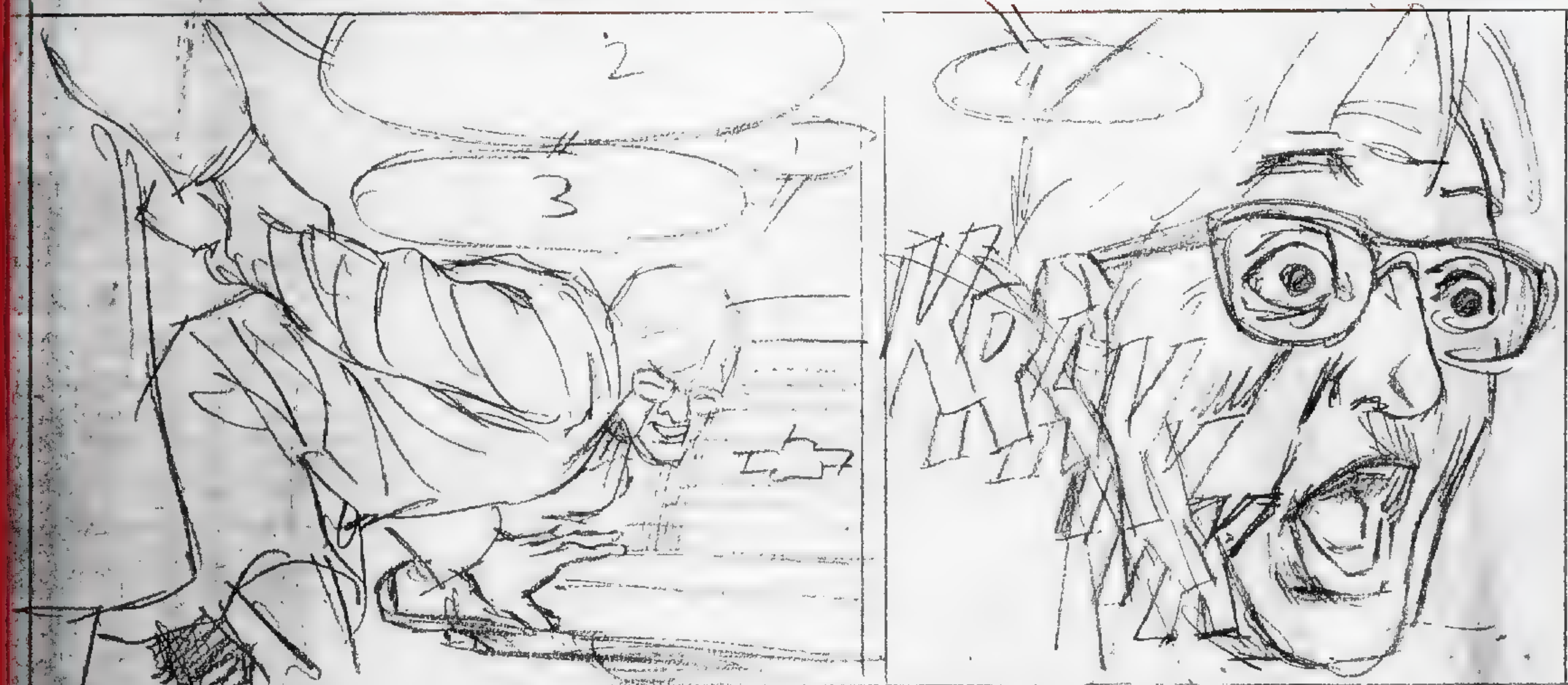
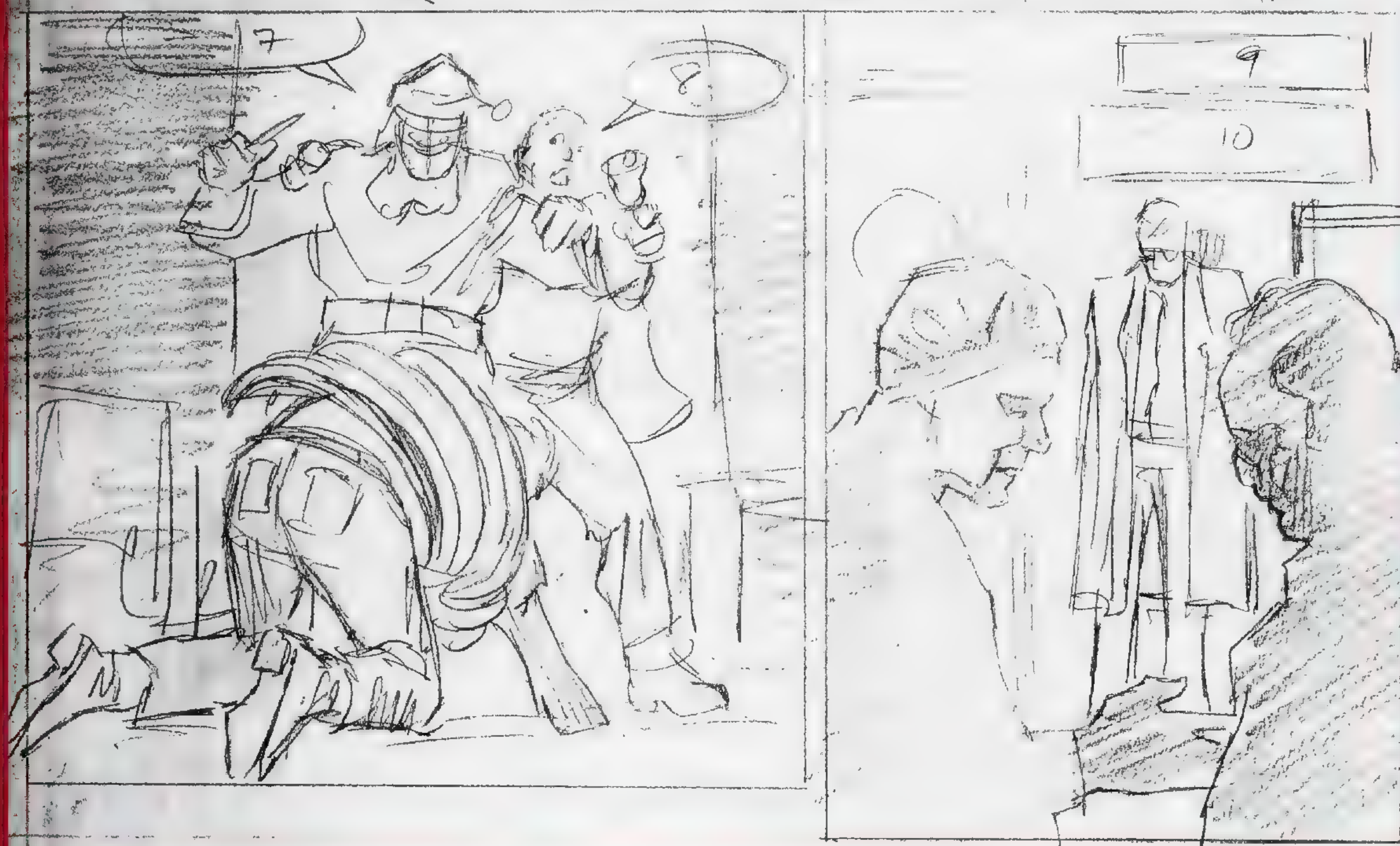


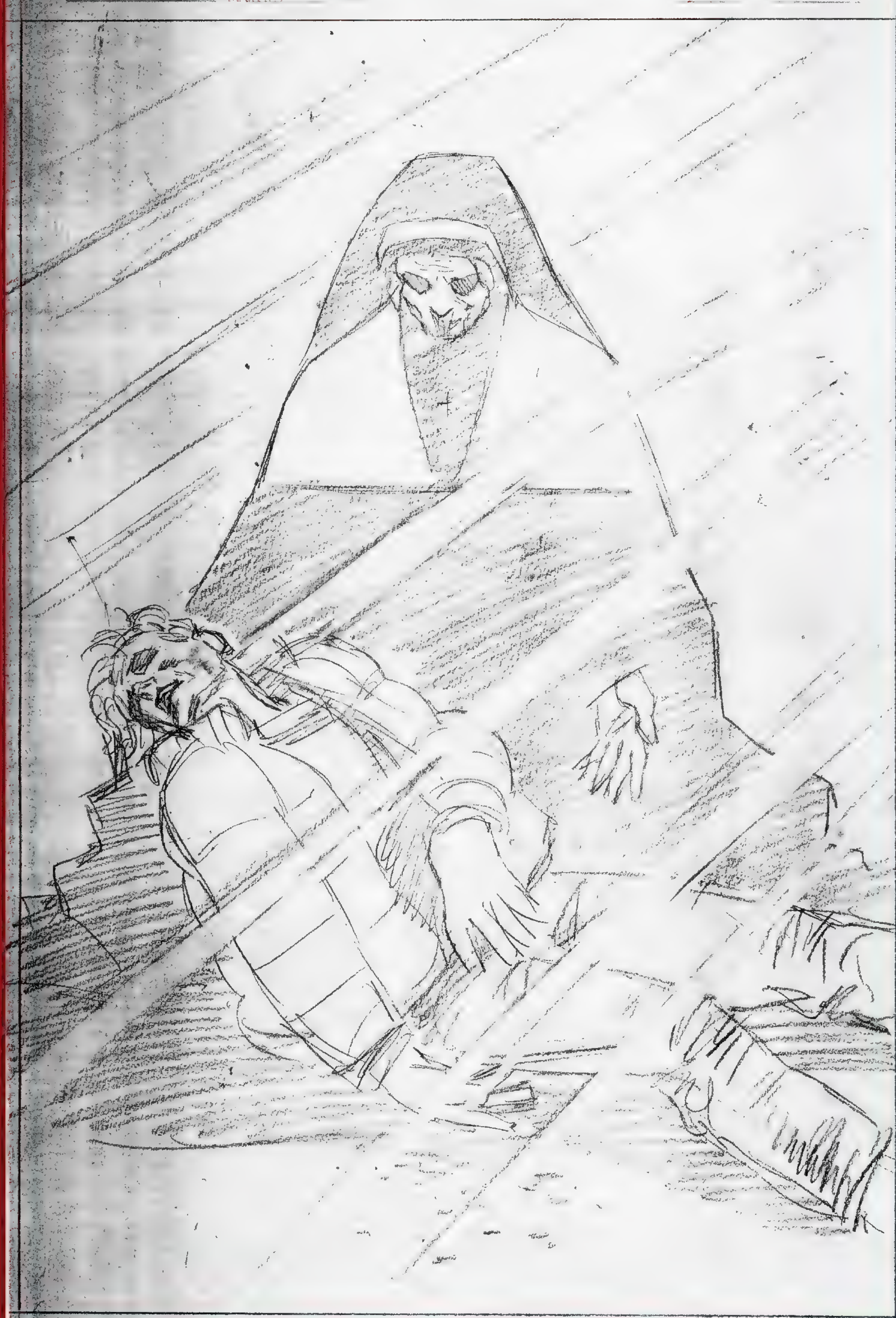
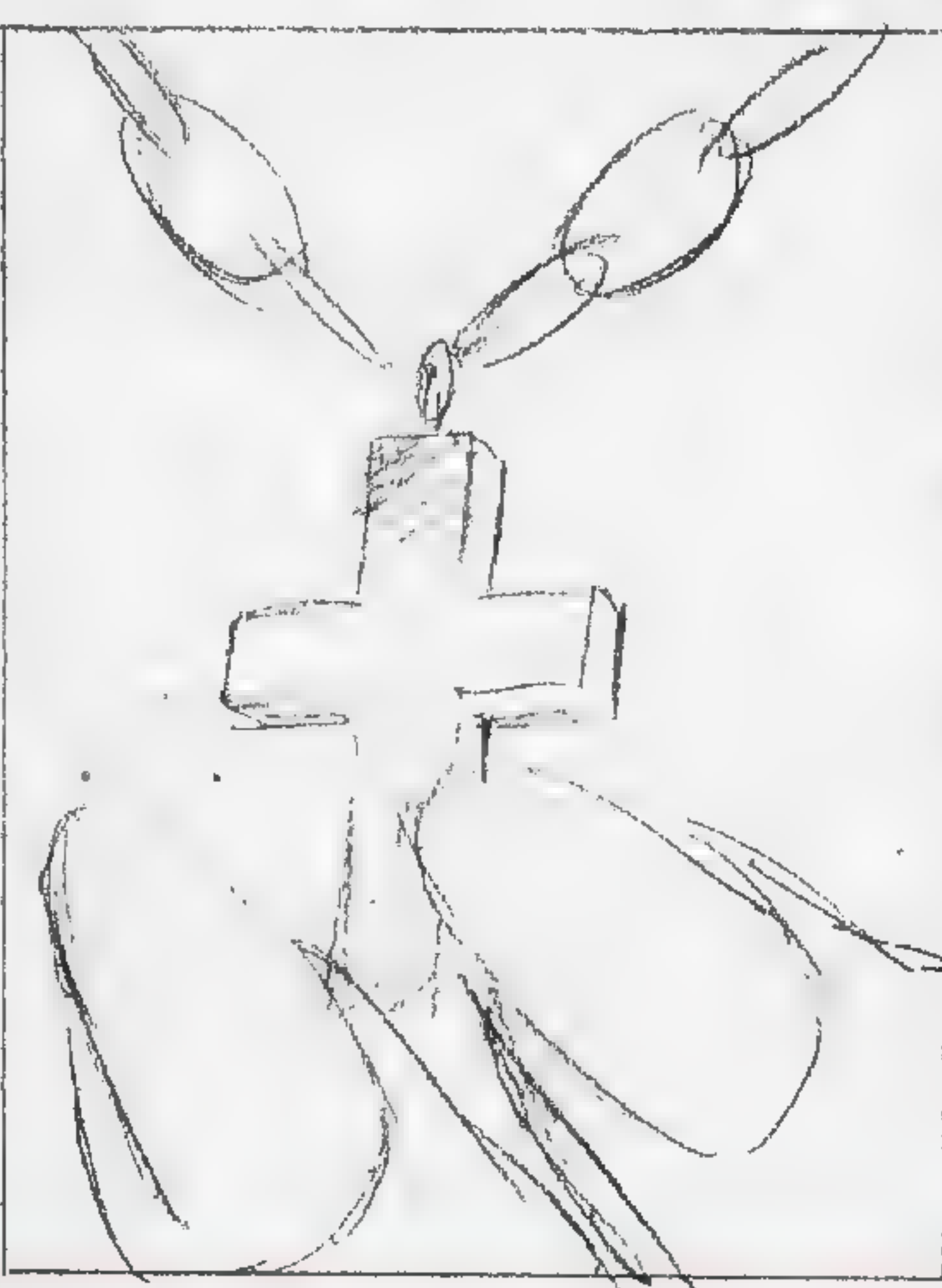
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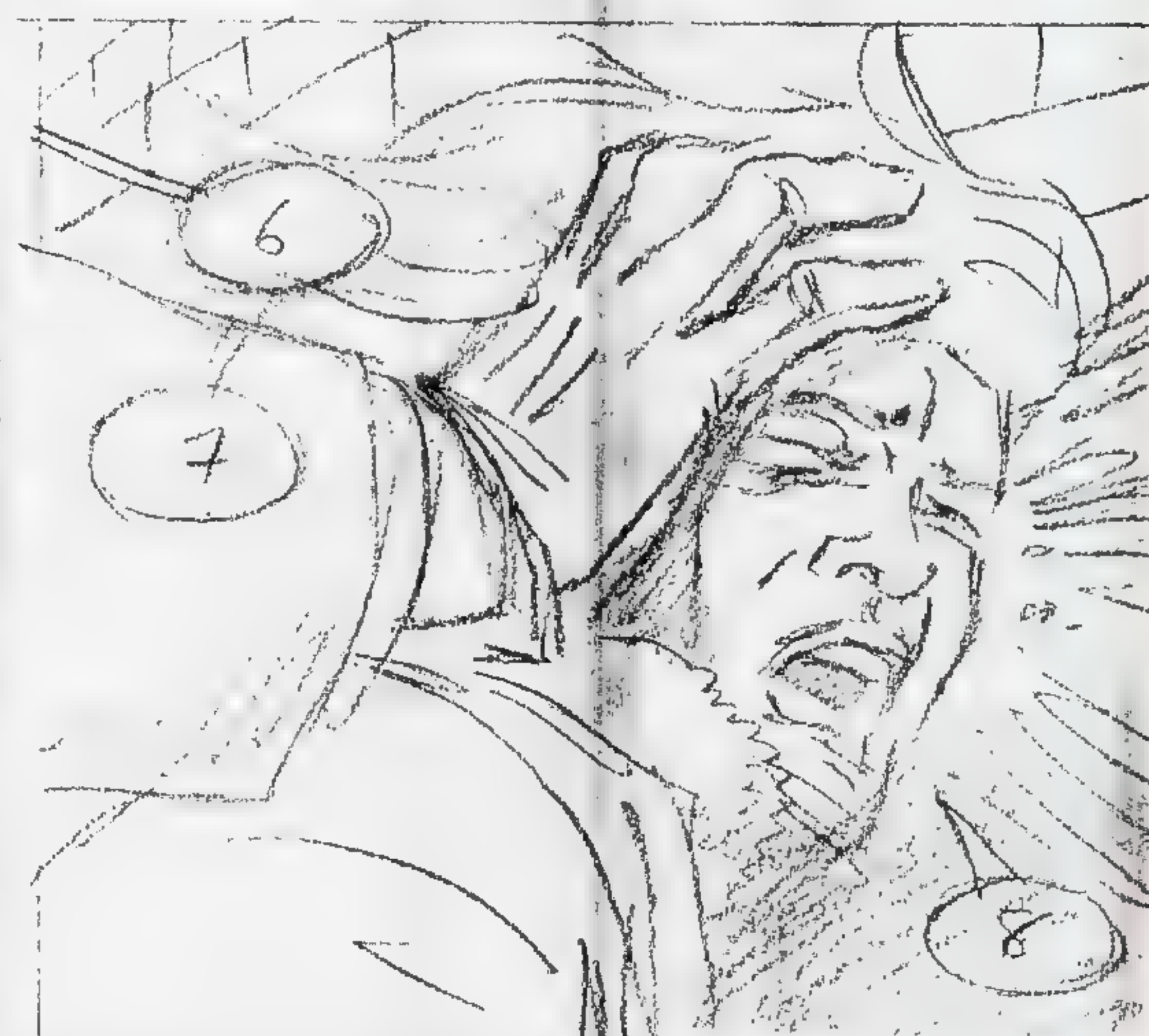


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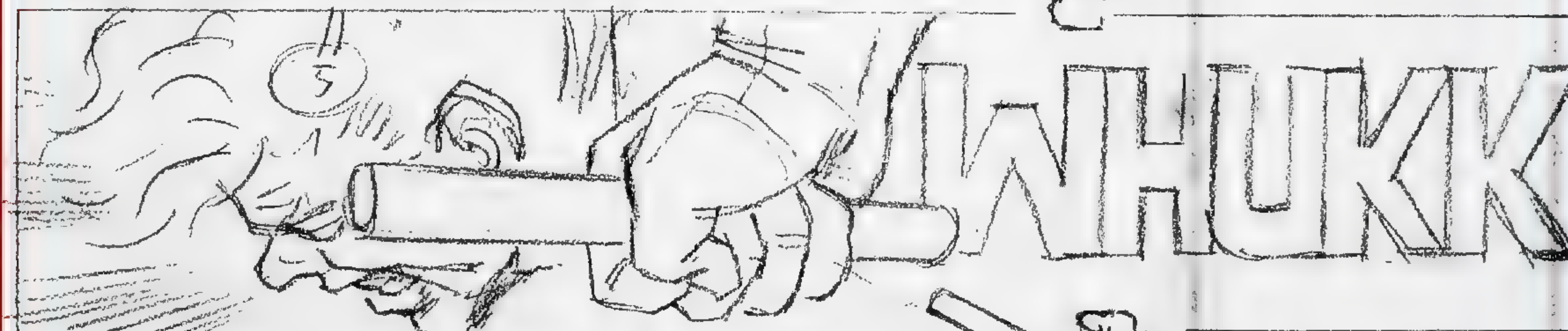


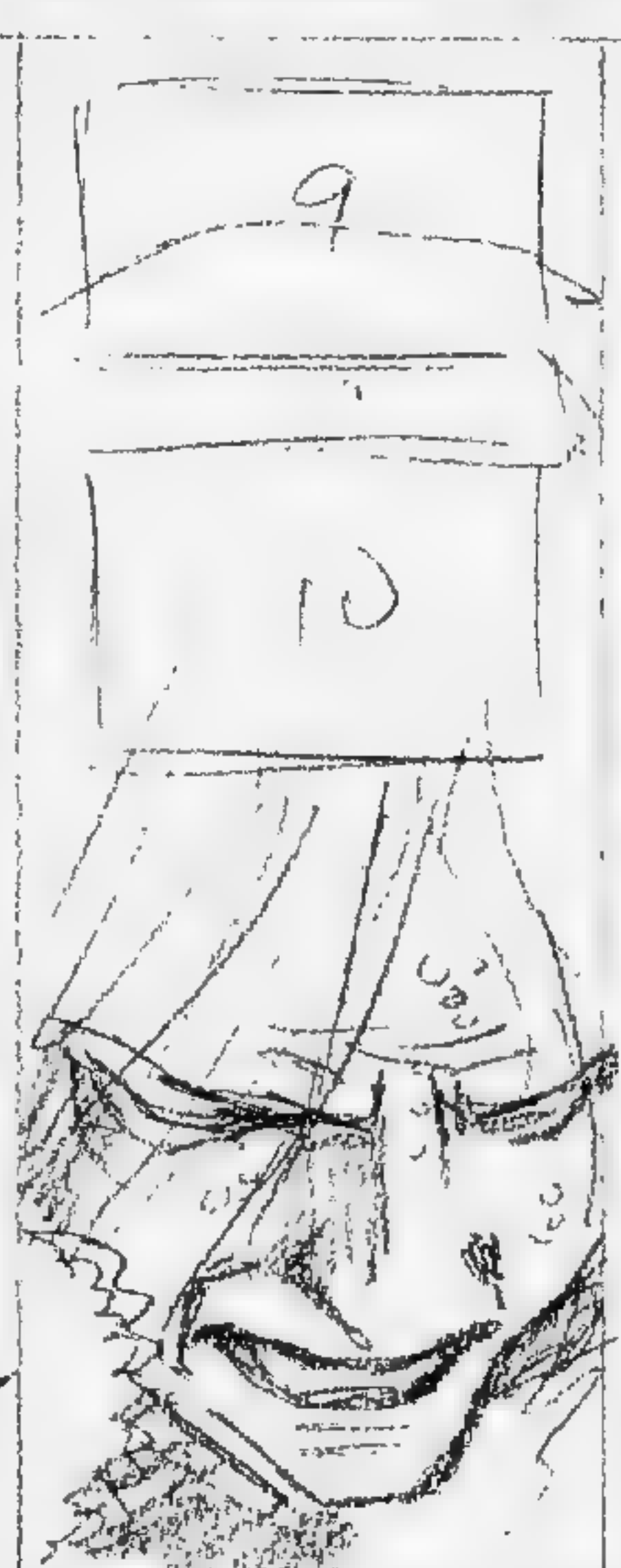


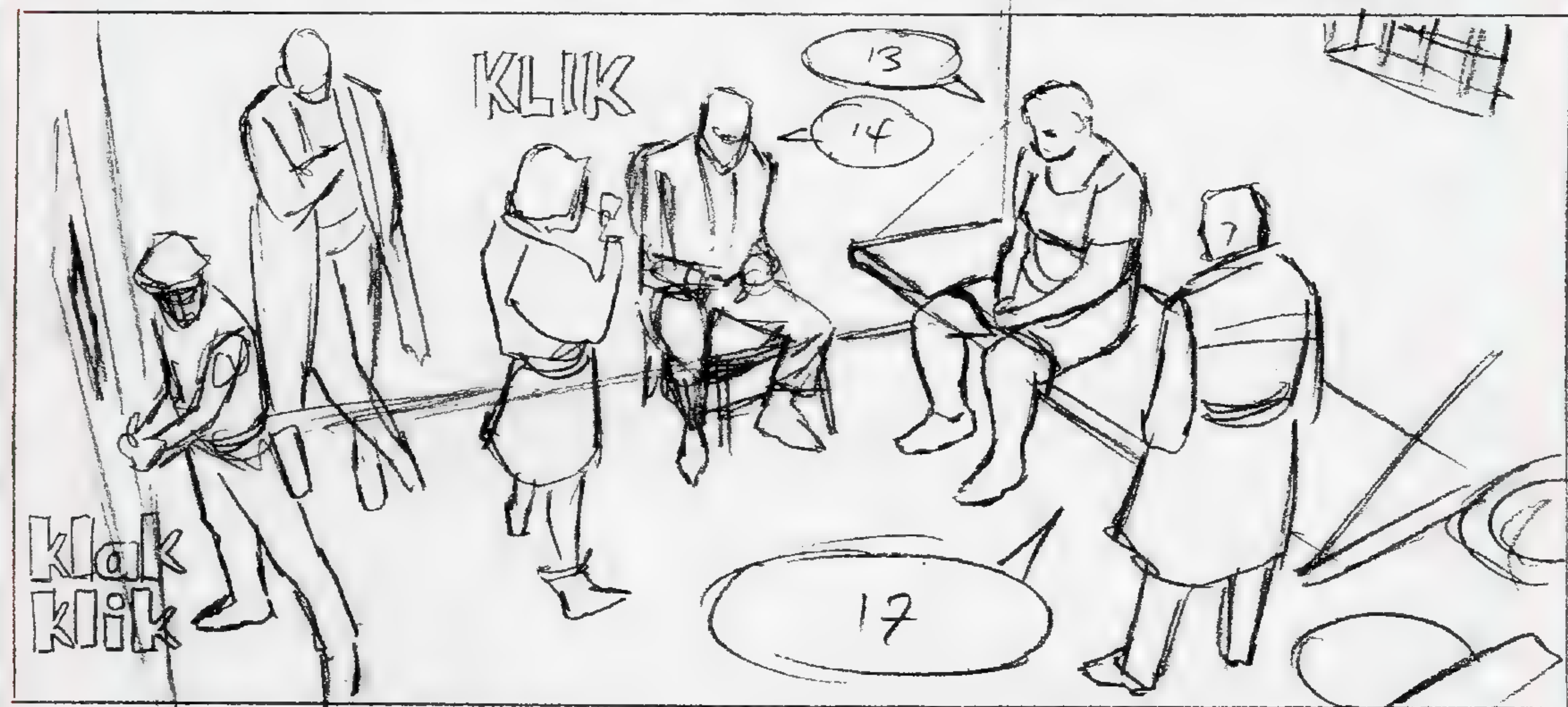


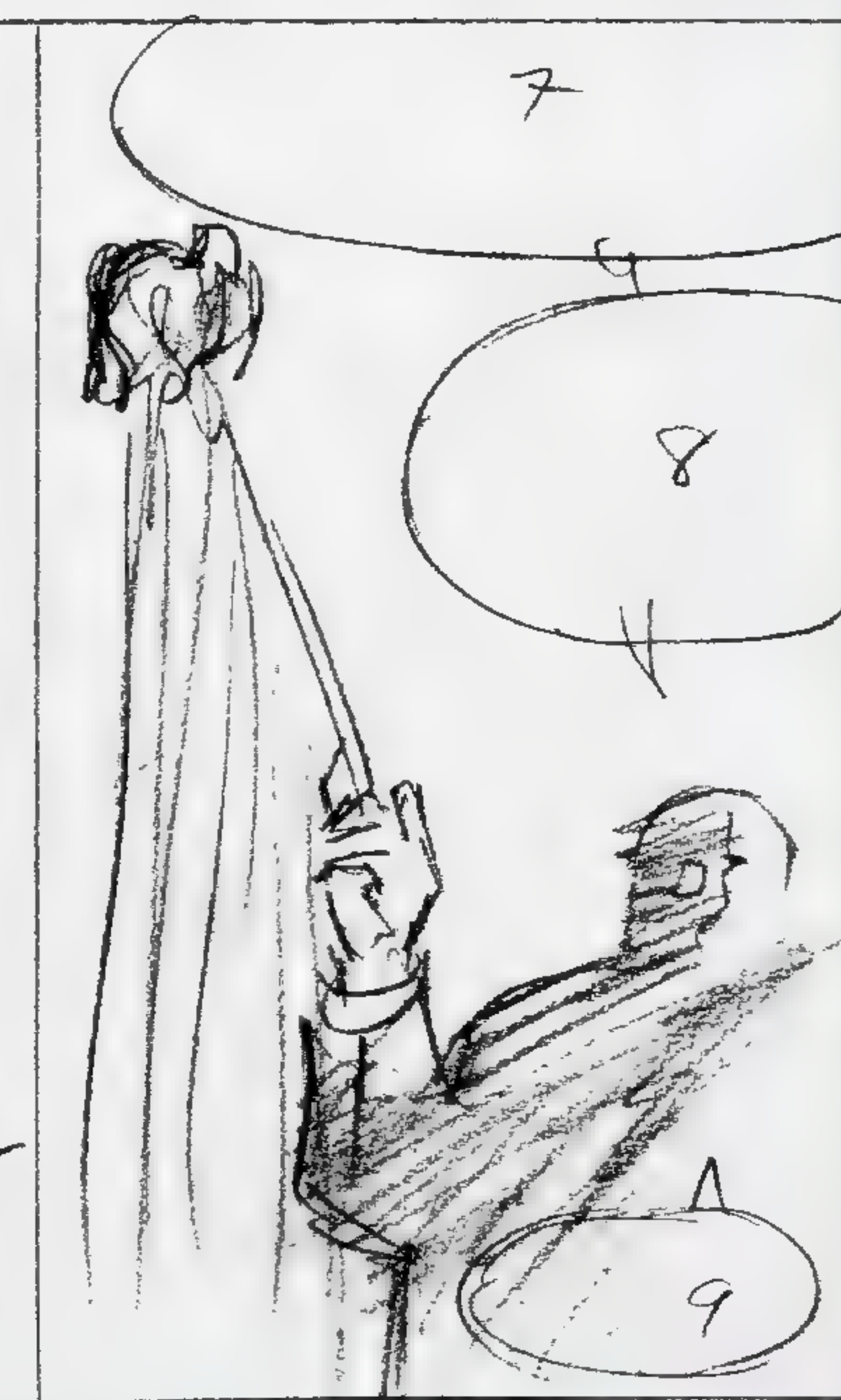


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DAREDEVIL #233

"ARMAGEDDON"

Script for 30 pages

by Frank Miller

MARVEL COMICS

Ralph Macchio, Editor

DD233/p1

FULL PAGE PANEL
A WATER TOWER IS LIFTED FROM ITS SUPPORTS BY A HUGE
EXPLOSION. RELATIVELY SMALL IN SHOT, DAREDEVIL LEAPS,
CURLED, RIDING THE SHOCK WAVE CLEAR OF THE BLAST. HE
HOLDS HIS BILLY CLUB.

TITLES: Stan Lee Presents
ARMAGEDDON
by Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli
Max Scheele Colors
Joe Rosen Letters
Ralph Macchio Editor
Jim Shooter Editor in Chief

BOXED, AT BOTTOM: This issue respectfully
dedicated to JACK KIRBY

DD233/p2

1. BTG PANEL. LOOKING ACROSS TENEMENTS AS DAREDEVIL DUCKS
AND LEAPS [MULTIPLE IMAGES] ACROSS A BLAZING ROOFTOP, DIVING
OFF A TENEMENT'S SIDE, INTO SPACE. LARGE IN THE BACKGROUND
IS NUKE'S HELICOPTER, AND NUKE, WHO FIRES BULLETS FROM BETSY,
MISSING DAREDEVIL. DD IS DIVING OUT OF NUKE'S LINE OF SIGHT.
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
CAP: HELL'S KITCHEN ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ SCREAMS.
CAP: A building's FACADE becomes a bone-crushing ~~NARROW~~
 ~~AVAILANCE --~~ ~~RIP~~ ~~FROM~~ ROOF TO
crowded STREET -- ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ ~~COR~~
CAP: -- GLASS splinters sharp as RAZORS -- slicing ~~EXP~~
 through the AIR -- and through FLESH --
CAP: -- STRENS wait like spoiled CHILDREN --
CAP: -- CHILDREN -- don't think about the CHILDREN --
 -- don't LISTEN to them --
CAP: -- the GUN -- that lunatic's GUN --
CAP: -- listen to IT -- it's firing BULLETS now --
CAP: -- listen to HIM --

26. MEDIUM CLOSE ON NUKE, MOUTH BLOODY, LOOKING DOWN, INTENSE VO [FROM ABOVE]: We're pulling OUT, boy. Our target's VANISHED.
NUKE: Won't let you DOWN, X Colonel --
(2): -- I'll FIND him --

3 ~~4~~ MEDIUM CLOSE ON THE COLONEL, IN THE HELICOPTER, YELLING INTO A MICROPHONE.
COLONEL: NO, Nuke -- MISSION ABORTED --
MICROPHONE [ELECTRIC]: -- won't let you DOWN --

4. THE HELICOPTER HOVERS OVER A ROOFTOP. PROMINENT IN FOREGROUND, ON THE ROOF, IS A SKYLIGHT. NUKE DROPS FROM THE COPTER TOWARD THE ROOF, BETSY READY.

NUKE: -- won't let -- our BOYS down --

CAP: His heart's STRONG -- but too FAST -- got to be AMPHETAMINE --

CAP: -- I'll be LUCKY if that's ALL there is. to him ...

DD233/p3

1. EXTERIOR THE KINGPIN'S HEADQUARTERS. LOOKING UP AT A BALCONY. THE KINGPIN STANDS ON THE BALCONY, STARES THROUGH BINOCULARS. BEHIND HIM, WESLEY APPROACHES. IN A TOTAL PANIC
WESLEY: BOSS -- it's getting out of HAND -- it's all over the NEWS --
(2): -- you've got to STOP it --
KINGPIN: There. Did you FEEL that --
(2): -- even HERE TWENTY BLOCKS distant --
KINGPIN: THE EARTH TREMBLES !!!

24. NUKE, RUNNING ACROSS ROOF, TURNS, FIRING BULLETS FROM BETSY,
AS DD CRASHES UPWARD THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT BEHIND HIM. DD
IS ABOVE THE GUNFIRE, OVER NUKE.
SE: SKREKK
SE: BRAKK
CAP: -- NO -- he's too QUICK --
CAP: -- NO -- every time he FIRES that thing --

3 DD KICKS NUKE IN THE FACE. NUKE'S HEAD ROCKS BACKWARD, BUT
 HE IS NOT KNOCKED OVER.
 SE: THWOK
 CAP: -- across the STREET an old woman crumples
 by her WINDOW with wounds that will NEVER
 heal --
 CAP: -- every time he FIRES people DIE --

4. ~~8~~ NUKE SWINGS BETSY, STRIKING DD IN THE CHEST, COMBAT STYLE.
CAP: -- it's got to be HAND to --
CAP: -- too FAST --
SE: WHKKK

5. ROOF-LEVEL VIEW -- LONG ON DD AND NUKE AS DD ROLLS AWAY FROM NUKE, BULLETS STRAFE THE ROOF LEDGE. CROPPED IN THE FOREGROUND, THE HELICOPTER'S MACHINE GUN FIRES AT DD, EJECTING SHELLS. NUKE HOLDS BETSY COMBAT-STYLE, LIKE A QUARTER STAFF.

SE: BRAKABRAKABRAKA
SE: SPKASPKASPAK
CAP: -- and he's got BACK-UP -- *that* HELICOPTER --
CAP: -- stay CLOSE to him -- ONLY chance --

DD233/p4

10. TIGHT ON DD AND NUKE AS DD STRIKES NUKE, STRAIGHT-~~XXXXX~~ FINGERED,
IN THE SOLAR PLEXUS. NUKE SHOWS NO PAIN, HAS BETSY RAISED HIGH.
CAP: -- don't give him a SECOND --
CAP: -- NERVE CENTER -- feel it ~~XXXX~~ HUM like a
FUSE BOX -- SHORT CIRCUIT the --
CAP: -- no GOOD --

2. ² MEDIUM LONG AS NUKE BRINGS BETSY DOWN, ACROSS MATT'S SKULL.
SE: KLUDD

30. ~~SPG view of~~ THE KINGPIN AND WESLEY. THE KINGPIN IS LOOKING THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS. WESLEY GESTURES, HYSTERICALLY.
WESLEY: This is SLAUGHTER, Boss -- this is MASS MURDER --
KINGPIN: This is WAR. I have done no more than TRANSPORT it -- from a South American JUNGLE --
(2): -- to MANHATTAN -- to HELL'S KITCHEN --

4. MEDIUM CLOSE AS DD STABS NUKIE IN THE EYES WITH HIS FINGERS.
CAP: -- doesn't FEEL pain --
CAP: -- don't GO for pain --
CAP: -- go for EYES --

5. NUKIE STRIKES DD WITH BETSY, ACROSS DD'S HEAD. DD FLIES BACKWARD, LIFTED, TOES BARELY TOUCHING THE ROOF.
SE: THWOKK
CAP: ..doesn't MATTER.. he's blind as I am..

6. DD DODGES A SECOND SWING, STABS HIS FINGERS BETWEEN THE STRIATIONS IN NUKES'S FOREARM. DD IS IN PAIN, BLOODY-NOSED. NUKES STILL SHOWS NO PAIN, IS STILL FIERCE.

CAP: -- too many VICTIMS -- make him DROP it --
CAP: -- MUSCLES can't work if they're SEVERED --
CAP: -- no -- almost broke my FINGERS --

2. CLOSE ON THE KINGPIN, STILL LOOKING THROUGH THE BINOCULARS. HE SMILES WIDELY, GREEDILY, SATANICALLY. BEHIND HIM, WESLEY WIPES HIS FOREHEAD WITH A HANDKERCHIEF.

WESLEY: BOSS ... if this gets pinned on US ...

KINGPIN: YOU FORGET that NUKIE is a GOVERNMENT AGENT. Wesley. Do you think the ARMY wants it KNOWN that they LOANED his services to the CRIMELORD of NEW YORK CITY?

(2): We may DEFEND ON our duly elected OFFICIALS to protect us.

DD233/p6

10. LOOKING DOWN AS NUKE DRAGS TOWARD THE CROWD. PEOPLE ARE
SCATTERING. A WOMAN DRAGS A WOUNDED MAN. ANOTHER WOMAN, A
BAG LADY, SCREAMING, TOPPLES BACKWARD INTO A POLICE OFFICER.
A POLICE CRUISER SITS CROOKEDLY IN THE STREET, ON FIRE.
GLORI TAKES ANOTHER PICTURE. BEN IS GRABBING GLORI BY HER
SHOULDERS, YELLS AT HER. [THIS PANEL SHOULD DOMINATE PAGE.]
WOMAN DRAGGING MAN: CRAZY it's CRAZY --
BALLOON (NO TAIL): MARY --
BAG LADY: END OF THE WORLD it's --
BALLOON (NO TAIL): My LEG my LEG my LEG --
COF: ALL UNITS --
BEN: -- WATCH it Glori WATCH it -- GLORI --
(2): -- GLORI -- get out of the WAY --
GLORI: I GOT it --
SE (FROM CAMERA): XLIK
BALLOON (NO TAIL): -- HELP me I can't BREATHE --

2. BEN PULLS GLORI OUT OF THE WAY, HIS ARMS AROUND HER. GLORI
TAKES ANOTHER PICTURE. NUKE STRIKES THE TOP OF THE POLICE
CRUISER, SHATTERING ITS LIGHTS. BETSY FALLS FROM HIS HAND.
SE: SKKREKKK
BEN: -- GLORI you IDIOT!
SE: KLIK
BALLOON (NO TAIL): -- can't BREATHE --

3 4.
MEDIUM ON NUKE, ON HIS BACK, ON TOP OF THE BURNING CRUISER.
HE FIRES A ROCKET FROM BETSY.
SE: PFAMM

4. LOOKING UP AT DAREDEVIL, TWISTING IN MID-AIR LIKE A DANCER,
DODGING THE ROCKET, WHICH BLASTS A CHIMNEY BEHIND DD.
 SE: WHOOOM
 CAP (TYPE): I shouldn't call him MATTY.
 CAP (TYPE): Give the man his DUE. He's wearing the
 TIGHTS.
 CAP (TYPE): He's DAREDEVIL. The man without FEAR.

DD233/p5

1. ^{NEAR EDGE OF ROOF} ~~LOOKING~~ DOWN ON BOTH FIGURES AS NUKE SWINGS ~~BACK AT DO. DO~~ EDGES.
CAP: -- blind as I am -- but he doesn't have -- heightened SENSES
CAP: -- built-in RADAR -- tells me --
CAP: -- where everything IS -- BETTER than eyes --
CAP: -- FORGET nerves -- so many victims --

2-8.
MEDIUM AS DD SWING HIS FIST, WITH ALL HIS MIGHT, PUNCHING
NUKE IN THE ELBOW.
CAP: -- FORGET nerves --
CAP: -- break the BONE --
SE: CHAKK

3. MEDIUM AS NUKE, UNHURT, USES THE SAME ARM TO SNAP A BACKWARD PUNCH INTO MATT'S JAW. DD LEANS FORWARD INTO IT A BIT, HOLDING ONE HAND IN THE OTHER.

SE: SNAKK

CAP: -- not -- that's not BCNE --

CAP: -- no NOZE -- stop being CLEVER --

4. LOOKING UP PAST THE EDGE OF THE ROOF AS DD EXECUTES SPINNING KICK TO THE BACK OF NUKIE'S NECK, KNOCKING HIM FORWARD, ~~THROWING HIM OFF THE ROOF~~ OFF THE ROOF.
CAP: -- no MORE --
SE: WHUUK

5. MEDIUM ON ~~RE~~ BEN AND GLORI, FROM ABOVE. BEN POINTS WITH ONE HAND, HIS OTHER RESTS CASUALLY ON GLORI'S SHOULDER. GLORI'S FACE IS OBTSCURED BY HER CAMERA. SHE'S TAKING A PICTURE. THEY ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF A CROWD -- SHOW JUST ENOUGH OF HANDS AND SHOULDERS OF OTHER PEOPLE TO GET THIS ACROSS.

CAP (TYPEWRITER STYLE): My name is B'N URICH.
I'm a REPORTER.
BEN: THERE -- over THERE --
GLORI: I GOT it --
SE: KLIK
CAP (TYPE): HELL'S KITCHEN is under ATTACK by
a one man ARMY. MATT MURDOCK is trying
to negotiate a CEASE FIRE.

LOOKING UP AT NUKE, CRASHING INTO POWER LINES, NOT LETTING GO
OF BETSY, ZAPPED BY A SURGE OF ELECTRICITY.
CAP (TYPE): Unilaterally.
SE: SSZZZATT

DD233/p7

1 2.
EYE-LEVEL AS DD LANDS, FEET FIRST, ON NUKE, PUNCHING HIM THROUGH
THE TOP OF THE CRUISER. THE FLAMES NOW COVER THE CRUISER.
NUKE LETS GO OF BETSY. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~
CAP (TYPE) : Fear of BULLETS -- or ROCKETS --
CAP (TYPE) : -- or FIRE --
SE: KKRMPF

2. CLOSE ON BEN AND GLORI, HIT BY FIRE. BEN PULLS GLORI BACK.
GLORI TAKES ANOTHER PICTURE.
BEN: -- the FIRE, Glori -- when it hits the
GAS TANK
(2): -- come ON --
SE: KLIK

34.
PULL BACK TO SHOW: THE CRUISER, ERUPTING IN A FIREBALL;
DD, ROLLING FORWARD, ACROSS THE PAVEMENT, HOLDING BETSY;
BEN AND GLORI, TOPPLING TO THE PAVEMENT, BEN HOLDING GLORI
WITH BOTH ARMS, PROTECTING HER FROM THE FLAME WITH HIS BODY.
NO COPY

46. MEDIUM ON BEN AND GLORI, ON THE PAVEMENT. THE BACK OF BEN'S TRENCHCOAT IS ON FIRE. BEN IS SCREAMING. GLORI LOWERS HER CAMERA, LOOKS AT HIM, ALARMED.

BEN: AAAA
GLORI: BEN!

52. SAME ANGLE AS PANEL 5, PREVIOUS PAGE, SHOWING: M THE CRUISER, NOW A BLAZING SHELL; NUKE, STEPPING FROM THE CRUISER, AFLAME, HOLDING A BAYONET, NOT PEEING SEVEN-UP; DD, HOLDING BETSY, RISING FROM THE PAVEMENT, CHARGING TOWARD NUKE; BEN, PANICKING, THRASHING, "OUR LORD, TRIES TO PULL HIS TRENCHCOAT FROM HIM.
NUKE: Our -- BOYS
BEN: Get it OFF me -- get it OFF me --
GLORI: BEN -- stop THRASHING --

6. MEDIUM ON DD AND NUKE AS DD SWINGS BETSY ACROSS NUKE'S HEAD. THE GUN BUTT SHATTERS. NUKE'S HEAD IS WRENCHED AROUND, HE'S FALLING BACKWARD, DROPPING THE BAYONET.
SE: SKKRAKKK

DD233/p8

1.2. CLOSE ON THE COLONEL, IN THE HELICOPTER, PRESSING A THUMB BUTTON ON THE COPTER CONTROLS, GRITTING HIS TEETH.
COLONEL: COMING for you, boy --
SE: BRAKABRAKA

2.2. CLOSE ON A MACHINE GUN ON THE COPTER'S SIDE, FIRING, EJECTING DOZENS OF SHELLS.
SE: BRAKABRAKABRAKA

3.2. MEDIUM ON BEN AND GLORI. BEN IS STILL PANICKY, HIS COAT TANGLED, HALF OFF. GLORI REELS, HEAD TOSSED BACK, BACK ARCHD, SHOT.
GLORI: OHhhh --
BEN: -- get it OFF me --

4.2. VERY TIGHT ON DD, AS HE FIRES BETSY. HE'S RAGING.
DD: No MORE.
SE: PFAMM

5.2. BIG PANEL. GROUND LEVEL STREET SCENE, LOOKING DOWN THE STREET AS THE HELICOPTER EXPLODES [BIG EXPLOSION]. DD, SMALL IN FOREGROUND, TAKES A STEP BACKWARD, LEANS FORWARD, ROCKED BY THE BLAST.

~~DD: Forgive me.~~

DD233/p9

1.2. CLOSE ON BEN, LOOKING UP, WIDE-EYED. ENOUGH OF BEN TO SEE THAT HE'S NO LONGER ON FIRE.
CAP (TYPE): Out of NOWHERE they appear.
VO: This one's been SHOT.
(2): MEDIC! Over HERE, man!

2.2. LOOKING UP AT CAPTAIN AMERICA, BACKLIT BY FIRE, HUGE, CRADLING GLORI LIKE A LITTLE GIRL IN HIS ARMS. GLORI'S UNCONSCIOUS. A PARAMEDIC IS WALKING UP TO HIM. HE STANDS TALL ENOUGH TO FACE THE STAR ON CAP'S CHEST. CAP IS LOOKING UPWARD, INTO THE SKY, SHOUTING ANOTHER COMMAND.
CAPT. A: Put those FIRES out. We don't want a CAS MAIN going up.
CAP (TYPE): A SOLDIER with a VOICE that could command a GOD --

3.2. LOOKING UP INTO THE SKY AT THOR, WHO HOLDS HIS HAMMER HIGH. THE HAMMER CRACKLES WITH LIGHTNING. HE'S NEARLY A SILHOUETTE, WITH FLOWING, GOLDEN HAIR. A THUNDERHEAD RISES BEHIND HIM, RAIN STREAKS.
CAP (TYPE): -- and DOES.
CAP (TYPE): Suddenly it's RAINING so hard it HURTS.
CAP (TYPE): Everybody who CAN falls SILENT.

4.2. MEDIUM ON DD AND NUKE. DD HOLDS NUKE BY THE THROAT, PRESSING HIM AGAINST A LAMP POST. DD IS FURIOUS. NUKE IS STUNNED, SHAKING, WIDE-EYED. HE NEEDS A FIX. THE RAIN FALLS, HEAVIER.
CAP (TYPE): Except MATT.
DD: I -- the KINGPIN. HE sent you. SAY it.
NUKE: Give me a WHITE -- give me a WHITE --
VO: DAREDEVIL --

5.2. THE RAIN IS ALMOST BLINDING NOW. IRON MAN STANDS, IN FRONT OF THE HELICOPTER WRECKAGE, WHICH IS STILL BURNING A BIT. HIS ARMOR CATCHES LIGHT, GLEAMING IN SPOTS.
IRON MAN: -- that man is OURS. On FEDERAL authority.
(2): Stand BACK.

DD233/p12

1.2. EXTERIOR MAGGIE'S CHURCH. MORNING. A CAB PULLS AWAY FROM THE CURB. FOGGY RUNS TO THE OPEN DOOR OF THE CHURCH, ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKING MATT ASIDE, NOT NOTICING THAT IT'S MATT. TWO NUNS CARRY A STRETCHER WITH A YOUNG GIRL ON IT TOWARD THE CHURCH, SOMEWHERE IN SHOT.
CAP: DAWN breaks, mercifully.
FOGGY: EXCUSE me -- sorry --

2.2. INTERIOR CHURCH -- JUST MATT AND FOGGY, MEDIUM SHOT. FOGGY IN FOREGROUND, ANXIOUS, ALARMED, LOOKING FOR GLORI. MATT IS JUST BEHIND HIM. MATT IS EXHAUSTED. HIS FACE AND CLOTHES ARE BLACKENED BY DIRT AND SMOKE. HE SMILES AT FOGGY ANYWAY.
CAP: FOGGY. He was my PARTNER. In ANOTHER life.
CAP: Good thing he didn't NOTICE me.
FOGGY: GLORI --
(2): Oh, GLORI ...

3.2. BIG PANEL. THIS ISN'T THE BASEMENT MISSION, IT'S THE CHURCH ITSELF. THE WOUNDED ARE IN THE PEWS, EVEN STRETCHED OUT IN THE SANCTUARY. NUNS AND MEDICS TEND THEM. HOWEVER YOU STAGE IT, WE NEED: MATT AND FOGGY, ENTERING, FOGGY IN FRONT; MAGGIE BANDAGING GLORI, WHO'S STRETCHED OUT IN A PEW; KAREN, LYING BANDAGED IN ANOTHER PEW, NEAR GLORI.
FOGGY: Oh, HONEY -- I was so SCARED ...
MAGGIE: You're from IRELAND? I haven't SEEN it since I was a CHILD.
GLORI: I think ~~we~~ we ALL saw it last NIGHT, sister. The BAD part, anyway.
(2): FOGGY! You CAME.
[PLACE THE FOLLOWING BALLOONS WHERE APROPRIATE.]
BALLOON (NO TAIL): HURTS just keeps HURTING --
BALLOON (NO TAIL): Can't you GIVE me something for this --
BALLOON (NO TAIL): Our Father who art in Heaven ...
BALLOON (NO TAIL): Don't MOVE me just give me something FOR it --

4.2. MEDIUM ON MATT AND MAGGIE. MATT SMILES AT MAGGIE. MAGGIE LOOKS TIRED, STANDS, LOOKING AT MATT LIKE SHE'S A DRILL INSTRUCTOR.
MAGGIE: You need to SLEEP.
MATT: I'm all right, Maggie. Really I am.
VO [FROM RIGHT]: Of COURSE I came, Glori. I'm so glad you're OKAY ... you are OKAY? ...
VO [FROM RIGHT]: Bullet passed right THROUGH, Foggy. Though it DID take a chunk of me WITH it.

[Moe]

DD233/p12, continued

5.2. MATT WALKS, UNNOTICED, PAST THE PEW WHERE GLORI LIES. GLORI LOOKS WEAK, BUT ALERT. FOGGY HOLDS ONE OF HER HANDS IN BOTH OF HIS.

FOGGY: I can't BELIEVE this HAPPENED. FIRST thing we'll do is get you to a proper HOSPITAL.
GLORI: I can't be MOVED just yet. Foggy, I've ... I've got a FAVOR to ask you ...
VO [FROM LEFT]: Get some SLEEP, Matt. Soon as you can.
MATT: I will ...

DD233/p10

1.2. MEDIUM CLOSE ON IRON MAN, SAME LIGHTING, RAIN SPLATTERING AND STREAKING ACROSS HIM. HIS HAND IS RAISED, PALM OUT, FORWARD. A CIRCLE, GLOWING, APPEARS IN THE CENTER OF HIS PALM.
IRON MAN: You have FIVE SECONDS.
CAP (TYPE): There's a soft HUM as computer CIRCUITRY generates enough POWER to level a BUILDING -- and HOLDS it, waiting.

2.2. LOOKING PAST IRON MAN'S HAND AT DD AND NUKE. DD IS BACKING AWAY. NUKE SLUMPS TO THE SIDEWALK.
CAP (TYPE): Not being STUPID, Matt backs AWAY.

3.2. CLOSE ON NUKE, SLUMPED AT THE BASE OF THE STREET LIGHT, EYES WIDE, CHILDLIKE, DESPERATE.
NUKE: Give me -- a WHITE --

4.2. CLOSE ON CAPTAIN AMERICA, BEWILDERED, CONCERNED, AS HE LOOKS DOWN AT NUKE [ALL WE NEED IS CAP'S HEAD].
NO COPY

5.2. LOOKING UP PAST THE BURNED SHELL OF A TENEMENT. RAIN.
CAP (TYPE): It's a LONG night.
CAP (TYPE): It's a HORRIBLE night.

6.2. EXTERIOR KINGPIN'S HEADQUARTERS. NO RAIN. NIGHT.
BLDG: Sheer LUNACY. Kingpin! Sheer LUNACY.
(2): HUNDREDS of people DEAD -- if the SYNDICATE gets fingered for it we'll be in court for MONTHS --
BLDG: Please, Mr. Glazer ...

7.2. INTERIOR A LARGE STEAM ROOM. THE KINGPIN AND AN ASSORTMENT OF GANGLERS SIT, SWEATY. THE KINGPIN IS CALM. VERY POLITE. NEAR HIM IS GLAZER, OLDER THAN THE REST OF THEM, RED-FACED, UNHEALTHY -- A HEAVY DRINKER WITH HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE AND A CARDIAC CONDITION. THE REST OF THE GANGLERS ARE NERVOUS, WATCHING THE KINGPIN CLOSELY, STARTLED BY GLAZER'S OUTBURST. IN CONTRAST TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS IN DD #231, THESE MEN SHOULD LOOK EVERY INCH THE GANG OF CROOKS THEY ARE. ONE WOMAN, AT LEAST. AGES VARY. ALL WEAR TOWELS.
KINGPIN: ... do not refer to our organization as a SYNDICATE. It DATES you.
GLAZER: DATES me. Right. Sure. In the OLD days we might go for a FAMILY -- but we never flattened an entire NEIGHBORHOOD.
(2): Have you any IDEA what your VENDETTA has COST us tonight in lost DRUG TRADE?

DD233/p11

1.2. COME IN CLOSER. THE KINGPIN IS SLIGHTLY AMUSED. GLAZER LOOKS LIKE HIS HEAD IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE. ANOTHER HOOD LEANS CLOSE TO GLAZER, EYES ON THE KINGPIN, FRIGHTENED.
KINGPIN: Very LITTLE -- as compared to the lost REAL ESTATE. But please -- go ON, Mr. Glazer.
GLAZER: You BET I'll go on, fat man. I'll say what EVERYBODY here is thinking. You're screwing UP.
(2): You've endangered ALL of us -- and cost us MILLIONS -- just to harass that blind SHYSTER --
HOOD: Glazer -- you'd better ease UP ...

2.2. CLOSE ON THE KINGPIN, SWEATY, PLEASANT, CALM.
KINGPIN: Mr. Glazer is entitled to his OPINION, Mr. Ornstein.
(2): Allow me to INTERJECT, however, that MURDOCK is no longer an ATTORNEY.

3.2. CLOSE ON GLAZER, FURIOUS.
GLAZER: CRAZY, Kingpin. You've been CRAZY -- ever since ~~what happened to~~ your WIFE -- you lost

4.2. CLOSE ON GLAZER, SUDDENLY TERRIFIED.
GLAZER: ... look, I ... I guess I've been hitting the BOTTLE a little too... I didn't mean to ...
(2): ... I mean, Hell's Kitchen, you know ... I've put a lot of YEARS into it, and ...

5.2. MEDIUM ON THE KINGPIN AND GLAZER. THE KINGPIN WRAPS ONE MASSIVE HAND AROUND GLAZER'S NECK. GLAZER IS WIDE-EYED, CHOKING.
THE KINGPIN IS SMILING.
SE [NEAR GLAZER]: HHHK
KINGPIN: Yes, Mr. Glazer.
(2): I understand.

6.2. MEDIUM CLOSE ON THREE OR FOUR OF THE OTHER GANGLERS, LOOKING ON, HORRIFIED.
SE: GGG --
SE (LARGE): KKRAKKK

7.2. CLOSE ON KINGPIN. GLAZER'S HAND IS IN SHOT, FROZEN IN A CLUTCHING GESTURE. THE KINGPIN SMILES PLEASANTLY.
KINGPIN: We ALL understand each other, now --
(2): -- DON'T we, Gentlemen?

DD233/p13

1.2. MATT WALKS TO THE PEW WHERE KAREN LIES. KAREN SMILES AT HIM.
VO [FROM LEFT]: SURE, Glori. Whatever ...
VO [FROM LEFT]: Well, I hate to ASK, Foggy -- but could you take this roll of FILM to the DAILY BUGLE -- to BEN URICH?
(2): By now he's climbing the WALLS.
KAREN: THERE you are ...

2.2. MEDIUM ON MATT AND KAREN, EMBRACING, KISSING PASSIONATELY.
VO [FROM LEFT]: Guess you're pretty SERIOUS about this JOB. I thought maybe --
VO [FROM LEFT]: Don't even START with that, Foggy. I've lost NOTHING that won't grow BACK.
(2): And the PICTURES I took...

3.2. CLOSE ON KAREN AND MATT. MATT TURNS HIS HEAD, ALARMED.
KAREN LOOKS AT MATT, CONCERNED.
VO [FROM LEFT]: Yeah. Well ... I'll be SEEING you, sweetie ...
VO [FROM LEFT]: Sure, Foggy. I'll CALL you ...
KAREN: What IS it, Matt?
MATT: I'm in TROUBLE, Karen. I have to GO.

4.2. EXTERIOR CHURCH -- PULL FIGURES OF MATT AND FOGGY AS MATT CHARGES FROM THE CHURCH, KNOCKING FOGGY OVER. MATT HAS COME UP FROM BEHIND FOGGY; FOGGY IS TURNING TO LOOK AT MATT.
CAP: TROUBLE -- if that's who I THINK it is --
MATT: Excuse me -- sorry --
CAP: -- yes -- no MAN ever BREATHED like that --
CAP: -- down the BLOCK -- in that ALLEY --

5.2. MATT RUNS DOWN THE STREET, PAST GARBAGE, PILED HIGH.
CAP: -- no -- there's his SCENT -- he's MOVING -- though you'd never know it from his HEARTBEAT -- so ~~STEADY~~ ..
CAP: -- THERE -- ran PAST me -- rattled a GARBAGE CAN -- a little SLOPPY but FAST --
CAP: -- faster than ME --

6.2. MATT SWINGS UPWARD, HOLDING ONTO THE LOWERED LADDER OF A ~~KE~~ FIRE ESCAPE ON A TENEMENT.
CAP: -- no good -- he's got it all worked OUT -- right around the CORNER --
CAP: -- LEAPING -- so EASILY -- window sill CREAKS with his weight -- ~~three hundred~~ pounds, at least
CAP: -- his muscles LIE about it -- like hydraulic PUMPS they swing him UP --

DD233/p14

1.2. BIG PANEL. MATT VAULTS TO THE ROOFTOP. CAPTAIN AMERICA, HUGE, ALMOST A FOOT TALLER THAN MATT, AND MUCH MORE MASSIVE, HAS JUST REACHED THE ROOF. HE HOLDS OUT A HAND, CAUTIONING MATT. MATT LOOKS CORNERED, HOSTILE.
CAPT. A: DAREDEVIL -- I mean you no HARM.
MATT: ~~What do you want?~~ What do you want?
2.2. SIDE VIEW OF MATT AND CAP, MEDIUM DISTANCE. MATT CROUCHES ON THE LEDGE, JUST OUT OF CAP'S REACH. CAP KNEELS. CAP IS CALM, SUBDUED; MATT IS SUSPICIOUS.
CAPT. A: That MAN -- last night -- who is he?
MATT: You didn't ASK?
(2): Your EMPLOYERS, I mean.

3.2. MEDIUM CLOSE ON MATT AND CAP. MATT IS IMPATIENT, IRRITATED AT BEING SO EXPOSED. CAP REMAINS CALM.
CAPT: They aren't my employers.
(2): They said he's a TERRORIST.
MATT: No ORDINARY terrorist, if that's ^{even} what he IS.
KXXX No. He's too GOOD at it. And too well MADE.

4.2. CLOSE ON MATT.
MATT: His SKIN contains several kinds of PLASTICS. It's very TOUGH, doesn't BURN easily. His SKELETON, his MUSCLES -- they're only PARTLY human.
(2): ~~What do you want?~~ what's it to YOU?

DD233/p21

1. MEDIUM LONG ON MATT AND KAREN, IN AN ALLEYWAY. MATT IS UNZIPPING HIS PARKA. KAREN LEANS AGAINST A WALL OF THE ALLEY, AMUSED, EAGER.
CAP: Hell's Kitchen.
MATT: ... costume gives me a psychological advantage over criminals, Karen ...
(2): ... makes it easier to MOVE ...
(3): ... really, it's ~~XXXXXX~~ CRUCIAL ...
KAREN: Right, right ...

2. CLOSE ON DD'S HANDS, PULLING ON A GLOVE.
NO COPY

3. CLOSE ON DD'S CHEST EMBLEM.
NO COPY

4. CLOSE ON DD, PULLING ON HIS MASK, EAGER, ALL GRINS.
NO COPY

5. BIG PANEL. LOOKING UP PAST APPLAUDING HANDS AT THE KINGPIN, WHO STANDS AT A PODIUM, RECEIVING AN AWARD. BUSINESSMEN SIT AT LONG TABLES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE RAISED PODIUM. THEY'RE APPLAUDING, SMILING AT THE KINGPIN. EVERYONE WEARS TUXEDOS. THE AWARD IS A IN THE SHAPE OF A DOLLAR SIGN. IT IS MADE OF GOLD.
CAP: The AWARD from the BUSINESSMEN'S ASSOCIATION was EARNED by HARD WORK -- by having the ARM broken of the daughter of an OIL EXECUTIVE -- by procuring a sixteen millimeter FILM of acts beyond DESCRIPTION for an AUTOMOBILE DISTRIBUTOR ~~xxxxx~~ ...'
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
CAP: ... YEARS of hard work, he thinks. Now they CHEER me.
CAP: The KINGPIN OF CRIME ... how EASILY I will shed that title. How HAPPILY.
CAP: THIS is my FUTURE -- to leave the underworld BEHIND ... no, to bring it WITH me ...
CAP: ... then, from nowhere, it STRIKES him --
CAP: -- like the HAMMER blow that struck his SKULL when he was twelve years old and seconds from his first MURDER --
CAP: -- the NAME.
CAP: MURDOCK.

DD233/p22

1. MEDIUM ON THE KINGPIN, SURROUNDED BY BUSINESSMEN, WHO PAT HIS BACK AND SMILE.
CAP: He is THERE when I least EXPECT him. He HUNTS me, HAUNTS me, LAUGHS at me --
CAP: -- he is NOTHING. Only a man.
CAP: I have broken so many.

2. TIGHT ON WESLEY AND THE KINGPIN. THE KINGPIN BOWS TO LISTEN AS WESLEY WHISPERS TO HIM.
CAP: WESLEY -- with something about NUKE ...

3. INTERIOR GOVERNMENT BUILDING. A CORRIDOR. NUKE CRASHES THROUGH A GROUP OF MPS, SENDING THEM SPRAWLING, GRABBING A RIFLE FROM ONE.
NO COPY

4. MEDIUM ON NUKE, TURNING, FIRING THE RIFLE, RAGING.
SE: KBLAMM KBLAMM

5. TIGHT CLOSE ON NUKE'S FACE, SHOCKED.
SE: KBLAMM KBLAMM [SMALLER] KPWING KPWING

6. CLOSE ON CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SHIELD, DELECTING BULLETS.
SE [SMALL]: KPWING

7. MEDIUM ON CAPTAIN AMERICA AND NUKE AS CAP SMASHES NUKE INTO A WALL WITH HIS SHIELD, HOLDING IT IN TWO HANDS. NUKE IS STARTLED, SHOWING NO PAIN. CAP IS CALM. THE WALL IS COLLAPSING.
SE: WHUKK

DD233/p25

1. CLOSE ON MACHINE GUN, FIRING, EJECTING SHELLS.
BALLOON [NO TAIL, ELECTRIC]: -- fire --
SE: BRAKABRAKABRAKA

2. FULL FIGURES AS DD BODY BLOCKS CAP AND NUKE. NUKE TUMBLES TO THE ROOFTOP. CAP FALLS BACKWARD, INTO THE SKYLIGHT. BULLETS STRIKE THE ~~xxx~~ ROOFTOP.
SE: BRAKABRAKABRAKA SPAK SPAK SPAK SPAK SPAK

3. LOOKING ACROSS THE ROOF AS DD DRAGS NUKE, WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY, TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE ROOF. NUKE IS SHOT, ACROSS THE CHEST. HELICOPTER IN BACKGROUND, FIRING.
SE: BRAKK
BALLOON [ELECTRIC, NO TAIL]: -- TAGGED him --
(2): -- CEASE FIRE -- General's orders -- move in on FOOT --

4. MEDIUM CLOSE ON CAP, RISING FROM THE SKYLIGHT, FURIOUS.
VO: Went off the ROOF -- THAT way --

5. FULL FIGURES AS SIX SOLDIERS, RUNNING, RIFLES OUT, ARE THROWN BACKWARD AS CAP SLAMS HIS SHIELD INTO THEM, NOT THROWING IT.
SOLDIER NEAREST CAP: SIR -- we can't let you -- NFP
CAPT: I RESPECT that, lieutenant.

DD233/p26

1. STREET SCENE. ON THE SIDEWALK, A MIDDLE-AGED CABBIE RISES FROM THE SIDEWALK, HOLDING HIS LOWER BACK. WITH HIS OTHER ARM HE IS POINTING AT A CAB, WHICH SCREAMS AWAY FROM THE CURB. A WOMAN RUNS TO HELP THE CABBIE. OTHER PEOPLE, ON THE SIDEWALK, IGNORE HIM. IT'S ~~24 NINE~~ ~~HARD~~ ~~BY NOW~~.
SE [FROM CAB]: SKREEEE
CABBIE: Somebody call a COP!
(2): LUNATIC stole my CAB!

2. LOOKING DOWN PAST A STREETLIGHT THAT FLASHES RED AT THE CAB. ROARING THROUGH THE INTERSECTION. ANOTHER CAR SWERVES, TO AVOID RAMMING THE SIDE OF THE CAB. PEDESTRIANS SCATTER.
SE [FROM OTHER CAR]: SKRESCHH HONKK
OTHER CAR: RED LIGHT you --
PEDESTRIAN: -- BLIND, man? -- can't you SEE --

3. LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THE CAB AS DD TURNS THE STEERING WHEEL, INTENSE. NUKE SLUMPS IN THE SEAT NEXT TO HIM, BLEEDING TO DEATH, UNCONSCIOUS.
CAP: Radar's USELESS -- what the WINDSHIELD lets through the RAIN tears to BITS --
CAP: -- too much NOISE -- hard to SORT --
SE: SKREE HONKK

4. MEDIUM LONG AS DD'S CAB SIDESWIPES ANOTHER CAR.
SE: SKRUMPP
OTHER CAR: MANIAC --
CAP: -- somewhere in it I pick ~~up~~ his HEARTBEAT. It doesn't look good.

5. CLOSE ON NUKE, DYING, EYES OPEN.
NUKE [WOBBLY BALLOON, SMALL LETTERS]: mission -- status? --

6. PROFILE OF DD, DRIVING, STRAINING.
DD: You're going HOME, Sergeant.
CAP: As long as there's a CHANCE -- to get him to the HOSPITAL --

7. CLOSE ON NUKE, HEAD PITCHING FORWARD SLIGHTLY.
NUKE [WOBBLY BALLOON, SMALL LETTERS]: -- promised -- promised you'd never DO that ... p

8. STAT IN PREVIOUS PANEL.
NO COPY

DD233/p23

1. EXTERIOR SKYSCRAPER. CAP AND NUKE BURST FROM THE CHEST OF THE ART DECO EAGLE.
NO COPY

2. OVERHEAD LONG AS CAP AND NUKE FALL TOWARD A TENEMENT ROOF.
NO COPY

3. LOOKING UP AS CAP AND NUKE CRASH THROUGH THE ROOF, TOWARD US.
NO COPY

4. DAREDEVIL STANDS OVER SEVERAL HOODS, WHO ARE TIED TOGETHER WITH ROPE, AND LOOK SURLY. A BRIEFCASE FULL OF CASH SITS OPEN ON A SMALL TABLE TO HIS SIDE. DD IS PUTTING THE CASH INTO A ~~xxx~~ SMALL SATCHEL HE WEARS, HANGING FROM HIS HIP. A TELEPHONE SITS NEXT TO THE BRIEFCASE.
CAP: THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS fed by compulsive GAMBLERS to clever CON MEN and now stand POISED --
CAP: -- to be FUNNELLED into the technically LEGITIMATE side of the Kingpin's financial EMPIRE.
CAP: THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS of rebuilt DINER ... SE [NEAR PHONE]: RINGG

5. CLOSE ON DAREDEVIL, LISTENING ON THE PHONE, FACING US, A FINGER TO HIS LIPS INDICATING SILENCE.
PHONE [ELECTRIC]: ... our ARMY contact says NUKE broke out. Headed for the DAILY BUGLE.
(2): Scramble ~~XXXXXXXX~~ ROARK and wire him GOOD. Get him in POSITION and wait for the KILL ORDER ...

6. CLOSE ON CAPTAIN AMERICA, MOUTH BLOODY, AS HE LIES ON A DIRTY WOODEN FLOOR. HIS EYES ARE CLOSED.
CAPTION: The soldier remembers the time BEFORE he was FROZEN.
CAPTION: He remembers the SMILES. There was so much HOPE in that time. His time.
CAPTION: He remembers the WAR ...

DD233/p24

1. DAREDEVIL LEAPS FROM ONE ROOFTOP TO ANOTHER. ~~XXXXXXXX~~
FLIES OUT OF HIS WAY.
CAP: THREE blocks away -- HAS to be them --

2. CAPTAIN AMERICA RISES TO HIS KNEES, WAKING. HE'S SURROUNDED BY RUBBLE.
CAP: The soldier thinks of AIRPLANES, the old kind. Then he thinks of EGG BEATERS --
CAP: -- it's the SOUND -- Army HELICOPTERS -- hovering over the ROOF --
VO: Captain ...

3. LONG ON INTERIOR OF TENEMENT. RATTY, ABANDONED. A STAIRWELL NOBODY IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD CLIMB LEADS UP TO THE ROOF. CAPTAIN AMERICA IS LIFTING NUKE, HOLDING ONE OF NUKE'S ARMS ACROSS HIS SHOULDERS. NUKE'S LEGS BEND STRANGELY, LIKE A MARIONETTE WITH NO STRINGS.
NUKE: ... LEAVE me here, Captain. I'll hold the LINE ...
CAPT. A: On your FEET, Sargeant.
CAP: There was something more CLEAN about the PLANES.
CAP: Though they dropped BOMBS that burned FLESH and destroyed the efforts of GENERATIONS ...

4. LOOKING ACROSS ROOFS AS DD DASHES TOWARD THE TENEMENT. THREE ARMY COPTERS HOVER OVER THE TENEMENT. IT'S ~~beginning to rain~~.
CAP: -- those HELICOPTERS -- moving IN --
CAP: -- I don't like what they're SAYING to each other --
BALLOON [NEAR COPTERS, NO TAIL, ELECTRIC]: -- wait till they~~xxx~~ come out -- keep it TIGHT --

5. CAPTAIN AMERICA CLIMBS THE STAIRWELL, HOLDING NUKE ACROSS HIS SHOULDERS. NUKE IS BATTERED, BLOODY, BARELY CONSCIOUS.
CAP: ... ~~the~~ the PLANES didn't sneak in CLOSE, like the HELICOPTERS do. They didn't pick off their VICTIMS like giant INSECTS from a HORROR MOVIE ...
CAP: ... ~~xxx~~ don't be OLD, thinks the soldier. Don't be CRAZY.
CAP: Those are OUR boys.

6. LOOKING DOWN AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND NUKE COME UP TO THE ROOF, THROUGH A SKYLIGHT. HUGE IN FOREGROUND, A HELICOPTER MACHINE GUN IS POINTED AT THEM.
BALLOON [NO TAIL, ELECTRIC]: Keep it TIGHT -- on my ORDER --

DD233/p27

1. CLOSE ON DD, SADDENED.
CAP: No. No hospital.

2. LOOKING DOWN AS DD'S CAB SCREECHES AROUND, TURNING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. ANOTHER CAR SLAMS INTO A PILE OF GARBAGE BAGS TO AVOID A HEAD ON COLLISION.
SE: SKREEEEE
CAP: One place -- left to take him --
CAP: -- one PURPOSE -- he can still SERVE ...

3. INTERIOR HELICOPTER -- A YOUNG SOLDIER, TERRIFIED, PILOTING THE COPTER, LOOKS UP AT CAP, WHO SITS NEXT TO HIM, GRIM.
CAP: Above ...
SOLDIER: He's heading EAST now ...
CAPT: Keep on it, corporal ...

4. SAME ANGLE. CAP POINTS FORWARD, SQUINTING HIS EYES.
CAPT: Wait -- scan that ROOF. Heat sensors.
SOLDIER: Yes, sir.
(2): Sir, I'm picking something UP. How could you SEE ...

5. MEDIUM ON THE KINGPIN, FACING A TV SCREEN, WHICH SHOWS A HOOD. SCREEN [ELECTRIC]: DAREDEVIL, boss. Heisted NUKE -- and a CAB. Driving WEST on -- wait a minute ...
(2): ... make that EAST on TWENTY-THIRD.
KINGPIN: EAST. The DAILY BUGLE. We must assume that Nuke has OVERCOME Daredevil -- and is following his original PLAN.
(2): Patch me through to ~~xxx~~ our squad on the Bugle's ROOF.

6. CAP'S FIST SMASHES A HOOD IN THE FACE. THE HOOD DROPS A WALKIE TALKIE.
TALKIE: WINCH -- come IN, Winch...

7. MEDIUM AS CAP SMASHES A SECOND HOOD IN THE STOMACH. THE HOOD IS DROPPING A WALKIE TALKIE.
TALKIE: ... STEINER. ~~XXXXXX~~ REPORT.
(2): STEINER -- do you COPY?

8. LONG ON CAP, STANDING, SILHOUETTED AGAINST A SETTING SUN, ATOP THE BANNER OF THE DAILY BUGLE. SIX HOODS LIE AGAINST THE LETTERS.
NO COPY

DD233/p28

FULL PAGE PANEL
LOOKING DOWN AT THE INTERIOR OF THE DAILY BUGLE, A SECTION OF THE OFFICE THAT INCLUDES BEN'S DESK AND AT LEAST PARTS OF SEVERAL OTHERS. BEN SITS AT HIS DESK, A CIGARETTE HANGING FROM HIS MOUTH, SHOCKED. NUKE IS SPRAWLED ACROSS THE DESK. DAREDEVIL STANDS, FACING BEN. OTHER OFFICE PERSONNEL TURN IN CHAIRS, DROP PAPER, COFFEE, ETC.
NO COPY

1.
CLOSE ON THE KINGPIN CRUMPLING A COPY OF THE DAILY BUGLE. THE KINGPIN IS WILD, HIS TEETH CLENCHED IN RAGE. THE HEADLINE OF THE PAPER, PROMINENT IN SHOT, READS: U.S. ARMY SUPER KILLER. BELOW THAT, SMALLER: KINGPIN ~~IS~~ IMPLICATED IN HELL'S KITCHEN SLAUGHTER.

CAP: The next few weeks go POORLY for the Kingpin of Crime.

CAP: One of the HIT MEN placed on the roof of the DAILY BUGLE names the crimelord as RESPONSIBLE for Nuke's assault.

CAP: Then, from EVERYWHERE, the CHARGES come ...

2.
THE KINGPIN SITS BEFORE SEVERAL TV SCREENS, WHICH SHOW LIEUTENANTS, NONE OF WHOM LOOK HAPPY.

CAP: ... from CITIZENS GROUPS and SENATE SUB-COMMITTEES -- fired by TESTIMONY from disgruntled ex-employees, BAG MEN and NUMBERS RUNNERS bartering away PRISON SENTENCES --

CAP: -- speaking more SWIFTLY than the Kingpin can have them KILLED ...

CAP: ... and the faces of his LIEUTENANTS grow SULLEN and HOSTILE. His commands are OBEYED, but far too SLOWLY ...

3.
THE KINGPIN, MEDIUM LONG, BARECHESTED, WORKING OUT AT HIS NAUTILUS MACHINE.

CAP: Few of the charges STICK. Those that do are skillfully cast into YEARS of ~~XXXXXX~~ LITIGATION.

CAP: Still, in the eyes of everyone except, as yet, the LAW -- he is a VILLAIN.

CAP: He is SHUNNED -- even CONDEMNED -- by the businessmen who so recently CHEERED him.

CAP: The LAW ...

4.
CLOSE ON THE KINGPIN, SWEATING, CRAZY.

CAP: ... at least I took THAT from him.

CAP: MURDOCK, he thinks.

CAP: And plans.

IX

FULL PAGE PANEL

STREET SCENE. MATT AND KAREN WALK TOGETHER DOWN A STREET, IN HELL'S KITCHEN. KAREN HOLDS ONE OF MATT'S ARMS IN BOTH OF HERS, PULLS CLOSE TO HIM. A FRUITSTAND IS OPEN, WITH AN OLD WOMAN ARGUING WITH THE CLERK, WAVING A MELON. A KID ON A SKATEBOARD MANEUVERS DOWN THE SIDEWALK. SUN-BAKED TENEMENTS ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ STRETCH BACK, IN THE DISTANCE. A CONSTRUCTION TEAM IS WORKING

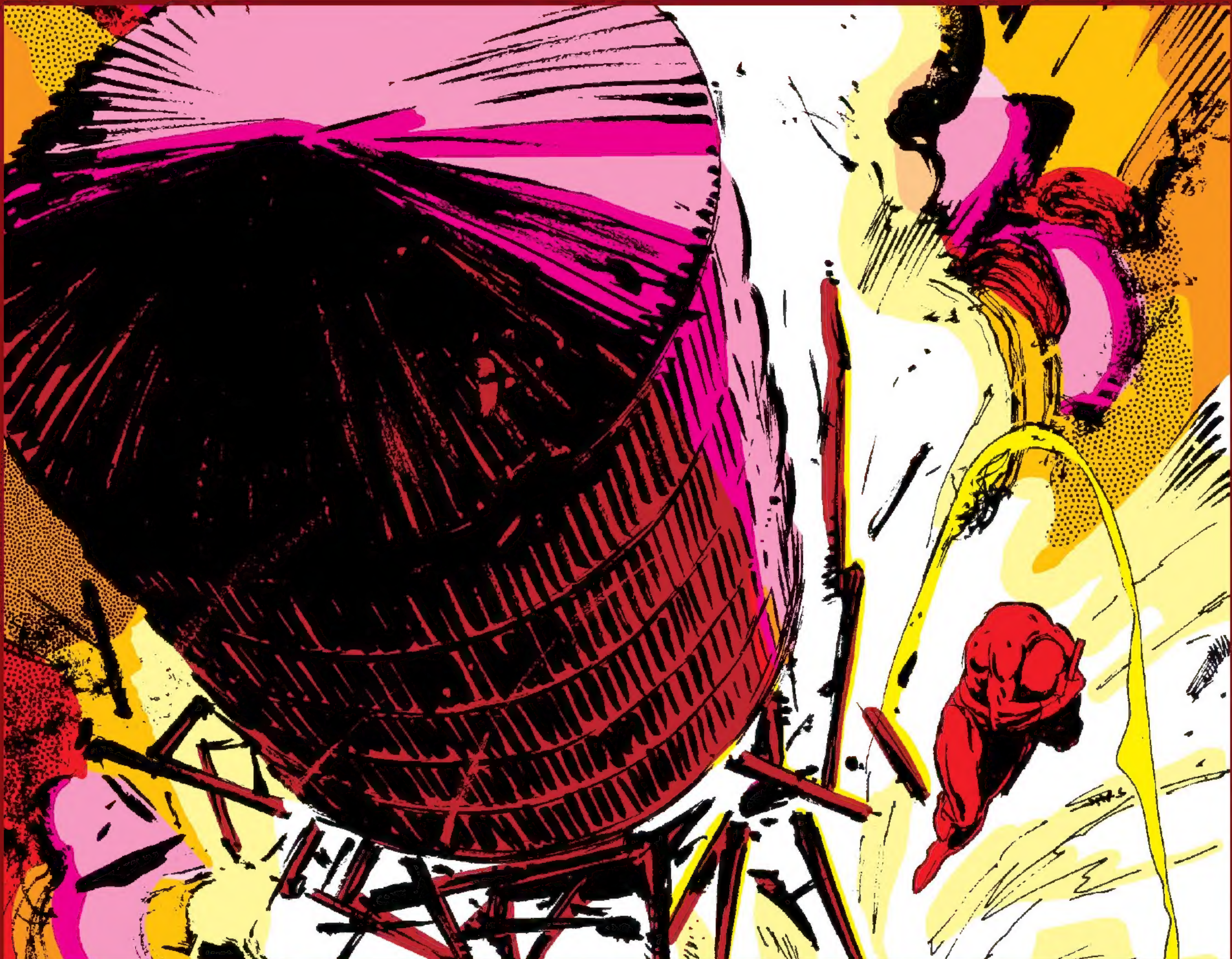
CAP: My name is MATT MURDOCK.

CAP: I was BLINDED by RADIATION. My remaining SENSES function with superhuman SHARPNESS.

CAP: I live in HELL'S KITCHEN and do my best to keep it CLEAN.

CAP: That's all you need to know.

BLURB [AT BOTTOM]: NEXT: THE DEVIL'S OWN

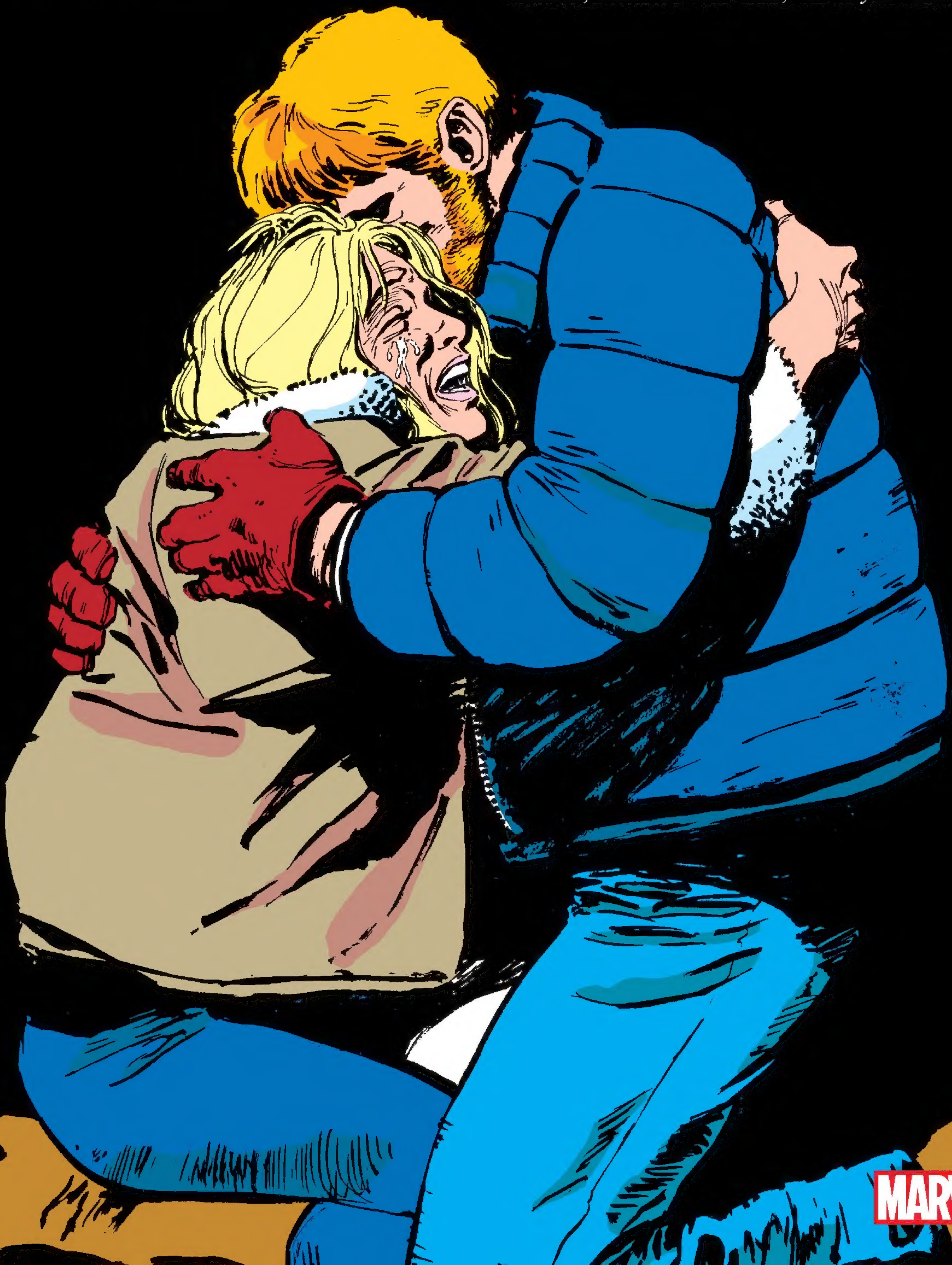


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